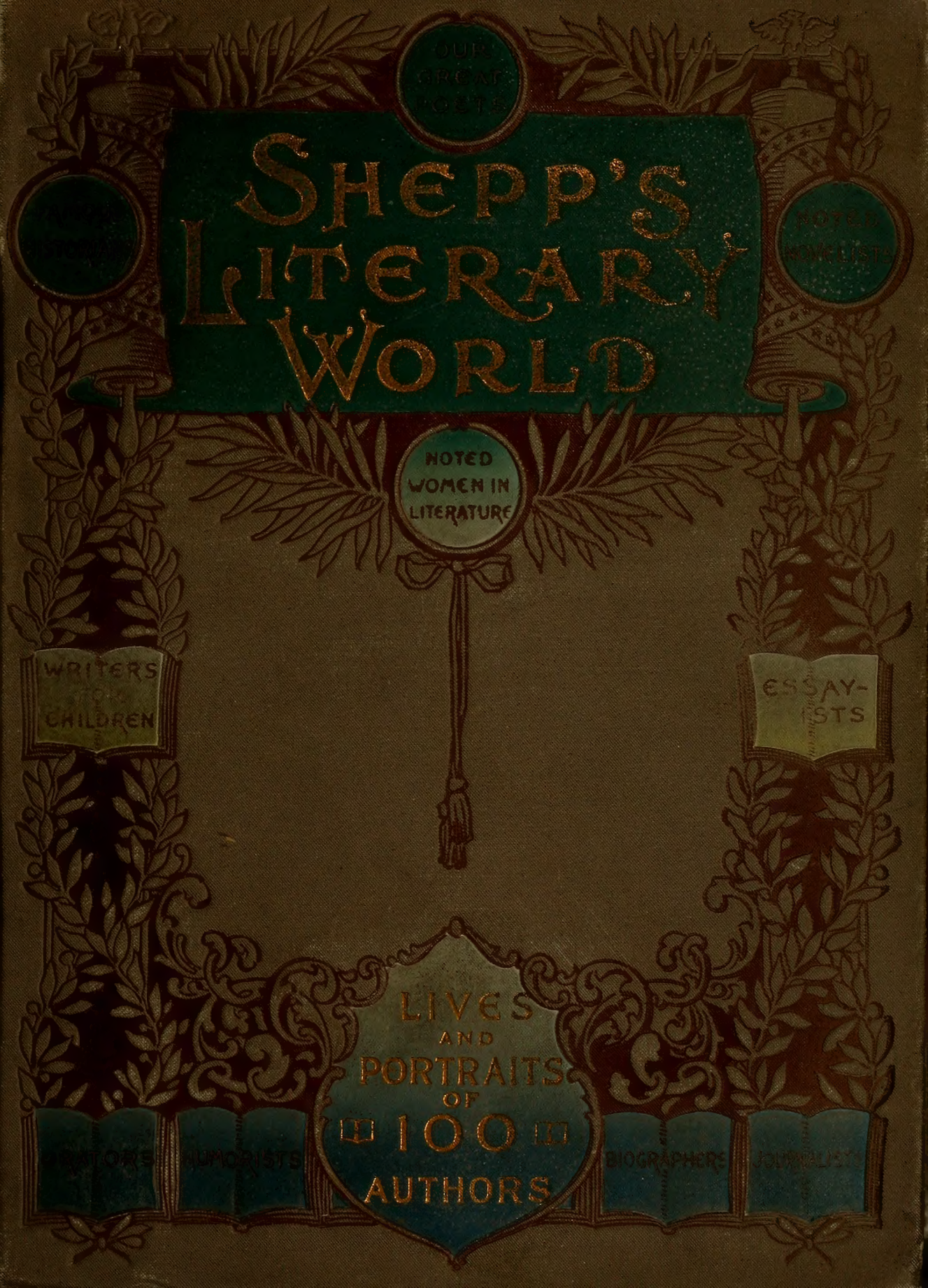

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TOGETHER WITH

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS

EMBRACING

THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA, FAMOUS NOVELISTS, DISTINGUISHED ESSAYISTS AND HISTORIANS, OUR HUMORISTS, NOTED JOURNALISTS AND MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS, STATESMEN IN LITERATURE, NOTED WOMEN IN LITERATURE, POPULAR WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, GREAT ORATORS AND PUBLIC LECTURERS, ETC.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM WILFRED BIRDSALL, A. B., Principal of Central School, Philadelphia
RUFUS M. JONES, A. M., Professor of Philosophy, Haverford College, and others

---

EMBELLISHED WITH NEARLY

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TO THE "COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE," for Julian Hawthorne.

TO T. B. PETERSON & BROS., for Frances Hodgson Burnett.

TO JAS. R. OSGOOD & CO., for Jane Goodwin Austin.

TO GEO. R. SHEPARD, for Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

TO J. LEWIS STACKPOLE, for John L. Motley.

Besides the above, we are under special obligation to a number of authors who kindly furnished, in answer to our request, selections which they considered representative of their writings.



THE DISTINCTIVE PURPOSE AND PLAN OF THIS VOLUME.

THIS work has been designed and prepared with a view to presenting an outline of American literature in such a manner as to stimulate a love for good reading and especially to encourage the study of the lives and writings of our American authors. The plan of this work is unique and original, and possesses certain helpful and interesting features, which—so far as we are aware—have been contemplated by no other single volume.

The first and main purpose of the work is to present to our American homes a mass of wholesome, varied and well-selected reading matter. In this respect it is substantially a volume for the family. America is pre-eminently a country of homes. These homes are the schools of citizenship, and—next to the Bible, which is the foundation of our morals and laws—we need those books which at once entertain and instruct, and, at the same time, stimulate patriotism and pride for our native land.

This book seeks to meet this demand. Four-fifths of our space is devoted exclusively to American literature. Nearly all other volumes of selections are made up chiefly from foreign authors. The reason for this is obvious. Foreign publications until within the last few years have been free of copyright restrictions. Anything might be chosen and copied from them while American authors were protected by law from such outrages. Consequently, American material under forty-two years of age could not be used without the consent of the owner of the copyright. The expense and the difficulty of obtaining these permissions were too great to warrant compilers and publishers in using American material. The constantly growing demand, however, for a work of this class has encouraged the publishers of this

volume to undertake the task. The publishers of the works from which these selections are made and many living authors represented have been corresponded with, and it is only through the joint courtesy and co-operation of these many publishers and authors that the production of this volume has been made possible. Due acknowledgment will be found elsewhere. In a number of instances the selections have been made by the authors themselves, who have also rendered other valuable assistance in supplying data and photographs.

The second distinctive point of merit in the plan of the work is the *biographical feature*, which gives the story of each author's life separately, treating them both personally and as writers. Longfellow remarked in "Hyperion"—"If you once understand the character of an author the comprehension of his writings becomes easy." He might have gone further and stated that when we have once read the life of an author his writings become the more interesting. Goethe assures us that "Every author portrays himself in his works even though it be against his will." The patriarch in the Scriptures had the same thought in his mind when he exclaimed "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book." Human nature remains the same. Any book takes on a new phase of value and interest to us the moment we know the story of the writer, whether we agree with his statements and theories or not. These biographical sketches, which in every case are placed immediately before the selections from an author, give, in addition to the story of his life, a list of the principal books he has written, and the dates of publication, together with comments on his literary style and in many instances reviews of his best known works. This, with the selections which follow, established that necessary bond of sympathy and relationship which should exist in the mind of the reader between every author and his writings. Furthermore, under this arrangement the biography of each author and the selections from his works compose a complete and independent chapter in the volume, so that the writer may be taken up and studied or read alone, or in connection with others in the particular class to which he belongs.

This brings us to the third point of *classification*. Other volumes of selections —where they have been classified at all—have usually placed selections of similar character together under the various heads of Narrative and Descriptive, Moral and Religious, Historical, etc. On the contrary, it has appeared to us the better plan in the construction of this volume to classify the authors, rather than, by dividing their selections, scatter the children of one parent in many different quarters. There has been no small difficulty in doing this in the cases of some of our versatile writers. Emerson, for instance, with his poetry, philosophy and essays, and Holmes, with his wit and humor, his essays, his novels and his poetry. Where should they be placed? Summing them up, we find their writings—whether written in stanzas of metred lines or all the way across the page, and whether they talked philosophy or indulged in humor—were predominated by the spirit of poetry. Therefore, with their varied brood, Emerson and Holmes were taken off to the "Poet's Corner," which is made all the richer and more enjoyable by the variety of their gems of prose. Hence our classifications and groupings are as *Poets*, *Novelists*, *Historians*, *Journalists*, *Humorists*, *Essayists*, *Critics*, *Orators*, etc., placing each author in the department to which he most belongs, enabling the reader to read and compare him in his best element with others of the same class.

Part I., "*Great Poets of America*," comprises twenty of our most famous and popular writers of verse. The work necessarily begins with that immortal "Seven Stars" of poesy in the galaxy of our literary heavens—Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell. Succeeding these are those of lesser magnitude, many of whom are still living and some who have won fame in other fields of literature which divides honors with their poetry.

The remaining twelve parts of the book treat in similar manner about ninety-five additional authors, embracing noted novelists, representative women poets of America; essayists, critics and sketch writers; great American historians and biographers; our national humorists; popular writers for young people; noted journalists and magazine contributors; great orators and popular lecturers; famous women orators and reformers, and miscellaneous masterpieces from many American authors whose fame rests largely upon one or two productions. The work appropriately closes with a department of over one hundred and fifty pages of English literature, comprising the lives and best writings of the most famous English, Scotch and Irish authors, whose names and works are household words in America, and without which no volume of literature in the language would be complete. Thus, it will be seen that in this volume the whole field of American letters, with the best from the greatest of British authors, has been gleaned to make the work the best and most representative of our literature possible within the scope of a single volume.

In making a list of authors in whom the public were sufficiently interested to entitle them to a place in a work like this, naturally they were found to be entirely too numerous to be all included in one book. The absence of many good names from the volume is, therefore, explained by the fact that the editor has been driven to the necessity of selecting, first, those whom he deemed pre-eminently prominent, and, after that, making room for those who best represent a certain class or particular phase of our literature.

To those authors who have so kindly responded to our requests for courtesies, and whose names do not appear, the above explanation is offered. The omission was imperative in order that those treated might be allowed sufficient space to make the work as complete and representative as might be reasonably expected.

Special attention has been given to *illustrations*. We have inserted portraits of all the authors whose photographs we could obtain, and have, also, given views of the homes and studies of many. A large number of special drawings have also been made to illustrate the text of selections. The whole number of portraits and other illustrations amount to over three hundred, all of which are strictly illustrative of the authors or their writings. None are put in as mere ornaments. We have, furthermore, taken particular care to arrange a number of special groups, placing those authors which belong in one class or division of a class together on a page. One group on a page represents our greatest poets; another, well-known western poets; another, famous historians; another, writers for young people; another, American humorists, etc. These groups are all arranged by artists in various designs of ornamental setting. In many cases we have also had special designs made by artists for commemorative and historic pictures of famous authors. These drawings set forth in a pictorial form leading scenes in the life and labors of the author represented.

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MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS VOLUME.

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

Abbott, Lyman.
Adams, Charles Follen (Yawcob Strauss).
Adams, William T. (Oliver Optic).
Alcott, A. Bronson.
Alcott, Louisa M.
Alger, Horatio, Jr.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.
Anthony, Susan B.
Austin, Alfred.
Austin, Jane Goodwin.

Bancroft, George H.
Barr, Amelia E.
Beecher, Henry Ward.
Bellamy, Edward.
Bright, John.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.
Browning, Robert.
Bryant, William Cullen.
Bulwer-Lytton, Edward.
Burdette, Robert J.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson.
Burns, Robert.
Byron, George Gordon.

Cable, George W.
Carleton, Will
Carlyle, Thomas.
Cary, Alice.
Cary, Phœbe.
Chaucer, Geoffrey.
Clay, Henry.
Clemens, Samuel L. (Mark Twain).
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.
Cooper, James Fenimore.
Cowper, William.
Craddock, Charles Egbert (Mrs. Murfree).
Crawford, F. Marion.

Dana, Charles A.
Davis, Richard Harding.
Depew, Chauncey M.
Dickens, Charles.
Dickinson, Anna.
Disraeli, Benjamin.
Drummond, Henry.

Eggleston, Edward.
Eliot, George (Marian Evans).
Ellis, Edward S.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo.
Everett, Edward.

Farrar, Frederick W.
Field, Eugene.
Finley, Martha.
French, Alice (Octave Thanet).
Froude, James Anthony.
Fuller, Margaret.

Gibbon, Edward.
Gilder, Richard Watson.
Gladstone, William E.
Goldsmith, Oliver.
Gough, John B.
Grady, Henry W.
Greeley, Horace.

Hale, Edward Everett.
Halstead, Murat.
Harris, Joel Chandler.
Harte, Bret.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
Hawthorne, Julian.
Hay, Col. John.
Hemans, Felicia.
Henry, Patrick.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell.
Howells, William Dean.
Howe, Julia Ward.

Irving, Washington.

Jackson, Helen Hunt.
Johnson, Ben.

Larcom, Lucy.
Lippincott, Sara Jane (Grace Greenwood).
Livermore, Mary A.
Lockwood, Belva Ann.
Longfellow, Henry W.
Lowell, James Russell.

Mabie, Hamilton W.
Macaulay, Thomas Babington.
McMaster, John B.
Miller, Joaquin.
Milton, John.
Mitchell, Donald G. (Ik Marvel).
Moore, Thomas.
Motley, John L.
Moulton, Louise Chandler.

Nye, Edgar Wilson (Bill Nye).

Oliphant, Mrs. Margaret.

Page, Thomas Nelson.
Parton, James.
Phillips, Wendell.
Pitt, William.
Poe, Edgar A.
Pope, Alexander.
Prescott, Willam H.

Reid, Whitelaw.
Riley, James Whitcomb.
Roe, Edward Payson.
Ruskin, John.

Scott, Sir Walter.
Shakespeare, William.
Shaw, Albert.
Shaw, Henry W. (Josh Billings).
Shelley, Percy Bysshe.
Southey, Robert.
Sigourney, Lydia H.
Smith, Elizabeth Oakes.
Spencer, Edmund.
Spurgeon, Charles Haddon.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence.
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady.
Stockton, Frank.
Stoddard, Richard Henry.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher.

Tennyson, Alfred.
Terhune, Mary Virginia (Marion Harland).
Thackeray, William M.
Thoreau, Henry D.
Throllope, Anthony.

Wallace, General Lew.
Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Ward, Mrs. Humphrey.
Warner, Chas. Dudley.
Watson, Rev. John (Ian McLaren).
Watterson, Henry W.
Webster, Daniel.
Whitman, Walt.
Whittier, John G.
Willard, Frances E.
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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
JAMES R. LOWELL
OLIVER W. HOLMES
H. W. LONGFELLOW
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
JOHN G. WHITTIER
SIX GREAT AMERICAN POETS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE POET OF NATURE.

IT is said that "genius always manifests itself before its possessor reaches manhood." Perhaps in no case is this more true than in that of the poet, and William Cullen Bryant was no exception to the general rule. The poetical fancy was early displayed in him. He began to write verses at nine, and at ten composed a little poem to be spoken at a public school, which was published in a newspaper. At fourteen a collection of his poems was published in 12 mo. form by E. G. House of Boston. Strange to say the longest one of these, entitled "The Embargo" was political in its character setting forth his reflections on the Anti-Jeffersonian Federalism prevalent in New England at that time. But it is said that never after that effort did the poet employ his muse upon the politics of the day, though the general topics of liberty and independence have given occasion to some of his finest efforts. Bryant was a great lover of nature. In the Juvenile Collection above referred to were published an "Ode to Connecticut River" and also the lines entitled "Drought" which show the characteristic observation as well as the style in which his youthful muse found expression. It was written July, 1807, when the author was thirteen years of age, and will be found among the succeeding selections.

"Thanatopsis," one of his most popular poems, (though he himself marked it low) was written when the poet was but little more than eighteen years of age. This production is called the beginning of American poetry.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire Co., Mass., November 3rd, 1784. His father was a physician, and a man of literary culture who encouraged his son's early ability, and taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and the bombast into which young poets are apt to fall. The feeling and reverence with which Bryant cherished the memory of his father whose life was

"Marked with some act of goodness every day,"

is touchingly alluded to in several of his poems and directly spoken of with pathetic eloquence in the "Hymn to Death" written in 1825:

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus

Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes,
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example.

Bryant was educated at Williams College, but left with an honorable discharge before graduation to take up the study of law, which he practiced one year at Plainfield and nine years at Great Barrington, but in 1825 he abandoned law for literature, and removed to New York where in 1826 he began to edit the "Evening Post," which position he continued to occupy from that time until the day of his death. William Cullen Bryant and the "Evening Post" were almost as conspicuous and permanent features of the city as the Battery and Trinity Church.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant married Frances Fairchild, the loveliness of whose character is hinted in some of his sweetest productions. The one beginning

"O fairest of the rural maids,"

was written some years before their marriage; and "The Future Life," one of the noblest and most pathetic of his poems, is addressed to her:—

"In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

"Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

Among his best-known poems are "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "Lines to a Waterfowl," and "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." One of the greatest of his works, though not among the most popular, is his translation of Homer, which he completed when seventy-seven years of age.

Bryant had a marvellous memory. His familiarity with the English poets was

such that when at sea, where he was always too ill to read much, he would beguile the time by reciting page after page from favorite authors. However long the voyage, he never exhausted his resources. "I once proposed," says a friend, "to send for a copy of a magazine in which a new poem of his was announced to appear. 'You need not send for it,' said he, 'I can give it to you.' 'Then you have a copy with you?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but I can recall it,' and thereupon proceeded immediately to write it out. I congratulated him upon having such a faithful memory. 'If allowed a little time,' he replied, 'I could recall every line of poetry I have ever written.'"

His tenderness of the feelings of others, and his earnest desire always to avoid the giving of unnecessary pain, were very marked. "Soon after I began to do the duties of literary editor," writes an associate, "Mr. Bryant, who was reading a review of a little book of wretchedly halting verse, said to me: 'I wish you would deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones.'"

Bryant was a man of very striking appearance, especially in age. "It is a fine sight," says one writer, "to see a man full of years, clear in mind, sober in judgment, refined in taste, and handsome in person. . . . . I remember once to have been at a lecture where Mr. Bryant sat several seats in front of me, and his finely-sized head was especially noticeable . . . . The observer of Bryant's capacious skull and most refined expression of face cannot fail to read therein the history of a noble manhood."

The grand old veteran of verse died in New York in 1878 at the age of eighty-four, universally known and honored. He was in his sixth year when George Washington died, and lived under the administration of twenty presidents and had seen his own writings in print for seventy years. During this long life—though editor for fifty years of a political daily paper, and continually before the public—he had kept his reputation unspotted from the world, as if he had, throughout the decades, continually before his mind the admonition of the closing lines of "Thanatopsis" written by himself seventy years before.

THANATOPSIS.*

The following production is called the beginning of American poetry.
That a young man not yet 19 should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, so full of chaste language and delicate and striking imagery, and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDES the massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on the quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

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The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a wearied one with pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his alloted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness, then, I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves wonderfully away from amid the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh, crimson flush of morning, that darkens as we gaze!
Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds sing on;
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened, an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strews
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So from every region, so enter side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's greatest, mightiest, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, that mark the dust away.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy are drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terrors; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming of quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."



DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

THERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes: and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limn'd upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

DROUGHT.

CLUNGED amid the limpid waters,
Or the cooling shade beneath,
Let me fly the scorching sunbeams,
And the southwind's sickly breath!

Sirius burns the parching meadows,
Flames upon the embrowning hill,
Dries the foliage of the forest,
And evaporates the rill.

Scarce is seen the lonely floweret,
Save amid the embowering wood;
O'er the prospect dim and dreary,
Drought presides in sullen mood!

Murky vapours hung in ether,
Wrap in gloom, the sky serene;
Nature pants distressful—silence
Reigns o'er all the sultry scene.

Then amid the limpid waters,
Or beneath the cooling shade,
Let me shun the scorching sunbeams
And the sickly breeze evade.

THE PAST.

No poet, perhaps, in the world is so exquisite in rhythm, or classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase or metaphor as Bryant.

He dips his pen in words as an inspired painter his pencil in colors. The following poem is a fair specimen of his deep vein in his chosen serious themes. Pathos is pre-eminently his endowment but the tinge of melancholy in his treatment is always pleasing.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And, last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back;—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown:—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea;
Labors of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young.

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again;
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again.
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

Soon after the following poem was written, an English critic, referring to the stanza begining—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"—said: "Mr. Bryant has certainly a rare merit for having written a stanza which will bear comparison with any four lines as one of the noblest in the English language. The thought is complete, the expression perfect. A poem of a dozen such verses would be like a row of pearls, each beyond a king's ransom."

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill.
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE CROWDED STREETS.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come;
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright, with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the bed.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and tender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare,
Thy golden fortunes tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
To sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to night.

Each where his tasks or pleasure call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is one who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

NOTICE OF FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

As a specimen of Mr. Bryant's prose, of which he wrote much, and also as a sample of his criticism, we reprint the following extract from a Commemorative Address which he delivered before the New York Historical Society in February 1869. This selection is also valuable as a character sketch and a literary estimate of Mr. Halleck.

WHEN I look back upon Halleck's literary life, I cannot help thinking that if his death had happened forty years earlier, his life would have been regarded as a bright morning prematurely overcast. Yet Halleck's literary career may be said to have ended then. All that will hand down his name to future years had already been produced. Who shall say to what cause his subsequent literary inaction was owing? It was not the decline of his powers; his brilliant conversation showed that it was not. Was it then indifference to fame? Was it because he put an humble estimate on what he had written, and therefore resolved to write no more? Was it because he feared lest what he might write would be unworthy of the reputation he had been so fortunate as to acquire?

"I have my own way of accounting for his literary silence in the latter half of his life. One of the resemblances which he bore to Horace consisted in the length of time for which he kept his poems by him, that he might give them the last and happiest touches. Having composed his poems without committing them to paper, and retaining them in his faithful memory, he revised them in the same manner, murmuring them to himself in his solitary moments, recovering the enthusiasm with which they were first conceived, and in this state of mind heightening the beauty of the thought or of the expression. . . . .

"In this way I suppose Halleck to have attained the gracefulness of his diction, and the airy melody of his numbers. In this way I believe that he wrought up his verses to that transparent clearness of expression which causes the thought to be seen

through them without any interposing dimness, so that the thought and the phrase seem one, and the thought enters the mind like a beam of light. I suppose that Halleck's time being taken up by the tasks of his vocation, he naturally lost by degrees the habit of composing in this manner, and that he found it so necessary to the perfection of what he wrote that he adopted no other in its place."

A CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From "The Letters of a Traveler."

In 1843, during Mr. Bryant's visit to the South, he had the pleasure of witnessing one of those ante-bellum southern institutions known as a Corn-Shucking—one of the ideal occasions of the colored man's life, to which both men and women were invited. They were free to tell all the jokes, sing all the songs and have all the fun they desired as they rapidly shucked the corn. Two leaders were usually chosen and the company divided into two parties which competed for a prize awarded to the first party which finished shucking the allotted pile of corn. Mr. Bryant thus graphically describes one of these novel occasions:

BARNWELL DISTRICT,
South Carolina, March 29, 1843.

BUT you must hear of the corn-shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel.

The light-wood-fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me.
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me.
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars.
Oh hollow!
Boys, go catch the pony.
Oh hollow!
Bring him round the corner.
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia.
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-by forever!
Oh hollow!

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey-song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's the dandy?" One of the songs commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example—

De cooter is de boatman—

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.
De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.
De mocking-bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.
De alligator sawyer
John John Crow.

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling, and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.



CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.



Poe's last home,
Fordham Cottage, N.Y.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS GENIUS.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, the author of "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," "To One in Paradise," "Israfel" and "Lenore," was in his peculiar sphere, the most brilliant writer, perhaps, who ever lived. His writings, however, belong to a different world of thought from that in which Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Lowell lived and labored. Theirs was the realm of nature, of light, of human joy, of happiness, ease, hope and cheer. Poe spoke from the dungeon of depression. He was in a constant struggle with poverty. His whole life was a tragedy in which sombre shades played an unceasing role, and yet from out these weird depths came forth things so beautiful that their very sadness is charming and holds us in a spell of bewitching enchantment. Edgar Fawcett says of him:—

"He loved all shadowy spots, all seasons drear;
All ways of darkness lured his ghastly whim;
Strange fellowships he held with goblins grim,
At whose demoniac eyes he felt no fear.

By desolate paths of dream where fancy's owl
Sent long lugubrious hoots through sombre air,
Amid thought's gloomiest caves he went to prowl
And met delirium in her awful lair."

Edgar Poe was born in Boston February 19th, 1809. His father was a Marylander, as was also his grandfather, who was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and a friend of General Lafayette. The parents of Poe were both actors who toured the country in the ordinary manner, and this perhaps accounts for his birth in Boston. Their home was in Baltimore, Maryland.

When Poe was only a few years old both parents died, within two weeks, in Richmond, Virginia. Their three children, two daughters, one older and one younger than the subject of this sketch, were all adopted by friends of the family. Mr. John Allen, a rich tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia, adopted Edgar (who was henceforth called Edgar Allen Poe), and had him carefully educated, first in England, afterwards at the Richmond Academy and the University of Virginia,

and subsequently at West Point. He always distinguished himself in his studies, but from West Point he was dismissed after one year, it is said because he refused to submit to the discipline of the institution.

In common with the custom in the University of Virginia at that time, Poe acquired the habits of drinking and gambling, and the gambling debts which he contracted incensed Mr. Allen, who refused to pay them. This brought on the beginning of a series of quarrels which finally led to Poe's disinheritance and permanent separation from his benefactor. Thus turned out upon the cold, unsympathetic world, without business training, without friends, without money, knowing not how to make money—yet, with a proud, imperious, aristocratic nature,—we have the beginning of the saddest story of any life in literature—struggling for nearly twenty years in gloom and poverty, with here and there a ray of sunshine, and closing with delirium tremens in Baltimore, October 7th, 1849, at forty years of age.

To those who know the full details of the sad story of Poe's life it is little wonder that his sensitive, passionate nature sought surcease from disappointment in the nepenthe of the intoxicating cup. It was but natural for a man of his nervous temperament and delicacy of feeling to fall into that melancholy moroseness which would chide even the angels for taking away his beautiful "Annabel Lee;" or that he should wail over the "Lost Lenore," or declare that his soul should "nevermore" be lifted from the shadow of the "Raven" upon the floor. These poems and others are but the expressions of disappointment and despair of a soul alienated from happy human relations. While we admire their power and beauty, we should remember at what cost of pain and suffering and disappointment they were produced. They are powerful illustrations of the prodigal expense of human strength, of broken hopes and bitter experiences through which rare specimens of our literature are often grown.

To treat the life of Edgar Allen Poe, with its lessons, fully, would require the scope of a volume. Both as a man and an author there is a sad fascination which belongs to no other writer, perhaps, in the world. His personal character has been represented as pronouncedly double. It is said that Stevenson, who was a great admirer of Poe, received the inspiration for his novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" from the contemplation of his double character. Paul Hamilton Hayne has also written a poem entitled, "Poe," which presents in a double shape the angel and demon in one body. The first two stanzas of which we quote:—

"Two mighty spirits dwelt in him:
One, a wild demon, weird and dim,
The darkness of whose ebon wings
Did shroud unutterable things:
One, a fair angel, in the skies
Of whose serene, unshadowed eyes
Were seen the lights of Paradise.

To these, in turn, he gave the whole
Vast empire of his brooding soul;
Now, filled with strains of heavenly swell.
Now thrilled with awful tones of hell:
Wide were his being's strange extremes,
'Twixt nether glooms, and Eden gleams
Of tender, or majestic dreams."

It must be said in justice to Poe's memory, however, that the above idea of his being both demon and angel became prevalent through the first biography published of him, by Dr. Rufus Griswold, who no doubt sought to avenge himself on the dead poet for the severe but unanswerable criticisms which the latter had passed upon his and other contemporaneous authors' writings. Later biographies, notably those of J. H. Ingram and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman, as well as published statements from his business associates, have disproved many of Griswold's damaging statements, and placed the private character of Poe in a far more favorable light before the world. He left off gambling in his youth, and the appetite for drink, which followed him to the close of his life, was no doubt inherited from his father who, before him, was a drunkard.

It is natural for admirers of Poe's genius to contemplate with regret akin to sorrow those circumstances and characteristics which made him so unhappy, and yet the serious question arises, was not that character and his unhappy life necessary to the productions of his marvelous pen? Let us suppose it was, and in charity draw the mantle of forgetfulness over his misguided ways, covering the sad picture of his personal life from view, and hang in its place the matchless portrait of his splendid genius, before which, with true American pride, we may summon all the world to stand with uncovered heads.

As a writer of short stories Poe had no equal in America. He is said to have been the originator of the modern detective story. The artful ingenuity with which he works up the details of his plot, and minute attention to the smallest illustrative particular, give his tales a vivid interest from which no reader can escape. His skill in analysis is as marked as his power of word painting. The scenes of gloom and terror which he loves to depict, the forms of horror to which he gives almost actual life, render his mastery over the reader most exciting and absorbing.

As a poet Poe ranks among the most original in the world. He is pre-eminently a poet of the imagination. It is useless to seek in his verses for philosophy or preaching. He brings into his poetry all the weirdness, subtlety, artistic detail and facility in coloring which give the charm to his prose stories, and to these he adds a musical flow of language which has never been equalled. To him poetry was music, and there was no poetry that was not musical. For poetic harmony he has had no equal certainly in America, if, indeed, in the world. Admirers of his poems are almost sure to read them over and over again, each time finding new forms of beauty or charm in them, and the reader abandons himself to a current of melodious fancy that soothes and charms like distant music at night, or the rippling of a near-by, but unseen, brook. The images which he creates are vague and illusive. As one of his biographers has written, "He heard in his dreams the tinkling footfalls of angels and seraphim and subordinated everything in his verse to the delicious effect of musical sound." As a literary critic Poe's capacities were of the greatest. "In that large part of the critic's perceptions," says Duyckinck, "in knowledge of the mechanism of composition, he has been unsurpassed by any writer in America."

Poe was also a fine reader and elocutionist. A writer who attended a lecture by him in Richmond says: "I never heard a voice so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody. No one who heard his recitation of the "Raven" will ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The

audience was still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall its effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive "nevermore."

Among the labors of Poe, aside from his published volumes and contributions to miscellaneous magazines, should be mentioned his various positions from 1834 to 1848 as critic and editor on the "Literary Messenger" of Richmond, Virginia, the "Gentleman's Magazine" of Philadelphia, "Graham's Magazine" of Philadelphia, the "Evening Mirror" of New York, and the "Broadway Journal" of New York, which positions he successively held. The last he gave up in 1848 with the idea of starting a literary magazine of his own, but the project failed, perhaps on account of his death, which occurred the next year. His first volume of poems was published in 1829. In 1833 he won two prizes, one for prose and one for poetic composition, offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visitor," his "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" being awarded the prize for prose and the poem "The Coliseum" for poetry. The latter, however, he did not recieve because the judges found the same author had won them both. In 1838 Harper Brothers published his ingenious fiction, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket." In 1840 "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" were issued in Philadelphia. In 1844 he took up his residence at Fordham, NewYork, where his wife died in 1847, and where he continued to reside for the balance of his life. His famous poem the "Raven" was published in 1845, and during 1848 and 1849 he published "Eureka" and "Ulalume," the former being a prose poem. It is the crowning work of his life, to which he devoted the last and most matured energies of his wonderful intellect. To those who desire a further insight into the character of the man and his labors we would recommend the reading of J. H. Ingram's "Memoir" and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman's "Edgar Poe and His Critics," the latter published in 1863.



THE CITY IN THE SEA.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

LO! Death has rear'd himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim west,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines, and palaces, and towers,
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;

But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gayly-jewell'd dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.
But lo, a stir is in the air!

The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

TO HELEN.

The following poem was published first "To — — —," afterwards the title was changed, "To Helen." It seems to have been written by Poe to Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman whom many years afterwards he was engaged to marry. The engagement was, however, broken off. The poem was no doubt written before his acquaintance with the lady; even before his marriage or engagement to his wife, and at a time perhaps when he did not expect to be recognized as a suitor by the unknown woman who had completely captured his heart, in the chance meeting which he here so beautifully describes.

I SAW thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.



CLAD ALL IN WHITE, UPON A VIOLET BANK
I SAW THEE HALF RECLINING; WHILE THE MOON
FELL ON THE UPTURNED FACES OF THE ROSES,
AND ON THINE OWN, UPTURNED—ALAS! IN SORROW.

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All, all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a wo, yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud,
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me, they lead me through the years;
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire—
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope),

And are far up in heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

ISRAFEL.*

IN heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel ISRAFEL,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamour'd moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That ISRAFELI'S fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up god—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
ISRAFELI, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!
Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where ISRAFEL
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

*"And the angel ISRAFEL, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."
KORAN.

LENORE.

Mrs. Whitman, in her reminiscences of Poe, tells us the following incident which gave rise to the writing of these touching lines. While Poe was in the Academy at Richmond, Virginia,—as yet a boy of about sixteen years,—he was invited by a friend to visit his home. The mother of this friend was a singularly beautiful and withal a most kindly and sympathetic woman. Having learned that Poe was an orphan she greeted him with the motherly tenderness and affection shown toward her own son. The boy was so overcome that it is said he stood for a miuute unable to speak and finally with tears he declared he had never before known his loss in the love of a true and devoted mother. From that time forward he was frequently a visitor, and the attachment between him and this kind-hearted woman continued to grow. On Poe's return from Europe when he was about twenty years of age, he learned that she had died a few days before his arrival, and was so overcome with grief that he went nightly to her grave, even when it was dark and rainy, spending hours in fancied communion with her spirit. Later he idealized in his musings the embodiment of such a spirit in a young and beautiful woman, whom he made his lover and whose untimely death he imagined and used as the inspiration of this poem.



H, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river;
And, GUY DE VERE,
Hast *thou* no tear?
Weep now or never more!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier
Low lies thy love, LENORE!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye bless'd her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus;
But rave not thus!
And let a sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet LENORE
Hath "gone before,"
With Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair
And *debonair*,
That now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair
But not within her eyes—
The life still there,
Upon her hair—
The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night
My heart is light.
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!—
Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note,
As it doth float—
Up from the damned earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From hell unto a high estate
Far up within the heaven—
From grief and groan,
To a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven."

THE BELLS.

This selection is a favorite with reciters. It is an excellent piece for voice culture. The musical flow of the metre and happy selection of the words make it possible for the skilled speaker to closely imitate the sounds of the ringing bells.



EAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells.

On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time.
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

This poem is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despair—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Nevermore."



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotton lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and raidant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE.

"He who sung to one clear harp in divers tones."

"IN an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea" the most famous and most widely read of all American poets was born in Portland, Maine, February 7th, 1807.

In his personality, his wide range of themes, his learning and his wonderful power of telling stories in song, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stood in his day and still stands easily in front of all other poets who have enriched American literature. Admitting that he was not rugged and elemental like Bryant and did not possess the latter's feelings for the colossal features of wild scenery, that he was not profoundly thoughtful and transcendental like Emerson, that he was not so earnestly and passionately sympathetic as Whittier, nevertheless he was our first artist in poetry. Bryant, Emerson and Whittier commanded but a few stops of the grand instrument upon which they played; Longfellow understood perfectly all its capabilities. Critics also say that "he had not the high ideality or dramatic power of Tennyson or Browning." But does he not hold something else which to the world at large is perhaps more valuable? Certainly these two great poets are inferior to him in the power to sweep the chords of daily human experiences and call forth the sweetness and beauty in common-place every day human life. It is on these themes that he tuned his harp without ever a false tone, and sang with a harmony so well nigh perfect that the universal heart responded to his music. This common-place song has found a lodgement in every household in America, "swaying the hearts of men and women whose sorrows have been soothed and whose lives raised by his gentle verse."

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Longfellow's life from the very beginning moved on even lines. Both he and William Cullen Bryant were descendants of John Alden, whom Longfellow has made famous in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The Longfellows were a family in comfortable circumstances, peaceful and honest, for many generations back.



INTERIOR OF LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The poet went to school with Nathaniel P. Willis and other boys who at an early age were thinking more of verse making than of pleasure. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825 with Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and others who afterwards attained to fame. Almost immediately after his graduation he was requested to take the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in his *alma mater*, which he accepted; but before entering upon his duties spent three years in Germany, France, Spain and Italy to further perfect himself in the languages and literature of those nations. At Bowdoin College Longfellow remained as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature until 1835, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, which he continued to occupy until 1854, when he



THE WAYSIDE INN.
Scene of Longfellow's Famous "*Tales of the Wayside Inn.*"

resigned, devoting the remainder of his life to literary work and to the enjoyment of the association of such friends as Charles Sumner the statesman, Hawthorne the romancer, Louis Agassiz the great naturalist, and James Russell Lowell, the brother poet who succeeded to the chair of Longfellow in Harvard University on the latter's resignation.

The home of Longfellow was not only a delightful place to visit on account of the cordial welcome extended by the companionable poet, but for its historic associations as well; for it was none other than the old "Cragie House" which had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, the past tradition and recent hospitality of which have been well told by G. W. Curtis in his "Homes of American Authors." It was here that Longfellow surrounded himself with a

magnificent library, and within these walls he composed all of his famous productions from 1839 until his death, which occurred there in 1882 at the age of seventy-five. The poet was twice married and was one of the most domestic of men. His first wife died suddenly in Europe during their sojourn in that country while Longfellow was pursuing his post graduate course of study before taking the chair in Bowdoin College. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had met in Europe and who figures in the pages of his romance "Hyperion." In 1861 she met a most tragic death by stepping on a match which set fire to her clothing, causing injuries from which she died. She was buried on the 19th anniversary of their marriage. By Longfellow's own direction she was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms commemorative of the day. The poet was so stricken with grief that for a year afterwards he did practically no work, and it is said neither in conversation nor in writing to his most intimate friends could he bear to refer to the sad event.

Longfellow was one of the most bookish men in our literature. His knowledge of others' thoughts and writings was so great that he became, instead of a creator in his poems, a painter of things already created. It is said that he never even owned a style of his own like Bryant and Poe, but assimilated what he saw or heard or read from books, reclothing it and sending it out again. This does not intimate that he was a plagiarist, but that he wrote out of the accumulated knowledge of others. "Evangeline," for instance, was given him by Hawthorne, who had heard of the young people of Acadia and kept them in mind, intending to weave them into a romance. The forcible deportation of 18,000 French people touched Hawthorne as it perhaps never could have touched Longfellow except in literature, and also as it certainly never would have touched the world had not Longfellow woven the woof of the story in the threads of his song.

"Evangeline" was brought out the same year with Tennyson's "Princess" (1847), and divided honors with the latter even in England. In this poem, and in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and other poems, the pictures of the new world are brought out with charming simplicity. Though Longfellow never visited Acadia or Louisiana, it is the real French village of Grand Pré and the real Louisiana, not a poetic dream that are described in this poem. So vivid were his descriptions that artists in Europe painted the scenes true to nature and vied with each other in painting the portrait of Evangeline, among several of which there is said to be so striking a resemblance as to suggest the idea that one had served as a copy for the others. The poem took such a hold upon the public, that both the poor man and the rich knew Longfellow as they knew not Tennyson their own poet. It was doubtless because he, though one of the most scholarly of men, always spoke so the plainest reader could understand.

In "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863), the characters were not fictions, but real persons. The *musician* was none other than the famous violinist, Ole Bull; Professor Luigi Monte, a close friend who dined every Sunday with Longfellow, was the *Sicilian;* Dr. Henry Wales was the *youth;* the *poet* was Thomas W. Parsons, and the *theologian* was his brother, Rev. S. W. Longfellow. This poem shows Longfellow at his best as a story teller, while the stories which are put into the mouth of these actual characters perhaps could have been written by no other living man, for they are from the literature of all countries, with which Longfellow was so familiar.

Thus, both "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Evangeline"—as many other of Longfellow's poems—may be called compilations or rewritten stories, rather than creations, and it was these characteristics of his writings which Poe and Margaret Fuller, and others, who considered the realm of poetry to belong purely to the imagination rather than the real world, so bitterly criticised. While they did not deny to Longfellow a poetic genius, they thought he was prostituting it by forcing it to drudge in the province of prosaic subjects; and for this reason Poe predicted that he would not live in literature.

It was but natural that Longfellow should write as he did. For thirty-five years he was an instructor in institutions of learning, and as such believed that poetry should be a thing of use as well as beauty. He could not agree with Poe that poetry was like music, only a pleasurable art. He had the triple object of stimulating to research and study, of impressing the mind with history or moral truths, and at the same time to touch and warm the heart of humanity. In all three directions he succeeded to such an extent that he has probably been read by more people than any other poet except the sacred Psalmist; and despite the predictions of his distinguished critics to the contrary, such poems as "The Psalm of Life," (which Chas. Sumner allowed, to his knowledge, had saved one man from suicide), "The Children's Hour," and many others touching the every day experiences of the multitude, will find a glad echo in the souls of humanity as long as men shall read.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

This poem has gained wide celebrity as one of Mr. Longfellow's most popular pieces, as has also the poem "Excelsior," (hereafter quoted). They strike a popular chord and do some clever preaching and it is in this their chief merit consists. They are by no means among the author's best poetic productions from a critical standpoint. Both these poems were written in early life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and GOD o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.



THEY LOVE TO SEE THE FLAMING FORGE,
AND HEAR THE BELLOWS ROAR,
AND CATCH THE BURNING SPARKS THAT FLY
LIKE CHAFF FROM THE THRESHING FLOOR.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE BRIDGE.

A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, over which he had to pass, almost daily. "I always stop on the bridge," he writes in his journal. "Tide waters are beautiful," and again, "We leaned for a while on the wooden rails and enjoyed the silvery reflections of the sea, making sundry comparisons." Among other thoughts, we have these cheering ones, that "The old sea was flashing with its heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are dark provinces of God; illuminous though not to us."

The following poem was the result of one of Longfellow's reflections, while standing on this bridge at midnight.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillnes and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

GOD'S ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God!
This is the place where human harvests grow!

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not to Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark dreary.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

The writing of the following poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was occasioned by the news of a ship-wreck on the coast near Gloucester, and by the name of a reef—"Norman's Woe"—where many disasters occurred. It was written one night between twelve and three o'clock, and cost the poet, it is said, hardly an effort.

IT was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah!" when shall they all meet again?

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

The writing of this famous ballad was suggested to Mr. Longfellow by the digging up of a mail-clad skeleton at Fall-River, Massachusetts—a circumstance which the poet linked with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport, thus giving to it the spirit of a Norse Viking song of war and of the sea. It is written in the swift leaping meter employed by Drayton in his "Ode to the Cambro Britons on their Harp."

SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies:
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skål! to the Northland! *skål!*"*
—Thus the tale ended.

*Skål! is the Swedish expression for "Your Health."

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-will sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

LITERARY FAME.

As a specimen of Mr. Longfellow's prose style we present the following extract from his "*Hyperion*," written when the poet was comparatively a young man.

TIME has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those, whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this: well knowing that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men; but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought.

Yes, it is better that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be, in our imperfection; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly. Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much,—at times even this victory over himself; being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And, oh! how majestically they walk in history! some like the sun, "with all his traveling glories round him;" others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons. Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them, while they sleep!

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever!



RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND HIS BROOK FARM FRIENDS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE LIBERATOR OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

TO classify Emerson is a matter of no small difficulty. He was a philosopher, he was an essayist, he was a poet—all three so eminently that scarcely two of his friends would agree to which class he most belonged. Oliver Wendell Holmes asks:

> Where in the realm of thought whose air is song
> Does he the Buddha of the west belong?
> He seems a winged Franklin sweetly wise,
> Born to unlock the secret of the skies."

But whatever he did was done with a poetic touch. Philosophy, essay or song, it was all pregnant with the spirit of poetry. Whatever else he was Emerson was pre-eminently a poet. It was with this golden key that he unlocked the chambers of original thought, that liberated American letters.

Until Emerson came, American authors had little independence. James Russell Lowell declares, "We were socially and intellectually bound to English thought, until Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue waters. He was our first optimistic writer. Before his day, Puritan theology had seen in man only a vile nature and considered his instincts for beauty and pleasure, proofs of his total depravity." Under such conditions as these, the imagination was fettered and wholesome literature was impossible. As a reaction against this Puritan austerity came Unitarianism, which aimed to establish the dignity of man, and out of this came the further growth of the idealism or transcendentalism of Emerson. It was this idea and these aspirations of the new theology that Emerson converted into literature. The indirect influence of his example on the writings of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell, and its direct influence on Thoreau, Hawthorne, Chas. A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, G. W. Curtis and others, formed the very foundation for the beautiful structure of our representative American literature.

Emerson was profoundly a thinker who pondered the relation of man to God and to the universe. He conceived and taught the noblest ideals of virtue and a spiritual life. The profound study which Emerson devoted to his themes and his philosophic cast of mind made him a writer for scholars. He was a prophet who, without argument, announced truths which, by intuition, he seems to have perceived; but the thought is often so shadowy that the ordinary reader fails to catch it. For

this reason he will never be like Longfellow or Whittier, a favorite with the masses. Let it not be understood, however, that all of Emerson's writings are heavy or shadowy or difficult to understand. On the contrary, some of his poems are of a popular character and are easy of comprehension. For instance, "The Hymn," sung at the completion of the Concord Monument in 1836, was on every one's lips at the time of the Centennial celebration, in 1876. His optimistic spirit is also beautifully and clearly expressed in the following stanza of his "Voluntaries:"

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

These are but two instances of many that may be cited. No author is, perhaps, more enjoyed by those who understand him. He was a master of language. He never used the wrong word. His sentences are models. But he was not a logical or methodical writer. Every sentence stands by itself. His paragraphs might be arranged almost at random without essential loss to the essays. His philosophy consists largely in an array of golden sayings full of vital suggestions to help men make the best and most of themselves. He had no compact system of philosophy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, within "A kite-string of the birth place of Benjamin Franklin" with whom he is frequently compared. The likeness, however, consists only in the fact that they were both decidedly representative Americans of a decidedly different type. Franklin was prose, Emerson poetry; Franklin common sense, real; Emerson imaginative, ideal. In these opposite respects they both were equally representative of the highest type. Both were hopeful, kindly and shrewd. Both equally powerful in making, training and guiding the American people.

In his eighth year young Emerson was sent to a grammar school, where he made such rapid progress, that he was soon able to enter a higher department known as a Latin school. His first attempts at writing were not the dull efforts of a school boy; but original poems which he read with real taste and feeling. He completed his course and graduated from Harvard College at eighteen. It is said that he was dull in mathematics and not above the average in his class in general standing; but he was widely read in literature, which put him far in advance, perhaps, of any young man of his age. After graduating, he taught school for five years in connection with his brother; but in 1825, gave it up for the ministry. For a time he was pastor of a Unitarian Congregation in Boston; but his independent views were not in accordance with the doctrine of his church, therefore, he resigned in 1835, and retired to Concord, where he purchased a home near the spot on which the first battle of the Revolution was fought in 1775, which he commemorated in his own verse:—

"There first the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

In this city, Emerson resided until the day of his death, which occurred in Concord, April 27, 1882, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It was in Concord that the poet and essayist, as the prophet of the advanced thought of his age, gathered around him those leading spirits who were dissatisfied with the selfishness and shallowness of existing society, and, who had been led by him to dream of an ideal condition in which all should live as one family. Out of this grew the famous "Brook Farm Community." This was not an original idea of Emerson's, however. Coleridge and Southey, of England, had thought of founding such a society in Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River. Emerson regarded this community of interests as the clear teachings of Jesus Christ; and, to put into practical operation this idea, a farm of about two hundred acres was bought at Roxbury, Mass., and a stock company was formed under the title of "The Brook Farm Institution of Agriculture and Education." About seventy members joined



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, CONCORD, MASS.

in the enterprise. The principle of the organization was coöperative, the members sharing the profits. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of romancers, Chas. A. Dana, of the New York Tribune, Geo. W. Curtis, of Harper's Monthly, Henry D. Thoreau, the poet naturalist, Amos Bronson Alcott, the transcendental dreamer and writer of strange shadowy sayings, and Margaret Fuller, the most learned woman of her age, were prominent members who removed to live on the farm. It is said that Emerson, himself, never really lived there; but was a member and frequent visitor, as were other prominent scholars of the same school. The project was a failure. After five years of experience, some of the houses were destroyed by fire, the enterprise given up, and the membership scattered.

But the Brook Farm served its purpose in literature by bringing together some of the best intellects in America, engaging them for five years in a common course of study, and stimulating a commerce of ideas. The breaking up of the community was better, perhaps, than its success would have been. It dispersed and scattered abroad the advanced thoughts of Emerson, and the doctrine of the society into every profession. Instead of being confined to the little paper, "The Dial," (which was the organ of the society) its literature was transferred into a number of widely circulated national mediums.

Thus, it will be seen how Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," gathered around him and dominated, by his charming personality, his powerful mind, and his wholesome influence, some of the brightest minds that have figured in American literature; and how, through them, as well as his own writings, he has done so much, not only to lay the foundation of a new literature, but to mould and shape leading minds for generations to come. The Brook Farm idea was the uppermost thought in Edward Bellamy's famous novel, "Looking Backward," which created such a sensation in the reading world a few years since. The progressive thought of Emerson was father to the so-called "New Theology," or "Higher Criticism," of modern scholars and theologians. It is, perhaps, for the influence which Emerson has exerted, rather than his own works, that the literature of America is mostly indebted to him. It was through his efforts that the village of Concord has been made more famous in American letters than the city of New York.

The charm of Emerson's personality has already been referred to,—and it is not strange that it should have been so great. His manhood, no less than his genius was worthy of admiration and of reverence. His life corresponded with his brave, cheerful and steadfast teachings. He "practiced what he preached." His manners were so gentle, his nature so transparent, and his life so singularly pure and happy, that he was called, while he lived, "the good and great Emerson;" and, since his death, the memory of his life and manly example are among the cherished possessions of our literature.

The reverence of his literary associates was little less than worship. Amos Bronson Alcott,—father of the authoress, Louisa M. Alcott,—one of the Brook Farm members, though himself a profound scholar and several years Emerson's senior, declared that it would have been his great misfortune to have lived without knowing Emerson, whom he styled, "The magic minstrel and speaker! whose rhetoric, voiced as by organ stops, delivers the sentiment from his breast in cadences peculiar to himself; now hurling it forth on the ear, echoing them; then,—as his mood and matter invite it—dying like

> Music of mild lutes
> Or silver coated flutes.

. . . such is the rhapsodist's cunning in its structure and delivery."

Referring to his association with Emerson, the same writer acknowledges in a poem, written after the sage's death:

> Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
> By the hand thou took'st me, and did'st condescend
> To bring me straightway into thy fair guild;
> And life-long hath it been high compliment

By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
Given to rare thought and to good learning bent;
Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
A scholar in thy university.

HYMN SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
The lively show beguiled me from my way.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why, thou wert there, O, rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

THE TRUE HERO.

AN EXTRACT FROM "VOLUNTARIES."

The following story is told of the manner in which the poem, "Voluntaries," obtained its title. In 1863, Mr. Emerson came to Boston and took a room in the Parker House, bringing with him the unfinished sketch of a few verses which he wished Mr. Fields, his publisher, to hear. He drew a small table to the centre of the room and read aloud the lines he proposed giving to the press. They were written on separate slips of paper which were flying loosely about the room. (Mr. Emerson frequently wrote in such independent paragraphs, that many of his poems and essays might be rearranged without doing them serious violence.) The question arose as to title of the verses read, when Mr. Fields suggested "Voluntaires," which was cordially accepted by Mr. Emerson.

WELL for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings unfold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtle thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought;
But best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Telling only the fiery thread,
Leading over heroic ground
Walled with immortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.
Peril around all else appalling,
Cannon in front and leaden rain,
Him duty through the clarion calling
To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before;—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain
Forever: but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.
He, the poor for whom angels foil,
Blind with pride and fooled by hate,
Writhes within the dragon coil,
Reserved to a speechless fate.

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and wo.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;

He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.
These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd,
And the same power that rear'd the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sybils told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The book itself before me lies,—
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

TRAVELING.

I HAVE no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, and embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions; but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of traveling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds, lean to and follow the past and the distant as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

THE COMPENSATION OF CALAMITY.

WE cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins, neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed; breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

SELF-RELIANCE.

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

FROM "NATURE."

TO go into solitude a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are!

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because,

though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make kindred impression when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains reflected all the wisdom of his best hour as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of Nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold Nature objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other—who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of Nature a wild delight runs through the man in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, He is my creature, and, maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun nor the summer alone, but every hour and season, yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles at twilight under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good-fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of his life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes)—which Nature cannot repair. * * * * * * *

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old.

It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in Nature, but in man or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"THE POET OF FREEDOM."

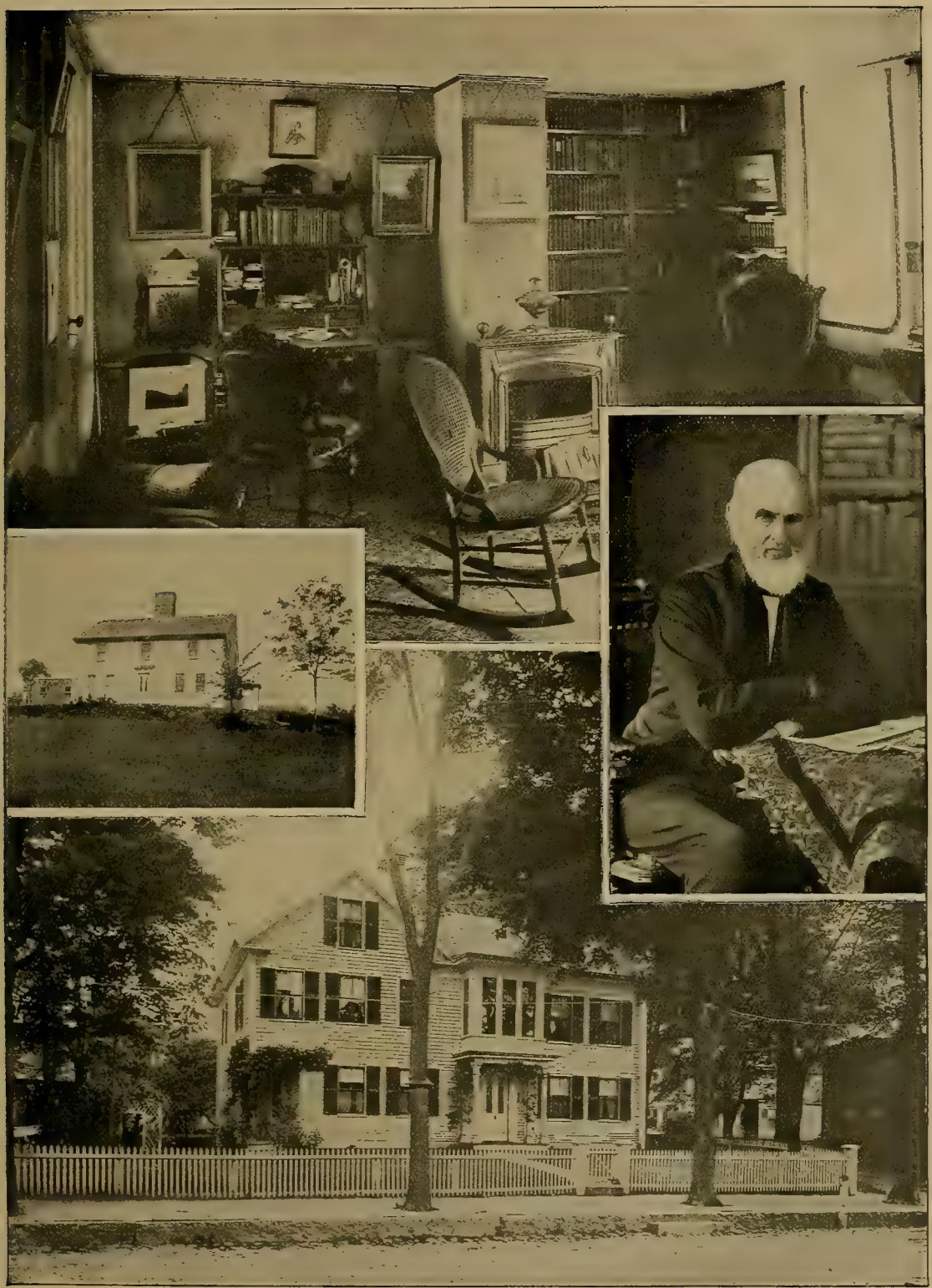
IN A solitary farm house near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the valley of the Merrimac, on the 17th day of December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. Within the same town, and Amesbury, nearby, this kind and gentle man, whom all the world delights to honor for his simple and beautiful heart-songs, spent most of his life, dying at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-five, in Danvers, Massachusetts, September 7th, 1892. The only distinguishing features about his ancestors were that Thos. Whittier settled at Haverhill in 1647, and brought with him from Newberry the first hive of bees in the settlement, that they were all sturdy Quakers, lived simply, were friendly and freedom loving. The early surroundings of the farmer boy were simple and frugal. He has pictured them for us in his masterpiece, "Snowbound." Poverty, the necessity of laboring upon the farm, the influence of Quaker traditions, his busy life, all conspired against his liberal education and literary culture. This limitation of knowledge is, however, at once to the masses his charm, and, to scholars, his one defect. It has led him to write, as no other poet could, upon the dear simplicity of New England farm life. He has written from the heart and not from the head; he has composed popular pastorals, not hymns of culture. Only such training as the district schools afforded, with a couple of years at Haverhill Academy comprised his advantages in education.

In referring to this *alma mater* in after years, under the spell of his muse, the poet thus writes:—

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And black-berry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial."

It was natural for Whittier to become the poet of that combination of which Garrison was the apostle, and Phillips and Sumner the orators. His early poems were published by Garrison in his paper, "The Free Press," the first one when Whittier



JOHN G. WHITTIER, HIS HOME AND BIRTHPLACE.

was nineteen years of age and Garrison himself little more than a boy. The farmer lad was elated when he found the verses which he had so timidly submitted in print with a friendly comment from the editor and a request for more. Garrison even visited Whittier's parents and urged the importance of giving him a finished education. Thus he fell early under the spell of the great abolitionist and threw himself with all the ardor of his nature into the movement. His poems against slavery and disunion have a ringing zeal worthy of a Cromwell. "They are," declares one writer, "like the sound of the trumpets blown before the walls of Jericho."

As a Quaker Whittier could not have been otherwise than an abolitionist, for that denomination had long since abolished slavery within its own communion. Most prominent among his poems of freedom are "The Voice of Freedom," published in 1849, "The Panorama and Other Poems," in 1856, "In War Times," in 1863, and "Ichabod," a pathetically kind yet severely stinging rebuke to Daniel Webster for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law. Webster was right from the standpoint of law and the Constitution, but Whittier argued from the standpoint of human right and liberty. "Barbara Frietchie,"—while it is pronounced purely a fiction, as is also his poem about John Brown kissing the Negro baby on his way to the gallows,—is perhaps the most widely quoted of his famous war poems.

Whittier also wrote extensively on subjects relating to New England history, witchcraft and colonial traditions. This group includes many of his best ballads, which have done in verse for colonial romance what Hawthorne did in prose in his "Twice-Told Tales" and "Scarlet Letter." It is these poems that have entitled Whittier to be called "the greatest of American ballad writers." Among them are to be found "Mabel Martin," "The Witch of Wenham," "Marguerite" and "Skipper Ireson's Ride." But it is perhaps in the third department of his writings, namely, rural tales and idyls, that the poet is most widely known. These pastoral poems contain the very heart and soul of New England. They are faithful and loving pictures of humble life, simple and peaceful in their subject and in their style. The masterpieces of this class are "Snowbound," "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," "Among the Hills," "Telling the Bees," etc. The relation of these simple experiences of homely character has carried him to the hearts of the people and made him, next to Longfellow, the most popular of American poets. There is a pleasure and a satisfaction in the freshness of Whittier's homely words and homespun phrases, which we seek in vain in the polished art of cultivated masters. As a poet of nature he has painted the landscapes of New England as Bryant has the larger features of the continent.

Whittier was never married and aside from a few exquisite verses he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His home was presided over for many years by his sister Elizabeth, a most lovely and talented woman, for whom he cherished the deepest affection, and he has written nothing more touching than his tribute to her memory in "Snowbound." The poet was shy and diffident among strangers and in formal society, but among his friends genial and delightful, with a fund of gentle and delicate humor which gave his conversation a great charm.

Aside from his work as a poet Whittier wrote considerable prose. His first volume was "Legends of New England," published in 1831, consisting of prose and verse. Subsequent prose publications consisted of contributions to the slave controversy,

biographical sketches of English and American reformers, studies of scenery and folk-lore of the Merrimac valley. Those of greatest literary interest were the "Supernaturalisms of New England," (1847,) and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," (1852.)

In 1836 Whittier became secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he was all his life interested in public affairs, and wrote much for newspapers and periodicals. In 1838 he began to edit the "Pennsylvania Freeman" in Philadelphia, but in the following year his press was destroyed and his office burned by a pro-slavery mob, and he returned to New England, devoting the larger part of his life, aside from his anti-slavery political writings, to embalming its history and legends in his literature, and so completely has it been done by him it has been declared: "If every other record of the early history and life of New England were lost the story could be constructed again from the pages of Whittier. Traits, habits, facts, traditions, incidents—he holds a torch to the dark places and illumines them every one."

Mr. Whittier, perhaps, is the most peculiarly American poet of any that our country has produced. The woods and waterfowl of Bryant belong as much to one land as another; and all the rest of our singers—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and their brethren—with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, might as well have been born in the land of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron as their own. But Whittier is entirely a poet of his own soil. All through his verse we see the elements that created it, and it is interesting to trace his simple life, throughout, in his verses from the time, when like that urchin with whom he asserts brotherhood, and who has won all affections, he ate his

* * * "milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude.
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtains fringed with gold
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;"

and, when a little older his fancy dwelt upon the adventures of Chalkley—as

"Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy."

In these reveries, "The Barefoot Boy" and others, thousands of his countrymen have lived over their lives again. Every thing he wrote, to the New Englander has a sweet, warm familiar life about it. To them his writings are familiar photographs, but they are also treasury houses of facts over which the future antiquarian will pour and gather all the close details of the phase of civilization that they give.

The old Whittier homestead at Amesbury is now in charge of Mrs. Pickard, a neice of the poet. She has recently made certain changes in the house; but this has been done so wisely and cautiously that if the place some day becomes a shrine —as it doubtless will—the restoration of the old estate will be a simple matter. The library is left quite undisturbed, just as it was when Whittier died.

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year,

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
The seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the Spring
And reap the Autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The birds build in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth Hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and ringlets of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother,
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary,
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother,
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin;
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman
As lovest thine own soul!
Woe's me if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black woodland;
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newburg town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice,
Upon whose soul be peace!
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goody Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail:
And Goody Cole at cock crow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night:
Whispering at the garden wall.
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!
Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lip and brow of pearl
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair:

A seeming child in every thing
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms,
As nature wears the smile of spring
When sinking into summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright
And stainless in its holy white
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!—
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seem'd wise in thee.
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
On life's rough blasts for blame or praise
The schoolboy's name has widely flown;
Thine in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Our still diverging thoughts incline,
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm,
For me the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time has not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see
Lingering even yet thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eye
The clouds about the present part,
And, smiling through them, round us lie
Soft hues of memory's morning sky—
The Indian summer of the heart,
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him—through his dungeon-grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague-thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chain'd and desolate!

Just GOD! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison-bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;

And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep
Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument uprear'd to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise, "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer!
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of GOD and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of GOD!
No longer dare as crime to brand,
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE STORM.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

Snow-bound is regarded as Whittier's master-piece, as a descriptive and reminiscent poem. It is a New England Fireside Idyl, which in its faithfulness recalls, "The Winter Evening," of Cowper, and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night"; but in sweetness and animation, it is superior to either of these. Snow-bound is a faithful description of a winter scene, familiar in the country surrounding Whittier's home in Connecticut. The complete poem is published in illustrated form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whose permisssion this extract is here inserted.

UNWARNED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sight of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

ICHABOD.

The following poem was written on hearing of Daniel Webster's course in supporting the "Compromise Measure," including the "Fugitive Slave Law". This speech was delivered in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, and greatly incensed the Abolitionists. Mr. Whittier, in common with many New Englanders, regarded it as the certain downfall of Mr. Webster. The lines are full of tender regret, deep grief and touching pathos.

SO fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!



BIRTHPLACE. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



HOLMES IN HIS STUDY



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

POET, ESSAYIST AND HUMORIST.

THIS distinguished author, known and admired throughout the English speaking world for the rich vein of philosophy, good fellowship and pungent humor that runs through his poetry and prose, was born in Cambridge, Massachussetts, August 29th, 1809, and died in Boston, October 27th 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-five—the "last leaf on the tree" of that famous group, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Poe, Willis, Hawthorne, Richard Henry Dana, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller and others who laid the foundation of our national literature, and with all of whom he was on intimate terms as a co-laborer at one time or another.

Holmes graduated at Harvard College in 1829. His genial disposition made him a favorite with his fellows, to whom some of his best early poems are dedicated. One of his classmates said of him :—"He made you feel like you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best." Benjamin Pierce, the astronomer, and Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of our National Hymn, were his class-mates and have been wittily described in his poem "The Boys." Dr. Holmes once humorously said that he supposed "the three people whose poems were best known were himself, one Smith and one Brown. As for himself, everybody knew who he was ; the one Brown was author of 'I love to Steal a While Away,' and the one Smith was author of 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'"

After graduation Holmes studied medicine in the schools of Europe, but returned to finish his course and take his degree at Harvard. For nine years he was Professor of Physiology and Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and in 1847 he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, to which his subsequent professional labors were devoted. He also published several works on medicine, the last being a volume of medical essays, issued in 1883.

Holmes' first poetic publication was a small volume published in 1836, including three poems which still remain favorites, namely, "My Aunt," "The height of the Ridiculous" and "The Last Leaf on the Tree." Other volumes of his poems were issued in 1846, 1850, 1861, 1875 and 1880.

Dr. Holmes is popularly known as the poet of society, this title attaching because most of his productions were called forth by special occasions. About one hundred of them were prepared for his Harvard class re-unions and his fraternity (Phi Beta Kappa) social and anniversary entertainments. The poems which will preserve his fame, however, are those of a general interest, like "The Deacon's Masterpiece,"

in which the Yankee spirit speaks out, "The Voiceless," "The Living Temple," "The Chambered Nautilus," in which we find a truly exalted treatment of a lofty theme; "The Last Leaf on the Tree," which is a remarkable combination of pathos and humor; "The Spectre Pig" and "The Ballad of an Oysterman," showing to what extent he can play in real fun. In fact, Dr. Holmes was a many-sided man, and equally presentable on all sides. It has been truthfully said of him, "No other American versifier has rhymed so easily and so gracefully. We might further add, no other in his personality, has been more universally esteemed and beloved by those who knew him.

As a prose writer Holmes was equally famous. His "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "Poet at the Breakfast Table," published respectively in 1858, 1859 and 1873, are everywhere known, and not to have read them is to have neglected something important in literature. The "Autocrat" is especially a masterpiece. An American boarding house with its typical characters forms the scene. The Autocrat is the hero, or rather leader, of the sparkling conversations which make up the threads of the book. Humor, satire and scholarship are skilfully mingled in its graceful literary formation. In this work will also be found "The Wonderful One Horse Shay" and "The Chambered Nautilus," two of the author's best poems.

Holmes wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," which in their romance rival the weirdness of Hawthorne and show his genius in this line of literature. "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (1871), is a scholarly essay on the function of the brain. As a biographer Dr. Holmes has also given us excellent memoirs of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among his later products may be mentioned "A Mortal Antipathy," which appeared in 1885, and "One Hundred Days in Europe" (1887).

Holmes was one of the projectors of "The Atlantic Monthly," which was started in 1857, in conjunction with Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, Lowell being its editor. It was to this periodical that the "Autocrat" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" were contributed. These papers did much to secure the permanent fame of this magazine. It is said that its name was suggested by Holmes, and he is also credited with first attributing to Boston the distinction of being the "Hub of the solar system," which he, with a mingling of humor and local pride, declared was "located exactly at the Boston State House."

Unlike other authors, the subject of this sketch was very much himself at all times and under all conditions. Holmes the man, Holmes the professor of physiology, the poet, philosopher, and essayist, were all one and the same genial soul. His was the most companionable of men, whose warm flow of fellowship and good cheer the winters of four score years and five could not chill,—"The last Leaf on the Tree," whose greenness the frost could not destroy. He passed away at the age of eighty-five still verdantly young in spirit, and the world will smile for many generations good naturedly because he lived. Such lives are a benediction to the race.

Finally, to know Holmes' writings well, is to be made acquainted with a singularly lovable nature. The charms of his personality are irresistible. Among the poor, among the literary, and among the society notables, he was ever the most welcome of guests. His geniality, humor, frank, hearty manliness, generosity and readiness

to amuse and be amused, together with an endless store of anecdotes, his tact and union of sympathy and originality, make him the best of companions for an hour or for a lifetime. His friendship is generous and enduring. All of these qualities of mind and heart are felt as the reader runs through his poems or his prose writings. We feel that Holmes has lived widely and found life good. It is precisely for this reason that the reading of his writings is a good tonic. It sends the blood more courageously through the veins. After reading Holmes, we feel that life is easier and simpler and a finer affair altogether and more worth living for than we had been wont to regard it.

The following paragraph published in a current periodical shortly after the death of Mr. Holmes throws further light upon the personality of this distinguished author:

"Holmes himself must have harked back to forgotten ancestors for his brightness. His father was a dry as dust Congregational preacher, of whom some one said that he fed his people sawdust out of a spoon. But from his childhood Holmes was bright and popular. One of his college friends said of him at Harvard, that 'he made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best.'"

Dr. Holmes was first and foremost a conversationalist. He talked even on paper. There was never the dullness of the written word. His sentences whether in prose or verse were so full of color that they bore the charm of speech.

One of his most quoted poems "Dorothy Q," is full of this sparkle, and carries a suggestion of his favorite theme:

Grandmother's mother: her age I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

* * * * *

What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that looked so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me?

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail:
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL.D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar! what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Empire unsceptred! What foe shall assail thee
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy million united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

OLD IRON SIDES.

The following poem has become a National Lyric. It was first printed in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," when the Frigate "Constitution" lay in the navy-yard at Charlestown. The department had resolved upon breaking her up; but she was preserved from this fate by the following verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause; and, according to "Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine," of January, 1837, it was printed in the form of hand-bills, and circulated in the city of Washington.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vow'd she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinch'd her feet, they singed her hair,
They screw'd it up with pins,—
Oh, never mortal suffer'd more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplish'd maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungather'd rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.
They were so queer, so very queer,
I laugh'd as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came:
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaim'd,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watch'd that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLD AGE AND THE PROFESSOR.

Mr. Holmes is as famous for his prose as for his poetry. The following sketches are characteristic of his happy and varied style.

OLD AGE, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years.*

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—"Old Age, his mark." Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six—sometimes ten—years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane,—an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes.—No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

THE BRAIN.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps. * * *

The schoolmistress had tried life. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me? Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure. Think,—I said,—before you answer:

if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. Pray, sit down,—I said. No, no,—she answered softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—"Good-morning, my dears!"

A RANDOM CONVERSATION

ON OLD MAXIMS, BOSTON AND OTHER TOWNS.

(*From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*)

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

I think Sir,—said the divinity student,—you must intend that for one of the sayings of the Seven Wise men of Boston you were speaking of the other day.

I thank you, my young friend,—was the reply,—but I must say something better than that, before I could pretend to fill out the number.

The schoolmistress wanted to know how many of these sayings there were on record, and what, and by whom said.

Why, let us see,—there is that one of Benjamin Franklin, "the great Bostonian," after whom this land was named. To be sure, he said a great many wise things,—and I don't feel sure he didn't borrow this,—he speaks as if it were old. But then he applied it so neatly!—

"He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged."

Then there is that glorious Epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend, the Historian, in one of his flashing moments:—

"Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries."

To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men:—

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

The divinity student looked grave at her, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn't think the wit meant any irreverence. It was only another way of saying, Paris is a heavenly place after New York or Boston.

A jaunty looking person, who had come in with the young fellow they call John,—evidently a stranger,—said there was one more wise man's saying that he had heard; it was about our place, but he didn't know who said it.—A civil curiosity was manifested by the company to hear the fourth wise saying. I heard him distinctly whispering to the young fellow who brought him to dinner, *Shall I tell it?* To which the answer was, *Go ahead!*—Well,—he said,—this was what I heard:—

"Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar."

Sir,—said I,—I am gratified with your remark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dullness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston,—and of all other considerable—and inconsiderable—places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted. Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc.—I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus: "Hotel de l'Univers et des États Unis;" and as Paris *is* the universe to a Frenchman, of course the United States are outside of it. "See Naples and then die." It is quite as bad with smaller places. I have been about lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions to hold true of all of them.

1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city.

2. If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled by the inhabi-

tants the "*good old* town of ————————" (whatever its name may happen to be).

3. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a "remarkably intelligent audience."

4. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

5. It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world. (One or two of them, you may perhaps chance to remember, sent short pieces to the "Pactolian" some time since, which were "respectfully declined.")

Boston is just like other places of its size—only, perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities. I'll tell you, though, if you want to know it, what is the real offense of Boston. It drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not itself be drained. If it would only send away its first-rate men instead of its second-rate ones (no offense to the well-known exceptions, of which we are always proud), we should be spared such epigrammatic remarks as that the gentleman has quoted. There can never be a real metropolis in this country until the biggest centre can drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth. I have observed, by the way, that the people who really live in two great cities are by no means so jealous of each other, as are those of smaller cities situated within the intellectual basin, or *suction* range, of one large one, of the pretensions of any other. Don't you see why? Because their promising young author and rising lawyer and large capitalist have been drained off to the neighboring big city,—their prettiest girls have exported to the same market; all their ambition points there, and all their thin gilding of glory comes from there. I hate little, toad-eating cities.

Would I be so good as to specify any particular example?—Oh,—an example? Did you ever see a bear trap? Never? Well, shouldn't you like to see me put my foot into one? With sentiments of the highest consideration I must beg leave to be excused.

Besides, some of the smaller cities are charming. If they have an old church or two, a few stately mansions of former grandees, here and there an old dwelling with the second story projecting (for the convenience of shooting the Indians knocking at the front-door with their tomahawks)—if they have, scattered about, those mighty square houses built something more than half a century ago, and standing like architectural boulders dropped by the former diluvium of wealth, whose refluent wave has left them as its monument,—if they have gardens with elbowed apple-trees that push their branches over the high board-fence and drop their fruit on the side-walk,—if they have a little grass in their side-streets, enough to betoken quiet without proclaiming decay,—I think I could go to pieces, after my life's tranquil places, as sweetly as in any cradle that an old man may be rocked to sleep in. I visit such spots always with infinite delight. My friend, the Poet, says, that rapidly growing towns are most unfavorable to the imaginative and reflective faculties. Let a man live in one of these old quiet places, he says, and the wine of his soul, which is kept thick and turbid by the rattle of busy streets, settles, and as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and the stars by night.

Do I think that the little villages have the conceit of the great towns? I don't believe there is much difference. You know how they read Pope's line in the smallest town in our State of Massachusetts? Well, they read it,—

"All are but parts of one stupendous *Hull!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

POET, CRITIC, AND ESSAYIST.

WHILE the popularity of Lowell has not been so great as that of Whittier, Longfellow or Holmes, his poetry expresses a deeper thought and a truer culture than that of any one of these; or, indeed, of any other American poet, unless the exception be the "transcendental philosopher," Emerson. As an anti-slavery poet, he was second only to Whittier.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, and died in the same city on August 12, 1891, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Charles Lowell, an eminent Congregational clergyman, and was descended from the English settlers of 1639. He entered Harvard in his seventeenth year and graduated in 1838, before he was twenty. He began to write verses early. In his junior year in college he wrote the anniversary poem, and, in his senior year, was editor of the college magazine. Subsequently, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1840; but, it seems, never entered upon the practice of his profession. If he did it is doubtful if he ever had even that *first client* whom he afterwards described in a humorous sketch.

His first appearance in literature was the publication, in 1839, of the class poem which he had written, but was not permitted to recite on account of his temporary suspension from College for neglect of certain studies in the curriculum for which he had a distaste. In this poem he satirized the Abolitionists, and the transcendental school of writers, of which Emerson was the prophet and leader. This poem, while faulty, contained much sharp wit and an occasional burst of feeling which portended future prominence for its author.

Two years later, in 1841, the first volume of Lowell's verse appeared, entitled "A Year's Life." This production was so different from that referred to above that critics would have regarded it as emanating from an entirely different mind had not the same name been attached to both. It illustrated entirely different feelings, thoughts and habits, evinced a complete change of heart and an entire revolution in his mode of thinking. His observing and suggestive imagination had caught the tone and spirit of the new and mystical philosophy, which his first publication had ridiculed. Henceforth, he aimed to make Nature the representative and minister of his feelings and desires. Lowell was not alone, however, in showing how capricious a young author's character may be. A notable parallel is found in the great



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN HIS STUDY.

Englishman, Carlyle whose "Life of Schiller" and his "Sator Resartus," are equally as unlike himself as were Lowell's first two publications. In 1844, came another volume of poems, manifesting a still further mark of advancement. The longest in this collection—"The Legend of Brittany"—is, in imagination and artistic finish, one of his best and secured the first general consent for the author's admission into the company of men of genius.

During this same year (1844) Mr. Lowell married the poetess, Maria White, an ardent Abolitionist, whose anti-slavery convictions influenced his after career. Two of Mrs. Lowell's poems, "The Alpine Sheep" and the "Morning Glory" are especially popular. Lowell was devotedly attached to his singularly beautiful and



HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

sympathetic poet wife and made her the subject of some of his most exquisite verses. They were both contributors to the "Liberty Bell" and "Anti-slavery Standard, thus enjoying companionship in their labors.

In 1845, appeared Lowell's "Conversation on Some Old Poets," consisting of a series of criticisms, and discussions which evince a careful and delicate study. This was the beginning of the critical work in which he afterward became so famous, that he was styled "The First Critic of America."

Lowell was also a humorist by nature. His irrepressible perception of the comical and the funny find expression everywhere, both in his poetry and prose. His

"Fable for Critics" was a delight to those whom he both satirized and criticised in a good-natured manner. Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne and Whittier, each are made to pass in procession for their share of criticism—which is as excellent as amusing—and Carlyle and Emerson are contrasted admirably. This poem, however, is faulty in execution and does not do its author justice. His masterpiece in humor is the famous "Biglow Papers." These have been issued in two parts; the first being inspired by the Mexican War, and the latter by the Civil War between the states. Hosea Biglow, the country Yankee philosopher and supposed author of the papers, and the Rev. Homer Wilber, his learned commentator and pastor of the first church at Jaalem, reproduce the Yankee dialect, and portray the Yankee character as faithfully as they are amusing and funny to the reader.

In 1853, Mrs. Lowell died, on the same night in which a daughter was born to the poet Longfellow, who was a neighbor and a close friend to Lowell. The coincident inspired Longfellow to write a beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," which he sent to Mr. Lowell with his expression of sympathy:

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Uttered a word that had a sound like death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shaddow on those features fair and thin,
And slowly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave, they pass no threshold o'er:
Who then would wish, or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

Quite in contrast with Lowell, the humorist, is Lowell, the serious and dignified author. His patriotic poems display a courage and manliness in adhering to the right and cover a wide range in history. But it is in his descriptions of nature that his imagination manifests its greatest range of subtilty and power. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is, perhaps, more remarkable for its descriptions of the months of June and December than for the beautiful story it tells of the search for the "Holy Grail" (the cup) which held the wine which Christ and the Apostles drank at the last supper.

Lowell's prose writings consist of his contributions to magazines, which were afterwards gathered in book form, and his public addresses and his political essays. He was naturally a poet, and his prose writings were the outgrowth of his daily labors, rather than a work of choice. As a professor of modern languages in Harvard College (in which position he succeeded the poet Longfellow); as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," on which duty he entered at the beginning of that magazine, in 1857, his editorial work on the "North American Review" from 1863 to 1872, together with his political ministry in Spain and England, gave him, he says, "quite enough prosaic work to do."

It was to magazines that he first contributed "Fireside Travels," "Among My Books," and "My Study Window," which have been since published in book form. These publications cover a wide field of literature and impress the reader with a spirit of inspiration and enthusiasm. Lowell, like Emerson and Longfellow, was an optimist of the most pronounced type. In none of his writing does he express a syllable of discontent or despair. His "Pictures from Appledore" and "Under the Willows" are not more sympathetic and spontaneous than his faith in mankind, his healthful nature, and his rosy and joyful hope of the future.

In 1877, Mr. Lowell was appointed minister to Spain by President Hayes, and, in 1880, was transferred, in the same capacity to London. This position he resigned in 1885 and returned to America to resume his lectures in Harvard University. While in England, Mr. Lowell was lionized as no other minister at that time had been and was in great demand as a public lecturer and speaker. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus writes of his popularity with the "British Cousins:"

> By what enchantment, what alluring arts,
> Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
> * * * * * *
> Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
> But that he did it, all must needs confess."

He delivered a memorial address at the unveiling of the bust of the poet Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. On his return to America, this oration was included with others in his volume entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses." (1887).

As a public man, a representative of the United States Government, in foreign ports, he upheld the noblest ideals of the republic. He taught the purest lessons of patriotism—ever preferring his country to his party—and has criticised, with energy, and indignation, political evils and selfishness in public service, regarding these as the most dangerous elements threatening the dignity and honor of American citizenship.

Among scholars, Lowell, next to Emerson, is regarded the profoundest of American poets; and, as the public becomes more generally educated, it is certain that he will grow in popular favor. To those who understand and catch the spirit of the man, noticeable characteristics of his writings are its richness and variety. He is at once, a humorist, a philosopher, and a dialectic verse writer, an essayist, a critic, and a masterful singer of songs of freedom as well as of the most majestic memorial odes.

Unlike Longfellow and Holmes, Lowell never wrote a novel; but his insight into character and ability to delineate it would have made it entirely possible for him to assay, successfully, this branch of literature. This power is seen especially in his "Biglow Papers" as well as in other of his character sketches. The last of Lowell's works published was "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," issued in 1892, after his death.

THE GOTHIC GENIUS.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."

I SEEM to have heard it said by learned folk,
Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
But, being convinced by much experiment
How little inventiveness there is in man,
Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
For a new relish, careless to inquire
My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please—
Nobly I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world—
For ever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
As if a miracle could be encored.

But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring Fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever-new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please;
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
Builders of aspiration incomplete,
So more consummate, souls self-confident,
Who felt your own thought worthy of record
In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
After long exile, to the mother tongue.

THE ROSE.

I.

IN his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth,
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.

Take, O sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest,
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate, and scorn, and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breaking, all alone.

II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope, and half in sorrow
Tracing words upon the sand:
"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song?

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love forever more!"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new, and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth, the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden muttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-fill'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ACT FOR TRUTH.

THE busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task mark'd out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfill'd.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds;
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had fell'd
The goodly framework of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come: I have no dread of what
Is call'd for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour:
Her mirror is turn'd forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us all call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

I.

OUR fathers fought for liberty,
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But did they leave us free?

II.

Are we free from vanity,
Free from pride, and free from self,
Free from love of power and pelf,
From everything that's beggarly?

III.

Are we free from stubborn will,
From low hate and malice small,
From opinion's tyrant thrall?
Are none of us our own slaves still?

IV.

Are we free to speak our thought,
To be happy, and be poor,
Free to enter Heaven's door,
To live and labor as we ought?

V.

Are we then made free at last
From the fear of what men say,
Free to reverence To-day,
Free from the slavery of the Past?

VI.

Our fathers fought for liberty,
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But *ourselves* must set us free.

THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at GOD'S value, but pass by
The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of GOD'S book.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

It is proper, in connection with the writings of Lowell, to insert the following poem by his wife, Maria White Lowell, a singularly accomplished and beautiful woman, born July 8, 1821, married to the poet Lowell in 1844, died on the 22d of October, 1853. In 1855 her husband had a volume of her poetry privately printed, the character of which may be judged from the following touching lines addressed to a friend after the loss of a child.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherds calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go:
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in these pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."


N. P. WILLIS
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
WALT WHITMAN
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD
RICHARD WATSON GILDER
COL. JOHN HAY
WELL KNOWN AMERICAN POETS

BAYARD TAYLOR.

RENOWNED POET, TRAVELER AND JOURNALIST.

THE subject of this sketch begun life as a farmer boy. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. After a few years study in country schools he was apprenticed to a West Chester printer, with whom he remained until he learned that trade. In his boyhood he wrote verses, and before he was twenty years of age published his first book entitled, "Ximena and other Poems." Through this book he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Griswold, editor of "Graham's Magazine," Philadelphia, who gave him letters of recommendation to New York, where he received encouragement from N. P. Willis and Horace Greeley, the latter agreeing to publish his letters from abroad in the event of his making a journey, contemplated, to the old world.

Thus encouraged he set out to make a tour of Europe, having less than one hundred and fifty dollars to defray expenses. He was absent two years, during which time he traveled over Europe on foot, supporting himself entirely by stopping now and then in Germany to work at the printer's trade and by his literary correspondence, for which he received only $500.00. He was fully repaid for this hardship, however, by the proceeds of his book (which he published on his return in 1846), "Views Afoot, or Europe as Seen with Knapsack and Staff." This was regarded as one of the most delightful books of travel that had appeared up to that time, and six editions of it were sold within one year. It is still one of the most popular of the series of eleven books of travel written during the course of his life. In 1848 he further immortalized this journey and added to his fame by publishing "Rhymes of Travel," a volume of verse.

Taylor was an insatiable nomad, visiting in his travels the remotest regions. "His wandering feet pressed the soil of all the continents, and his observing eyes saw the strange and beautiful things of the world from the equator to the frozen North and South;" and wherever he went the world saw through his eyes and heard through his ears the things he saw and heard. Europe, India, Japan, Central Africa, the Soudan, Egypt, Palestine, Iceland and California contributed their quota to the ready pen of this incessant traveler and rapid worker. He was a man of buoyant nature with an eager appetite for new experiences, a remarkable memory, and a talent for learning languages. His poetry is full of glow and picturesqueness, in style suggestive of both Tennyson and Shelly. His famous "Bedouin Song" is strongly imitative of Shelly's "Lines to an Indian Air." He was an admirable

parodist and translator. His translation of "Faust" so closely adheres to Goethe's original metre that it is considered one of the proudest accomplishments in American letters. Taylor is generally considered first among our poets succeeding the generation of Poe, Longfellow and Lowell.

The novels of the traveler, of which he wrote only four, the scenes being laid in Pennsylvania and New York, possess the same eloquent profusion manifest in his verse, and give the reader the impression of having been written with the ease and dash which characterize his stories of travel. In fact, his busy life was too much hurried to allow the spending of much time on anything. His literary life occupied only thirty-four years and in that time he wrote thirty-seven volumes. He entered almost every department of literature and always displayed high literary ability. Besides his volumes of travel and the four novels referred to he was a constant newspaper correspondent, and then came the greatest labor of all, poetry. This he regarded as his realm, and it was his hope of fame. Voluminous as were the works of travel and fiction and herculean the efforts necessary to do the prose writing he turned off, it was, after all, but the antechamber to his real labors. It was to poetry that he devoted most thought and most time.

In 1877 Bayard Taylor was appointed minister to Berlin by President Hayes, and died December 19th, 1878, while serving his country in that capacity.

THE BISON-TRACK.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has ribb'd the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan;
Prime afresh the trusty rifle—sharpen well the hunting-spear—
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tether'd horses, as they snuff the morning's fire,
And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of keen desire;
Strike the tent—the saddles wait us! let the bridle-reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder has betray'd the bison's track!

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the onward-surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking, through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us—let the madden'd horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space:
Yet the rein may not be tighten'd, nor the rider's eye look back—
Death to him whose speed should slacken on the madden'd bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless—swing your rifles as we run!
Ha! the dust is red behind him; shout, my brothers, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he will need;
More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the bold stampede—
Ere we stem the swarthy breakers—while the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison-track!

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow,
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

There lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something on the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldier! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;
Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a King, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite.

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

LIFE ON THE NILE.

——"The life thou seek'st
Thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile."
—*Moore's Alciphron.*

THE Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveler's restless life could reach—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

Other travelers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *desagrémens*, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but, as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. * * *

Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous; but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground

that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony. These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays, of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain-walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm,—each of these is enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-banks, without losing our patience; and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel scuds before the north wind, is mingled with a regret that our journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures; and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the sphinx. * * *

My friend, the Howadji, in whose "Nile Notes" the Egyptian atmosphere is so perfectly reproduced, says that "conscience falls asleep on the Nile." If by this he means that artificial quality which bigots and sectarians call conscience, I quite agree with him, and do not blame the Nile for its soporific powers. But that simple faculty of the soul, native to all men, which acts best when it acts unconsciously, and leads our passions and desires into right paths without seeming to lead them, is vastly strengthened by this quiet and healthy life. There is a cathedral-like solemnity in the air of Egypt; one feels the presence of the altar, and is a better man without his will. To those rendered misanthropic by disappointed ambition, mistrustful by betrayed confidence, despairing by unassuageable sorrow, let me repeat the motto which heads this chapter.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

POET, AND THE MOST NOTED MAGAZINIST OF HIS DAY.

IT is perhaps unfortunate for Willis that he was such a devotee of fashion and form as to attain a reputation for "foppishness." Almost all men of genius have some habit or besetting sin which renders them personally more or less unpopular and sometimes even odious to the public eye. The noted poet, Coleridge, of England, had the opium habit, and many people who know this cannot divest their minds of a certain loathing for the man when they come to read his poems. The drink habit of Edgar Allen Poe and other unfortunate facts in his personal life have created a popular prejudice also against this brilliant but erratic genius. A like prejudice exists against the poet naturalist, Thoreau, whose isolation from men and attempt to live on a mere pittance has prejudiced many minds against the reading of his profitable productions; for it has been said that no man ever lived closer to the heart of nature than did this friend of the birds, the insects, animals, flowers, mountains and rivers. It is doubtful if any man in literature has lived a purer life or possessed in his sphere a more exalted genius, given us so close an insight into nature, or awakened a more enthusiastic study of the subject.

Therefore let us look with a deserving charity upon the personal pride, or "foppishness," if we may call it such, of the poet, Willis. He certainly deserves more general reputation as a poet than modern critics are disposed to accord him. Many of his pieces are of an extraordinary grade of merit, signifying a most analytical and poetic mind, and evincing a marked talent and facility for versification and prose writing executed in a style of peculiar grace and beauty.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, January 20th 1806. The family traces its ancestry back to the fifteenth century in England, and for more than two hundred years prior to his birth both his paternal and maternal ancestors had lived in New England. The poet's father was for several years publisher and editor of the Easton "Argus," a political paper established at Portland, Maine, in 1803. He founded a religious paper, the Boston "Recorder," in 1816, which he conducted for twenty years, and he was also the founder of the first child's newspaper in the world, which is the now famous and widely circulated "Youth's Companion." Willis was six years old when his father removed to Boston. He had the best educational facilities from private tutors and select schools, completing his course at Yale College, where he graduated in 1827. While in college he published several religious poems unter the signature of "Roy," gaining in one instance a prize of

fifty dollars for the best poem. After his graduation Willis became the editor of a series of volumes published by S. G. Goodrich, entitled "The Legendary." He next established the "American Monthly Magazine" which he merged after two years into the New York "Mirror," to which paper his "Pencilings by the Way" were contributed during a four year's tour in Europe, on which journey he was attached to the American legation at Paris, and with a diplomatic passport visited the various capitals of Europe and the East. During this sojourn, in 1835, he married Miss Mary Stace, daughter of a Waterloo officer.

After his marriage Mr. Willis returned to this country with his wife and established a home on the Susquehanna River, which he called Glenmary, the latter part of the word being in honor of his wife. Here he hoped to spend the remainder of his days quietly in such literary work as pleased his taste, but the resources from which his support came were swept away in a financial disaster and he was forced to return to active life. He disposed of his country seat, removed to New York, and in connection with Dr. Porter established the "Corsair," a weekly journal. In the interest of this publication Mr. Willis made a second journey to England, engaging Mr. Thackeray and other well-known writers as contributors. While absent he published a miscellany of his magazine stories with the title of "Loiterings of Travel" and also two of his plays. On returning to New York he found that Dr. Porter had suddenly abandoned their project in discouragement and he formed a new connection with the "Evening Mirror." Soon after this the death of his wife occurred, his own health failed, and he went abroad determining to spend his life in Germany. On reaching Berlin he was attached to the American legation, but went away on a leave of absence to place his daughter in school in England. In the meantime his health grew so precarious that instead of returning to Berlin he sailed for America, where he spent the remainder of his life in contributing to various magazines. He established a home, "Idlewild," in the highlands of the Hudson beyond West Point, where he died in 1867 on his sixty-first birthday.

Throughout his life Mr. Willis was an untiring worker and his days were no doubt ended much earlier than if he had taken proper rest. "The poetry of Mr. Willis," says Duyckinck, "is musical and original. His religious poems belong to a class of composition which critics might object to did not experience show them to be pleasing and profitable interpreters to many minds. The versification of these poems is of remarkable smoothness. Indeed they have gained the author's reputation where his nicer poems would have failed to be appreciated. On the other hand his novel in rhyme, 'Lady Jane,' is one of the very choicest of the numerous poems cast in the model of 'Don Juan;' while his dramas are delicate creations of sentiment and passion with a relic of the old poetic Elizabethan stage." As a traveler Mr. Willis has no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He is sympathetic, witty, observant, and at the same time inventive. That his labors were pursued through broken health with unremitting diligence is another claim to consideration which the public should be prompt to acknowledge.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb;
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet '*My father*,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned: and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—Oh, God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow;
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

"Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial ———Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

"Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death———Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o'er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!———God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out.
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

 N the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well,
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast.
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet, unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart up-fold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares, and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

POET AND JOURNALIST.

WITH no commanding antecedents to support him, Richard Henry Stoddard has, step by step, fought his way to a position which is alike creditable to his indomitable energy and his genius. Stoddard was born July 2, 1825, at Hingham, Mass. His father was a sea-captain, who, while the poet was yet in his early youth, sailed for Sweden. Tidings of his vessel never came back,—this was in 1835. The mother removed, the same year, with her son to New York, where he attended the public schools of the city. Necessity compelled the widow, as soon as his age permitted, to put young Stoddard to work, and he was placed in an iron foundry to learn this trade. "Here he worked for some years," says one of his biographers, "dreaming in the intervals of his toil, and even then moulding his thoughts into the symmetry of verse while he moulded the moulten metal into shapes of grace." At the same time he pursued a course of private reading and study, and began to write poems and sketches for his own pleasure.

It was in 1847 that the earliest blossoms of his genius appeared in the "Union Magazine," which gave evidence that his mind as well as his body was toiling. In 1848 he issued a small volume of poems entitled, "Footprints," which contained some pieces of merit; but he afterwards suppressed the entire edition. About this time his health failed and, to recuperate, he gave up, temporarily, his mechanical vocation; but literature took such possession of him that he never returned to the foundry.

In 1852 he issued his second volume entitled, "Poems," and became a regular contributor to the magazines. In 1860 he was made literary editor of the "New York World," which position he retained until 1870, and since 1880 he has held a similar position on the "New York Mail and Express." He, also, from 1853 to 1873 held a government position in the Custom House of New York. During this time Mr. Stoddard also edited a number of works with prefaces and introductions by himself, among which may be mentioned the "Bric-a-Brac Series." Prominent titles of the author's own books are "Songs of Summer," which appeared in 1856; "The King's Bell," a series of most delicate suggestive pictures, (1862); "Abraham Lincoln, A Horatian Ode," (1865); "The Book of the East," poems, (1871); a collective edition entitled, "Poems," (1880), and "The Lion's Cub," poems, (1890).

One of our most eminent literary critics declares: "Mr. Stoddard's mind is essen-

tially poetical. All his works are stamped with earnestness. His style is characterized by purity and grace of expression. He is a master of rythmical melody and his mode of treating a subject is sometimes exquisitely subtle. In his poems there is no rude writing. All is finished and highly glazed. The coloring is warm, the costumes harmonious, the grouping symmetrical. His poetry always possesses a spiritual meaning. Every sound and sight in nature is to him a symbol which strikes some spiritual chord. The trees that wave at his window, and the moon that silvers his roof are to him things that play an intimate part in his existence. Thus in all his poems will be found an echo from an internal to an external nature, the harmony resulting from the intimate union of both."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, the wife of the author, has shared heartily in the literary labors of her husband, assisting him in his compilations, and is, herself, author of numerous contributions to the magazines and a number of pleasing poems. She has also written several novels.

A dinner was given to Mr. Stoddard by the Author's Club at the Hotel Savoy on March 25th, 1897, at which more than one hundred and fifty persons gathered to do honor to the venerable poet. Mr. E. C. Stedman, the poet, presided, and good talk abounded. It is impossible in this space to give any extended note of the addresses. Letters of regret were received from many friends of Mr. Stoddard who were unable to be present, including Bishop Potter, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Andrew D. White, William Allen Butler, Donald G. Mitchell, James Whitcomb Riley and others.

The admirable letter of Donald G. Mitchell (the famous Ik Marvel), closed in these words:

"There is not one of you who has a truer relish for the charming ways in which that favorite poet can twist our good mother-English into resonant shapes of verse. I pray you to tell him so, and that only the weakness of age—quickened by this wintry March—keeps me from putting in an "Adsum," at the roll-call of your guests."

The "Hoosier Poet" sent these lines to represent him:

O princely poet! kingly heir
Of gifts divinely sent—
Your own—nor envy anywhere,
Nor voice of discontent.

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy,
Your glory, where you sing.

Most favored of the gods and great
In gifts beyond our store,
We covet not your rich estate,
But prize our own the more.

The gods give as but gods may do;
We count our riches thus—
They gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Mr. Stoddard responded to Mr. Riley and others in the poem quoted below, which shows the vigor of mind and spirit enjoyed by this venerable poet of three score years and ten and five, on whom the snows of three-quarters of a century have fallen so lightly that they seem but to have mellowed rather than weakened his powers.

A CURTAIN CALL.

GENTLEMEN: If I have any right
To come before you here to-night
It is conferred on me by you,
And more for what I tried to do
Than anything that I have done.
A start, perhaps, a race not won!
But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
For you, at least, believe in me.
Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
Since life at most is but a play,
And we are players, one and all,
And this is but a curtain call,
If I were merely player here,
And this assumption of his part,
I might pretend to drop a tear,
And lay my hand upon my heart
And say I could not speak, because
I felt so deeply your applause!
I cannot do this, if I would;
I can but thank you, as I should,
And take the honors you bestow—
A largess, not a lawful claim;
My share thereof is small, I know,
But from your hands to-night is fame—
A precious crown in these pert days
Of purchased or of self-made bays;
You give it—I receive it, then,
Though rather for your sake than mine.
A long and honorable line
Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
Founded when this old world was young,
And need was to preserve for men
(Lost else) what had been said and sung,
Tales our forgotten fathers told,
Dimly remembered from of old,
Sonorous canticles and prayers,
Service of elder gods than theirs
Which they knew not; the epic strain
Wherein dead peoples lived again!
A long, unbroken line is ours;
It has outlived whole lines of kings,
Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
And nations pass away like flowers—
Ruin and darkness cover all!
Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
The endless ebb and flow of things,
The rush of Time's resistless wings!
Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
One thing remains: Letters remain!
Your art and mine, yours more than mine,
Good fellows of the lettered line,
To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
I thank you all, I greet you all.
Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
Another word, my last, maybe:
When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art!"

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

MY heart is full of tenderness and tears,
And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why;
With all my grief, content to live for years,
Or even this hour to die.
My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
My love is dead, or worse than dead can be;
My friends drop off like blossoms from a bough,
But nothing troubles me,
Only the golden flush of sunset lies
Within my heart like fire, like dew within my eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
It is thy presence fills this charméd hour,
And fills my charmed heart;
Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;
Thou canst not be forgot,
For all men worship thee, and know it not;
Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With winged sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the messengers of God!
Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart,—
It is the childish heart;
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore!
Not Heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of years!

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
With childish feet I trod thy temple aisle;
Not knowing tears, I worshipped thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
By day, and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
I saw thee everywhere!
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined;
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others soon or late;
For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love, or Song, or Art:
Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
Her thin white cheek forever leaned on thine;
And Music leads her sister Poesy,
In exultation shouting songs divine!
But on thy breast Love lies,—immortal child!—
Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild:
The more we worship him, the more we grow
Into thy perfect image here below;
For here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love!

Not from the things around us do we draw
Thy light within; within the light is born;
The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
And added canons of eternal law.
The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
The sculptor's statue, never saw the Day;
Not shaped and moulded after aught of clay,
Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong;
Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
Line after line immortal songs arise,
And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
And in the master's mind
Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
That echoes through a range of ocean caves,
And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the waves!
The mystery is thine,
For thine the more mysterious human heart,
The temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
The oracle of Art!

Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath;
Why should we fear to die, and leave the earth?
Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
But all the keys of Death;
And all the worlds, with all that they contain
Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
The universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the throne
Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness!

A DIRGE.

A FEW frail summers had touched thee,
As they touch the fruit;
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair, all is over:
An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else save the tears in our eyes,
And our bitterest, bitterest pains!

We garland the urn with white roses,
Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone—we remain!

THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

YOU were very charming, Madam,
In your silks and satins fine;
And you made your lovers drunken,
But it was not with your wine!
There were court gallants in dozens,
There were princes of the land,
And they would have perished for you
As they knelt and kissed your hand—
For they saw no stain upon it,
It was such a snowy hand!

But for me—I knew you better,
And, while you were flaunting there,
I remembered some one lying,
With the blood on his white hair!
He was pleading for you, Madam,
Where the shriven spirits stand;
But the Book of Life was darkened,
By the Shadow of a Hand!
It was tracing your perdition,
For the blood upon your hand!

A SERENADE.

THE moon is muffled in a cloud,
That folds the lover's star,
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my soft guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wreathed lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not; her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep;—
But Music turns the golden key
Within the gate of Sleep!

Then let her sleep, and if I fail
To set her spirit free!
My song shall mingle in her dream,
And she will dream of me!

WALT WHITMAN.

AUTHOR OF "LEAVES OF GRASS."

PERHAPS the estimates of critics differ more widely respecting the merits or demerits of Whitman's verse than on that of any other American or English poet. Certain European critics regard him as the greatest of all modern poets. Others, both in this country and abroad, declare that his so called poems are not poems at all, but simply a bad variety of prose. One class characterizes him the "poet of democracy; the spokesman of the future; full of brotherliness and hope, loving the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd and the touch of his comrade's elbow in the ranks." The other side, with equal assurance, assert that the Whitman *culte* is the passing fad of a few literary men, and especially of a number of foreign critics like Rosetti, Swinburne and Buchanan, who were determined to find something unmistakably American—that is, different from anything else—and Whitman met this demand both in his personality and his verse. They further declared that his poetry was superlatively egotistical, his principal aim being always to laud himself. This criticism they prove by one of his own poems entitled "Walt Whitman," in which he boldly preaches his claim to the love of the masses by declaring himself a "typical average man" and therefore "not individual" but "universal."

Perhaps it is better in the scope of this article to leave Walt Whitman between the fires of his laudators on one side and of his decriers on the other. Certainly the canons of poetic art will never consent to the introduction of some things that he has written into the treasure-house of the muses. For instance,—

> "And (I) remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
> He stayed with me a week before he was recuperated and passed North."

These worse than prosaic lines do not require a critic to declare them devoid of any element of poetry. But on the other hand, that Whitman had genius is undeniable. His stalwart verse was often beautifully rhythmic and the style which he employed was nobly grand. Time will sift the wheat from the chaff, consuming the latter and preserving the golden grains of true poetry to enrich the future garners of our great American literature. No one of the many tributes to Lincoln, not even Lowell's noble eulogy, is more deeply charged with exalted feeling than is Whitman's dirge for Abraham Lincoln written after the death of the President, in which the refrain "O Captain, my Captain," is truly beautiful. Whitman was no mean master in ordinary blank verse, to which he often reverted in his most inspiring passages.

One of the chief charms of Whitman's poetry consists in the fact that the author seems to feel, himself, always happy and cheerful, and he writes with an ease and abandon that is pleasant to follow. Like one strolling about aimlessly amid pleasing surroundings, he lets his fancy and his senses play and records just what they see or dictate. This characteristic, perhaps, accounts for the fact that his single expressions are often unsurpassed for descriptive beauty and truth, such as the reference to the prairies, "where herds of buffalo make a crawling spread of the square miles." Whoever used a more original and striking figure? Many of his poems strikingly remind one in their constructions (but not in religious fervor) to the Psalms of David. There is also often a depth of passion and an intoxication in his rhythmic chant that is found perhaps in no other writer, as this specimen, personifying night, will illustrate:

"Press close, bare-bosomed night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing night!
Night of the South wind! Night of the few larger stars! still, nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night!"

Again, Whitman was always hopeful. Like Emerson, he renounced all allegiance to the past, and looked confidently to the future. And this reminds us that Emerson wrote the introductory to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," which suggests that that writer may have exerted no small influence in forming Whitman's style, for the vagueness of his figures, his disconnected sentences, and occasionally his verbiage, are not unlike those of the "Concord Prophet." Again, the question arises, did he not seek, like Emerson, to be the founder of a school of authorship? His friendliness toward young authors and his treatment of them indicate this, and the following he has raised up attests the success he attained, whether sought or unsought. But the old adage, "like king like people," has a deal of truth in it; and as Whitman was inferior to Emerson in the exaltation of his ideals, and the unselfishness and sincerity of his nature, so his followers must fall short of the accomplishments of those who sat at the feet of "the good and great Emerson."

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819, and was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York. Subsequently he followed various occupations, among which were those of printer, teacher, carpenter, journalist, making in the meantime extended tours in Canada and the United States. During the Civil War he served as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, and at the close was appointed as government clerk at Washington. In 1873 he had a severe paralytic attack, which was followed by others, and he took up his residence in Camden, New Jersey, where he died in 1892. He was never married.

Mr. Whitman's principal publications are "Leaves of Grass," issued first in 1855, but he continued to add to and revise it, the "finished edition," as he called it, appearing in 1881. Succeeding this came "Drum Taps," "Two Rivulets," "Specimen Days and Collect," "November Boughs," "Sands at Seventy." "Democratic Vista" was a prose work appearing in 1870. "Good-Bye, My Fancy," was his last book, prepared between 1890 and his death. His complete poems and prose have also been collected in one volume.

Two recent biographies of the poet have been published: one by John Burroughs, entitled "Walt Whitman, a Study;" the other, "Walt Whitman, the Man," by Thomas Donaldson. The titles indicate the difference in the two treatments. Both biographers are great admirers of Whitman.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

The following poems are from "Leaves of Grass" and are published by special permission of Mr. Horace L. Trauble, Mr. Whitman's literary executor.

DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O soul.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

FROM "SONG OF MYSELF."

The following lines have been commented upon as presenting a strange and erratic combination of the most commonplace prose with passionate and sublime poetic sentiment.

I AM the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.
I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every-one, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.

Press close bare-blossom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of the South winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of the departed sunset—earth of the mountain misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of the shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable, passionate love.

OLD IRELAND.

EAR hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead between your knees;
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave;
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead;
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again, young and strong, in another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave;
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it;
And now, with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

PÆAN OF JOY.

FROM "THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER."

Reference has been made to the similarity in style manifested in some of Whitman's poems to the style of the Psalmist. Certain parts of the two selections following justify the criticism.

NOW trumpeter for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

POET AND SCIENTIST.

DURING the past forty years Indiana has been prolific in producing prominent men. General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller and Maurice Thompson are among the prominent men of letters who are natives of the "Hoosier State."

Maurice Thompson is claimed as belonging to both the North and South, and his record, perhaps, justifies this double claim. He was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9th, 1844, but his parents removed to Kentucky during his childhood and subsequently to Northern Georgia. He grew up in the latter state, and was so thoroughly Southern in sentiment that he enlisted and fought in the Confederate Army. At the end of the war, however, he returned to Indiana, where he engaged with a Railway Surveying Party in which he proved himself so efficient that he was raised from a subordinate to the head position in that work, which he followed for some years. After a course of study in law, he began his practice in Crawfordsville, Indiana, the same town in which General Lew Wallace lived. It was from this section that he was elected to the legislature in 1879.

Maurice Thompson is not only a man of letters, but is a scientist of considerable ability. In 1885, he was appointed chief of the State Geological Survey. He was also a Naturalist devoting much attention to ornithology. Many of his poems and most delightful prose sketches are descriptive of bird life

Mr. Thompson has traveled much in the United States, and his writings in various periodicals as well as his books have attracted wide attention for their original observation and extensive information while they are excelled by few modern writers for poetic richness and diction.

The first book published by this author was entitled "Hoosier Mosaics" which appeared in 1875. Since then he has issued quite a number of volumes among which are "The Witchery of Archey;" "The Tallahassee Girl;" "His Second Campaign;" "Songs of Fair Weather;" "At Loves Extremes;" "By Ways and Bird Notes;" "The Boy's Book of Sports;" "A Banker of Bankersville;" "Sylvan Secrets;" "The Story of Louisiana;" "A Fortnight of Folly."

In 1890 Mr. Thompson published "Bankers of Boonville" and the same year became a staff writer for the New York Independent.

CERES.*

(THE GODDESS OF GRAIN.)

THE wheat was flowing ankle-deep
Across the field from side to side;
And dipping in the emerald waves,
The swallows flew in circles wide.

The sun, a moment flaring red,
Shot level rays athwart the world,
Then quenched his fire behind the hills,
With rosy vapors o'er him curled.

A sweet, insinuating calm,—
A calm just one remove from sleep,
Such as a tranquil watcher feels,
Seeing mild stars at midnight sweep

Through splendid purple deeps, and swing
Their old, ripe clusters down the west
To where, on undiscovered hills,
The gods have gathered them to rest,—

A calm like that hung over all
The dusky groves, and, filtered through
The thorny hedges, touched the wheat
Till every blade was bright with dew.

Was it a dream? We call things dreams
When we must needs do so, or own
Belief in old, exploded myths,
Whose very smoke has long since flown.

Was it a dream? Mine own eyes saw,
And Ceres came across the wheat
That, like bright water, dimpled round
The golden sandals of her feet.

DIANA.*

(THE GODDESS OF THE CHASE.)

SHE had a bow of yellow horn
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bow-string should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hoyden-wise.

Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs! how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.

No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Acteon!

So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May;

Afeard, lest down the wind of spring
He'd hear an arrow whispering!

*By permission of "Houghton, Mifflin & Co."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WITHOUT the rich imagination of Stoddard, or the versatility of Stedman, Mr. Aldrich surpasses them both in delicate and artistic skill. His jewelled lines, exquisitely pointed, express a single mood or a dainty epigram with a pungent and tasteful beauty that places him easily at the head of our modern lyrical writers.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. In childhood he was taken to Louisiana, where he remained a number of years, his father being a merchant at New Orleans. After returning to Portsmouth, he was preparing for college when his father suddenly died, making it necessary for him to relinquish this design, to take a position of immediate remuneration, which he found in his uncle's counting house in New York. This pursuit he found so far removed from the bent of his mind, however, that he gave it up after three years to take a situation as a reader in a New York publishing house. During his mercantile career he contributed to the current press, and afterwards became attached to various periodicals as contributor or in an editorial capacity. Among others, he worked on N. P. Willis' "Home Journal," the "Illustrated News," and the "New York Evening Mirror." During the Civil War he was for a time with the Army of the Potomac, as a newspaper correspondent. In 1865, he married, and removed to Boston, where he edited "The Weekly Journal" every Saturday. He remained with this paper until 1874. In 1881 he succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." This position he resigned in 1890 in order to devote himself to personal literary work and travel. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon him in 1883 by Yale, and in 1896 by Harvard University.

Mr. Aldrich had published one volume of verse, "The Bells" (1854), a collection of juvenile verses, before the "Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems" appeared in 1858, and made his reputation as a poet. Other volumes of his poetry issued at the following dates are entitled: "Pampinea and Other Poems" (1861), "Cloth of Gold and Other Poems" (1873), "Flower and Thorn" (1876), "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" (1881), "Mercedes and Later Lyrics" (1883), "Wyndham Towers" (1889), "Judith and Holofernes, a Poem" (1896).

Among the prose works of the author we mention "Out of His Head, a Romance" (1862), "The Story of a Bad Boy" (1869),—which became at once a favorite by its naturalness and purity of spirit,—"Majorie Daw and Other People" (1873), "Prudence Palfrey" (1874), "The Queen of Sheba" (1877), "The Stillwater Tragedy" (1880), "From Ponkapog to Pesth" (1883), "The Sisters Tragedy" (1890),

"An Old Town by the Sea;" and "Two Bites at a Cherry and other Tales" (1893), "Unguarded Gates" (1895). "Complete Works," in eight volumes, were published in 1897. Mr. Aldrich is said to be a man of the world as well as a man of letters and his personal popularity equals his literary reputation. We cannot better illustrate his companionable nature and close this sketch than by presenting the following pen picture of an incident, clipped from a recent magazine:

"During a visit to England, upon one occasion, Mr. Aldrich was the guest of William Black, with a number of other well known people. An English journalist of some distinction, who had no time to keep in touch with the personality of



THOMAS B. ALDRICH'S STUDY.

poets, met Mr. Aldrich, and they became excellent friends. They went on long shooting expeditions together, and found each other more than good companions. The last night of their stay came, and after dinner Mr. Black made a little speech, in which he spoke of Mr. Aldrich's poetry in a graceful fashion. The London journalist gave a gasp, and looked at Mr. Aldrich, who rose to make a response, as if he had never seen him before. As the poet sat down he leaned over him, and said:—

"Say, Aldrich, are you the man who writes books?"

"Yes," Mr. Aldrich said. "I am glad you don't know, for I am sure you liked me for myself."

ALEC YEATON'S SON.*

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!

"For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may:
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in thy hand!

"For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, steady, helm! Right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light:
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"—
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God His strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown
And the little child go free!

ON LYNN TERRACE.*

ALL day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore—
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave softly bears me back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian Pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns,
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

Again I pass Norwegian fjord and fjeld,
And through bleak wastes to where the sunset's fires

* By special permission of the Author.

Light up the white-walled Russian citadel,
The Kremlin's domes and spires.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
On some lone Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed bazars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
What would Howadji—silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night.

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH AT "THE PLAYERS."

By Permission of the Author.

THAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple * that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 't is the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

* The club-house in Gramercy Park, New York, was the gift of Mr. Booth to the association founded by him and named "The Players."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

"POET, EDITOR AND REFORMER."

AMONG the current poets of America, few, perhaps, deserve more favorable mention than the subject of this sketch. His poetry is notable for its purity of sentiment and delicacy of expression. The story of his life also is one to stimulate the ambition of youth, who, in this cultured age, have not enjoyed the benefits of that college training which has come to be regarded as one of the necessary preliminaries to literary aspiration. This perhaps is properly so, that the public may not be too far imposed upon by incompetent writers. And while it makes the way very hard for him who attempts to scale the walls and force his passage into the world of letters—having not this passport through the gateway—it is the more indicative of the "real genius" that he should assay the task in an heroic effort; and, if he succeeds in surmounting them, the honor is all the greater, and the laurel wreath is placed with more genuine enthusiasm upon the victor's brow by an applauding public.

Richard Watson Gilder does not enjoy the distinction of being a college graduate. He received his education principally in Bellevue Seminary, Bordentown, New Jersey (where he was born February 8, 1844), under the tutelage of his father, Rev. Wm. H. Gilder. Mr. Gilder's intention was to become a lawyer and began to study for that profession in Philadelphia; but the death of his father, in 1864, made it necessary for him to abandon law to take up something that would bring immediate remuneration. This opportunity was found on the staff of the Newark, New Jersey, "Daily Advertiser," with which he remained until 1868, when he resigned and founded the "Newark Morning Register," with Newton Crane as joint editor. The next year, Mr. Gilder, then twenty-five years of age, was called to New York as editor of "Hours at Home," a monthly journal.

His editorials in "Hours at Home" attracted public attention, and some of his poems were recognized as possessing superior merit. Dr. G. Holland, editor of "Scribner's Monthly," was especially drawn to the rising young poet and when, in 1870, it became the "Century Magazine," Dr. Holland chose Mr. Gilder as his associate editor. On the death of Dr. Holland, in 1881, Mr. Gilder became editor-in-chief. Under his able management of its columns the popularity of the "Century" has steadily advanced, the contribution of his pen and especially his occasional poems adding no small modicum to its high literary standing. His poetic compositions have been issued from time to time in book form and comprised several volumes of

poems, among which are "The New Day;" "The Poet and His Master'; "Lyrics;" and "The Celestial Passion."

Aside from his literary works, Mr. Gilder has been, in a sense, a politician and reformer. By the word politician we do not mean the "spoils-hunting partisan class," but, like Bryant, from patriotic motives he has been an independent champion of those principles which he regards to be the interest of his country and mankind at large. He comes by his disposition to mix thus in public affairs honestly. His father, before him, was an editor and writer as well as a clergyman. Thus "he was born," as the saying goes, "with printer's ink in his veins." When sixteen years of age (1860) he set up and printed a little paper in New Jersey, which became the organ of the Bell and Everett party in that section. Since that date he has manifested a lively interest in all public matters, where he considered the public good at stake. It was this disposition which forced him to the front in the movement for the betterment of the condition of tenement-houses in New York. He was pressed into the presidency of the Tenement-House Commission in 1894, and through his zeal a thorough inspection was made—running over a period of eight months—vastly improving the comfort and health of those who dwell in the crowded tenements of New York City. The influence of the movement has done much good also in other cities.

Mr. Gilder also takes a deep interest in education, and our colleges have no stauncher friend than he. His address on "Public Opinion" has been delivered by invitation before Yale, Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities. We quote a paragraph from this address which clearly sets forth his conception of public duty as it should be taught by our institutions of learning:—

"Who will lift high the standard of a disinterested and righteous public opinion if it is not the institutions of learning, great and small, private and public, that are scattered throughout our country? They are the responsible press, and the unsensational but fearless pulpit—it is these that must discriminate; that must set the standard of good taste and good morals, personal and public. They together must cultivate fearless leaders, and they must educate and inspire the following that makes leadership effectual and saving."

As appears from the above Mr. Gilder is a man of exalted ideals. He despises sham, hypocrisy and all "wickedness in high places." He regards no man with so much scorn as he who uses his office or position to defend or shield law-breakers and enemies of the public. In his own words,—

"He, only, is the despicable one
Who lightly sells his honor as a shield
For fawning knaves, to hide them from the sun.
Too nice for crime yet, coward, he doth yield
For crime a shelter. Swift to Paradise
The contrite thief, not Judas with his price!"

SONNET.

(AFTER THE ITALIAN.)

From the "Five Books of Song." (1894.) *The Century Co.*

I KNOW not if I love her overmuch;
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there, still, a space,
Then slowly falls—'tis I who feel that touch.
And when she sudden shakes her head, with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace.
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am if she is gone; and when she goes,
I know not why, for that is a strange art—
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than those
Who long her light have known; but for the rose
She covers in her hair, I'd give my heart.

THE LIFE MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From "For the Country." (1897.) *The Century Co.*

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

SHERIDAN.

From "For the Country." (1897.) *The Century Co.*

QUIETLY, like a child
That sinks in slumber mild,
No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,
Sank into endless rest our thunder-bolt of war.

Though his the power to smite
Quick as the lightning's light,—
His single arm an army, and his name a host,—
Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame
How glorious he came!—
Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and tears the shore,
While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

'Twas he,—his voice, his might,—
Could stay the panic flight,
Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

He was our modern Mars;
Yet firm his faith that wars
Ere long would cease to vex the sad, ensanguined earth,
And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
Arise to loftiest power
No dazzlers of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all;
And he who broke the wall
Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;
And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

And now above his tomb
From out the eternal gloom
"Welcome!" his chiftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's knell;
And of the three one only stays to say "Farewell!"

SUNSET FROM THE TRAIN.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

BUT then the sunset smiled,
Smiled once and turned toward dark,
Above the distant, wavering line of trees that filed
Along the horizon's edge;
Like hooded monks that hark
Through evening air
The call to prayer;—
Smiled once, and faded slow, slow, slow away;
When, like a changing dream, the long cloud-wedge,
Brown-gray,
Grew saffron underneath and, ere I knew,
The interspace, green-blue—
The whole, illimitable, western, skyey shore,
The tender, human, silent sunset smiled once more.

Thee, absent loved one, did I think on now,
Wondering if thy deep brow
In dreams of me were lifted to the skies,
Where, by our far sea-home, the sunlight dies;
If thou didst stand alone,
Watching the day pass slowly, slow, as here,
But closer and more dear,
Beyond the meadow and the long, familiar line
Of blackening pine;
When lo! that second smile;—dear heart, it was thine own.

"O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TO THE SEA."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

O SILVER river flowing to the sea,
Strong, calm, and solemn as thy mountains be!
Poets have sung thy ever-living power,
Thy wintry day, and summer sunset hour;
Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep;
What commerce thine, how many myriads reap
The harvest of thy waters. They have sung
Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung
From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts
Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts
Of savage warriors that once plowed thy waves—
Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves;
The waving outline of thy wooded mountains,
Thy populous towns that stretch from forest fountains
On either side, far to the salty main,
Like golden coins alternate on a chain.
Thou pathway of the empire of the North,
Thy praises through the earth have traveled forth!
I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout
That follows when a hero from the rout
Of battle issues, "Lo, how brave is he,
How noble, proud, and beautiful!" But she
Who knows him best—"How tender!" So thou art
The river of love to me!
—Heart of my heart,
Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed?—
Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

THERE is nothing new under the sun;
There is no new hope or despair;
The agony just begun
Is as old as the earth and the air.
My secret soul of bliss
Is one with the singing stars,
And the ancient mountains miss
No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,
I know as I know my pain,
That there is no lonely strife,
That he is mad who would gain
A separate balm for his woe,
A single pity and cover;
The one great God I know
Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it because at the portal
Of Heaven I bowed and cried,
And I said: "Was ever a mortal
Thus crowned and crucified!

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My praise thou hast made my blame;
My best thou hast made my worst;
My good thou hast turned to shame;
My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
Ere from that place I turned;
I trembled, I hung my head,
My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;
For there where I bowed down
In my boastful agony,
I thought of thy cross and crown—
O Christ! I remembered thee.

MEMORIAL DAY.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

SHE saw the bayonets flashing in the sun,
The flags that proudly waved; she heard the bugles calling;
She saw the tattered banners falling
About the broken staffs, as one by one
The remnant of the mighty army passed;
And at the last
Flowers for the graves of those whose fight was done.

She heard the tramping of ten thousand feet
As the long line swept round the crowded square;
She heard the incessant hum
That filled the warm and blossom-scented air—
The shrilling fife, the roll and throb of drum,
The happy laugh, the cheer. Oh glorious and meet
To honor thus the dead,
Who chose the better part,
Who for their country bled!
—The dead! Great God! she stood there in the street,
Living, yet dead in soul and mind and heart—
While far away
His grave was decked with flowers by strangers' hands to-day.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

I AM a woman—therefore I may not
Call him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet;
Still as a stone—
All silent and cold.
If my heart riot—
Crush and defy it!
Should I grow bold,
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him—
What to atone
Is enough for my sinning!
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning —
That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
At last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me,
Hurt beyond cure—
Calm and demure
Then must I hold me,
In myself fold me,
Lest he discover;
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me—
How my heart turns to him,
Follows him, yearns to him,
Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,
Thou God above me!

*Copyright, The Century Co.

JOHN HAY.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BREECHES."

ASIDE from General Lew Wallace and Edmund Clarence Stedman few business men or politicians have made a brighter mark in literature than the subjcet of this sketch.

John Hay was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8th, 1838. He was graduated at Brown's University at the age of twenty, studied law and began to practice at Springfield, Illinois, in 1861. Soon after this he was made private secretary of President Lincoln, which position he filled throughout the latter's administration. He also acted as Lincoln's adjutant and aid-de-camp, and it was in consequence of this that he was brevetted colonel. He also saw service under Generals Hunter and Gilmore as major and assistant adjutant general. After the close of the war Mr. Hay was appointed United States Secrectary of Legation at Paris, serving in this capacity from 1865 to 1867, when he was appointed *charge d'affaires*, where he served for two years, being removed to take a position as Secretary of Legation at Madrid, where he remained until 1870, at which time he returned to the United States and accepted an editorial position on the "New York Tribune." This he resigned and removed to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875, where he entered politics, taking an active part in the presidential campaigns of 1876, 1880 and 1884. Under President Hayes he was appointed as first assistant Secretary of State, which position he filled for nearly three years, and has made his home at Washington since that date. On March 17th, Mr. Hay was appointed by President McKinley as ambassador to Great Britian, where he was accorded the usual hearty welcome tendered by the British to American ambassadors, many of whom during the past fifty years having been men of high literary attainment. Shortly after Mr. Hay's arrival he was called upon to deliver an address at the unveiling of the Walter Scott monument, in which he did his country credit and maintained his own reputation as an orator and a man of letters.

As an author Mr. Hay's first published works were the "Pike County Ballads and Other Pieces" (1871), "Castilian Days" (1871), "Poems" (1890), and, (in conjunction with Mr. Nicolay), "Abraham Lincoln: a History," which is regarded as the authoritative biography of Mr. Lincoln. This was first published in serial form in the "Century Magazine" from 1887 to 1889. Colonel Hay has also been a frequent contributor to high class periodicals, and to him has been ascribed the authorship of the anonymous novel "The Bread Winners," which caused such agitation in labor circles a few years ago.

Like many authors, Mr. Hay came into popularity almost by accident. Certainly he had no expectation of becoming prominent when he wrote his poem "Little Breeches;" yet that poem caused him to be remembered by a wider class of readers, perhaps, than anything else he has contributed to literature. The following account of how this poem came to be written was published after Mr. Hay's appointment to the Court of St. James in 1897. The statement is given as made by Mr. A. L. Williams, an acquaintance of Mr. Hay, who lives in Topeka, Kansas, and knows the circumstances. "The fact is," says Mr. Williams, "the poem 'Little Breeches' and its reception by the American people make it one of the most humorous features of this day. It was written as a burlesque, and for no other purpose. Bret Harte had inaugurated a maudlin literature at a time when the 'litery' people of the United States were affected with hysteria. Under the inspiration of his genius, to be good was commonplace, to be virtuous was stupid—only gamblers, murderers and women of ill fame were heroic. Crime had reached its apotheosis. John Hay believed that ridicule would help cure this hysteria, and thus believing, wrote the burlesque, 'Little Breeches.' Wanting to make the burlesque so broad that the commonest intellect could grasp it, he took for his hero an unspeakably wretched brat whom no angel would touch unless to drop over the walls into Tophet, and made him the object of a special angelic miracle.

"Well, John sprung his 'Little Breeches' and then sat back with his mouth wide open to join in the laugh which he thought it would evoke from his readers. To his intense astonishment, people took it seriously, and instead of laughing Bret Harte out of the field, immediately made John Hay a formidable rival to that gentleman."

Next to "Little Breeches" the poem "Jim Bludso," perhaps, contributed most to Mr. Hay's reputation. Both of these selections will be found in the succeeding pages.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I jest flopped down on my marrowbones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
  Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
  So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
  As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
  An' that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
  He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
  To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
  An' fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
  Than loafing around the Throne.

JIM BLUDSO.*

OF "THE PRAIRIE BELLE."

HALL, no; I can't tell you whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
  But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
  The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

A fire burst out as she cl'ared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin', and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word,
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint; but at judgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty—a dead-sure thing—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

HOW IT HAPPENED.*

I PRAY your pardon, Elsie,
  And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely face
  As a thunder-cloud the day,
I really could not help it,—
  Before I thought, it was done,—
And those great grey eyes flashed bright and cold,
  Like an icicle in the sun.

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I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay wind romped with her curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon,—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant South.

And where after all is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away,
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In memory's magic shrine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.



WELL-KNOWN WESTERN POETS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"THE HOOSIER POET."

NO poet of the modern times has obtained a greater popularity with the masses than the Indianian, James Whitcomb Riley, who has recently obtained the rank of a National Poet, and whose temporary hold upon the people equals, if it does not exceed, that of any living verse writer. The productions of this author have crystallized certain features of life that will grow in value as time goes by. In reading "The Old Swimmin' Hole," one almost feels the cool refreshing water touch the thirsty skin. And such poems as "Griggsby's Station," "Airly Days," "When the Frost is on the Punkin," "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and others, go straight to the heart of the reader with a mixture of pleasant recollections, tenderness, humor, and sincerity, that is most delightful in its effect.

Mr. Riley is particularly a poet of the country people. Though he was not raised on a farm himself, he had so completely imbibed its atmosphere that his readers would scarcely believe he was not the veritable Benjamin F. Johnston, the simple-hearted Boone County farmer, whom he honored with the authorship of his early poems. To every man who has been a country boy and "played hookey" on the school-master to go swimming or fishing or bird-nesting or stealing water-melons, or simply to lie on the orchard grass, many of Riley's poems come as an echo from his own experiences, bringing a vivid and pleasingly melodious retrospect of the past.

Mr. Riley's "Child Verses" are equally as famous. There is an artless catching sing-song in his verses, not unlike the jingle of the "Mother Goose Melodies." Especially fine in their faithfulness to child-life, and in easy rythm, are the pieces describing "Little Orphant Allie" and "The Ragged Man."

An' Little Orphant Allie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bug in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents and yer teacher fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you and dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at cluster all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you—don't—*watch*—out.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. His father was a Quaker, and a leading attorney of that place, and desired to make a lawyer

of his son; but Mr. Riley tells us, "Whenever I picked up 'Blackstone' or 'Greenleaf,' my wits went to wool-gathering, and my father was soon convinced that his hopes of my achieving greatness at the bar were doomed to disappointment." Referring to his education, the poet further says, "I never had much schooling, and what I did get, I believe did me little good. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and juiceless thing to me; but I always was fond of reading in a random way, and took naturally to the theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk."

Riley's first occupation was as a sign painter for a patent-medicine man, with whom he traveled for a year. On leaving this employment he organized a company of sign painters, with whom he traveled over the country giving musical entertainments and painting signs. In referring to this he says, "All the members of the company were good musicians as well as painters, and we used to drum up trade with our music. We kept at it for three or four years, made plenty of money, had lots of fun, and did no harm to ourselves or any one else. Of course, during this sign painting period, I was writing verses all the time, and finally after the Graphic Company's last trip I secured a position on the weekly paper at Anderson." For many years Riley endeavored to have his verses published in various magazines, "sending them from one to another," he says, "to get them promptly back again." Finally, he sent some verses to the poet Longfellow, who congratulated him warmly, as did also Mr. Lowell, to whose "New England Dialectic Poems" Mr. Riley's "Hoosier Rhymes" bore a striking resemblance. From this time forward his success was assured, and, instead of hunting publishers, he has been kept more than busy in supplying their eager demands upon his pen.

Mr. Riley's methods of work are peculiar to himself. His poems are composed as he travels or goes about the streets, and, once they are thought out, he immediately stops and transfers them to paper. But he must work as the mood or muse moves him. He cannot be driven. On this point he says of himself, "It is almost impossible for me to do good work on orders. If I have agreed to complete a poem at a certain time, I cannot do it at all; but when I can write without considering the future, I get along much better." He further says, with reference to writing dialect, that it is not his preference to do so. He prefers the recognized poetic form; "but," he adds, "dialectic verse is natural and gains added charm from its very commonplaceness. If truth and depiction of nature are wanted, and dialect is a touch of nature, then it should not be disregarded. I follow nature as closely as I can, and try to make my people think and speak as they do in real life, and such success as I have achieved is due to this."

The first published work of the author was "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "'Leven More Poems," which appeared in 1883. Since that date he published a number of volumes. Among the most popular may be mentioned, "Armazindy," which contains some of his best dialect and serious verses, including the famous Poe Poem, "Leonainie," written and published in early life as one of the lost poems of Poe, and on which he deceived even Poe's biographers, so accurate was he in mimicking the style of the author of the "Raven;" "Neighborly Poems;" "Sketches in Prose," originally published as "The Boss Girl and Other Stories;" "Afterwhiles," comprising sixty-two poems and sonnets, serious, pathetic, humorous and

dialectic; "Pipes O' Pan," containing five sketches and fifty poems; "Rhymes of Childhood;" "Flying Islands of the Night," a weird and grotesque drama in verse; "Green Fields and Running Brooks," comprising one hundred and two poems and sonnets, dialectic, humorous and serious.

The poet has never married. He makes his home in Indianapolis, Indiana, with his sister, where his surroundings are of the most pleasant nature; and he is scarcely less a favorite with the children of the neighborhood than was the renowned child poet, Eugene Field, at his home. The devotion of Mr. Riley to his aged parents, whose last days he made the happiest and brightest of their lives, has been repeatedly commented upon in the current notices of the poet. Mr. Riley has personally met more of the American people, perhaps, than any other living poet. He is constantly "on the wing." For about eight months out of every twelve for the past several years he has been on the lecture platform, and there are few of the more intelligent class of people in the leading cities of America, who have not availed themselves, at one time or another, to the treat of listening to his inimitable recitation of his poems. His short vacation in the summer—"his loafing days," as he calls them—are spent with his relatives, and it is on these occasions that the genial poet is found at his best.

A BOY'S MOTHER.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

MY mother she's so good to me,
Ef I wuz good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, *sir!*—
Can't *any* boy be good as *her!*

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We *both* cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt'-nigh much as Ma.

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE WAR.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

I WAS for Union—you, ag'in' it.
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes' set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Or somepin' fittin'.

The war, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'ints o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes' splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still ockipies the'r old positions.
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

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Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin'
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When women does my cookin' for me,
Ther' was n't overly much pie et
Durin' the army.

OUR HIRED GIRL.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

OUR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an' sweet;
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't wont slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she 'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 't mows our lawn;
An' he says, "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he 'll* say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says, "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
Better say,
"Clear out o' the way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 't *boys* can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow'-n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

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FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

THE POET OF THE MINING CAMP AND THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS.

THE turbulent mining camps of California, with their vicious hangers-on, have been embalmed for future generations by the unerring genius of Bret Harte, who sought to reveal the remnants of honor in man, and loveliness in woman, despite the sins and vices of the mining towns of our Western frontier thirty or forty years ago. His writings have been regarded with disfavor by a religious class of readers because of the frequent occurrence of rough phrases and even profanity which he employs in his descriptions. It should be remembered, however, that a faithful portrait of the conditions and people which he described could hardly have been presented in more polite language than that employed.

Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, in 1839. His father was a scholar of ripe culture, and a teacher in the Albany Female Seminary. He died poor when Bret was quite young, consequently the education of his son was confined to the common schools of the city. When only seventeen years of age, young Harte, with his widowed mother, emigrated to California. Arriving in San Francisco he walked to the mines of Sonora and there opened a school which he taught for a short time. Thus began his self-education in the mining life which furnished the material for his early literature. After leaving his school he became a miner, and at odd times learned to set type in the office of one of the frontier papers. He wrote sketches of the strange life around him, set them up in type himself, and offered the proofs to the editor, believing that in this shape they would be more certain of acceptance. His aptitude with his pen secured him a position on the paper, and in the absence of the editor he once controlled the journal and incurred popular wrath for censuring a little massacre of Indians by the leading citizens of the locality, which came near bringing a mob upon him.

The young adventurer,—for he was little else at this time,—also served as mounted messenger of an express company and as express agent in several mountain towns, which gave him a full knowledge of the picturesque features of mining life. In 1857 he returned to San Francisco and secured a position as compositor on a weekly literary journal. Here again he repeated his former trick of setting up and submitting several spirited sketches of mining life in type. These were accepted and soon earned him an editorial position on the "Golden Era." After this he made many contributions to the daily papers and his tales of Western life began to attract attention in the East. In 1858, he married, which put an end to his wanderings.

He attempted to publish a newspaper of his own, "The Californian," which was bright and worthy to live, but failed for want of proper business management.

In 1864 Mr. Harte was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, and during his six years of service in this position found leisure to write some of his popular poems, such as "John Burns, of Gettysburg," "How Are You, Sanitary?" and others, which were generally printed in the daily newspapers. He also became editor of the "Overland Monthly" when it was founded in 1868, and soon made this magazine as great a favorite on the Atlantic as on the Pacific Coast, by his contribution to its columns of a series of sketches of California life which have won a permanent place in literature. Among these sketches are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," telling how a baby came to rule the hearts of a rough, dissolute gang of miners. It is said that this masterpiece, however, narrowly escaped the waste-basket at the hands of the proofreader, a woman, who, without noticing its origin, regarded it as utter trash. "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "An Idyl of Red Gulch," and many other stories which revealed the spark of humanity remaining in brutalized men and women, followed in rapid succession.

Bret Harte was a man of the most humane nature, and sympathized deeply with the Indian and the Chinaman in the rough treatment they received at the hands of the early settlers, and his literature, no doubt, did much to soften and mollify the actions of those who read them—and it may be safely said that almost every one did, as he was about the only author at that time on the Pacific Slope and very popular. His poem, "The Heathen Chinee," generally called "Plain Language from Truthful James," was a masterly satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese were shiftless and weak-minded settlers. This poem appeared in 1870 and was wonderfully popular.

In the spring of 1871 the professorship of recent literature in the University of California was offered to Mr. Harte, on his resignation of the editorship of the "Overland Monthly," but he declined the proffer to try his literary fortunes in the more cultured East. He endeavored to found a magazine in Chicago, but his efforts failed, and he went to Boston to accept a position on the "Atlantic Monthly," since which time his pen has been constantly employed by an increasing demand from various magazines and literary journals. Mr. Harte has issued many volumes of prose and poetry, and it is difficult to say in which field he has won greater distinction. Both as a prose writer and as a poet he has treated similar subjects with equal facility. His reputation was made, and his claim to fame rests upon his intuitive insight into the heart of our common humanity. A number of his sketches have been translated into French and German, and of late years he has lived much abroad, where he is, if any difference, more lionized than he was in his native country.

From 1878 to 1885 Mr. Harte was United States Consul successively to Crefield and Glasgow. Ferdinand Freiligraph, one of his German translators, and himself a poet, pays this tribute to his peculiar excellence:

"Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers—not the gold in veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of

fidelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts—even under the rubbish of vices and sins—remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold, that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world—that is his greatness and his merit."

His works as published from 1867 to 1890 include "Condensed Novels," "Poems," "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches," "East and West Poems," "Poetical Works," "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands," "Echoes of the Foothills," "Tales of the Argonauts," "Gabriel Conroy," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," "Thankful Blossom," "Story of a Mine," "Drift from Two Shores," "The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories," "In the Carquinez Woods," "On the Frontier," "By Shore and Ledge," "Snowbound at Eagles," "The Crusade of the Excelsior," "A Phyllis of the Sierras." One of Mr. Harte's most popular late novels, entitled "Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill," was published as a serial in 1897. Though written while the author was in Europe, the vividness of the description and the accurate delineations of the miner character are as strikingly real as if it had been produced by the author while residing in the mining country of his former Western home.

SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first, I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, an' said he was at fault,
It seems he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more;

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of the palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger, was a sin,
'Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I knew about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth

'Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while shadows 'round them gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell;
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense, all the pensive glory
That thrills the Kentish hills;

And on that grave, where English oak and holly,
And laurel-wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!

EUGENE FIELD.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND POET.

ON the fourth day of November, 1895, there was many a sad home in the city of Chicago and throughout America. It was on that day that Eugene Field, the most congenial friend young children ever had among the literary men of America, died at the early age of forty-five. The expressions of regard and regret called out on all sides by this untimely death, made it clear that the character in which the public at large knew and loved Mr. Field best was that of the "Poet of Child Life." What gives his poems their unequaled hold on the popular heart is their simplicity, warmth and genuineness. This quality they owe to the fact that Mr. Field almost lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with children. He had troops of them for his friends and it is said he wrote his child-poems directly under their suggestions and inspiration.

We might fill far more space than is at our command in this volume relating incidents which go to show his fondness for little ones. It is said that on the day of his marriage, he delayed the ceremony to settle a quarrel between some urchins who were playing marbles in the street. So long did he remain to argue the question with them that all might be satisfied, the time for the wedding actually passed and when sent for, he was found squatted down among them acting as peace-maker. It is also said that on one occasion he was invited by the noted divine, Dr. Gunsaulus, to visit his home. The children of the family had been reading Field's poems and looked forward with eagerness to his coming. When he arrived, the first question he asked the children, after being introduced to them, was, "Where is the kitchen?" and expressed his desire to see it. Child-like, and to the embarrassment of the mother, they led him straight to the cookery where he seized upon the remains of a turkey which had been left from the meal, carried it into the dining-room, seated himself and made a feast with his little friends, telling them quaint stories all the while. After this impromptu supper, he spent the remainder of the evening singing them lullabies and reciting his verses. Naturally before he went away, the children had given him their whole hearts and this was the way with all children with whom he came into contact.

The devotion so unfailing in his relation to children would naturally show itself in other relations. His devotion to his wife was most pronounced. In all the world she was the only woman he loved and he never wished to be away from her. Often

she accompanied him on his reading tours, the last journey they made together being in the summer of '95 to the home of Mrs. Field's girlhood. While his wife was in the company of her old associates, instead of joining them as they expected, he took advantage of her temporary absence, hired a carriage and visited all of the old scenes of their early associations during the happy time of their love-making.

His association with his fellow-workers was equally congenial. No man who had ever known him felt the slightest hesitancy in approaching him. He had the happy faculty of making them always feel welcome. It was a common happening in the Chicago newspaper office for some tramp of a fellow, who had known him in the days gone by, to walk boldly in and blurt out, as if confident in the power of the name he spoke—"Is 'Gene Field here? I knew 'Gene Field in Denver, or I worked with 'Gene Field on the 'Kansas City Times.'" These were sufficient passwords and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room—"That's all right, show him in here, he's a friend of mine."

One of Field's peculiarities with his own children was to nickname them. When his first daughter was born he called her "Trotty," and, although she is a grown-up woman now, her friends still call her "Trotty." The second daughter is called "Pinny" after the child opera "Pinafore," which was in vogue at the time she was born. Another, a son, came into the world when everybody was singing "Oh My! Ain't She a Daisy." Naturally this fellow still goes by the name of "Daisy." Two other of Mr. Field's children are known as "Googhy" and "Posy."

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. Part of his early life was passed in Vermont and Massachusetts. He was educated in a university in Missouri. From 1873 to 1883 he was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. He joined the staff of the Chicago "Daily News" in 1883 and removed to Chicago, where he continued to reside until his death, twelve years later. Of Mr. Field's books, "The Denver Tribune Primer" was issued in 1882; "Culture Garden" (1887); "Little Book of Western Friends" (1889); and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" (1889).

Mr. Field was not only a writer of child verses, but wrote some first-class Western dialectic verse, did some translating, was an excellent newspaper correspondent, and a critic of no mean ability; but he was too kind-hearted and liberal to chastise a brother severely who did not come up to the highest literary standard. He was a hard worker, contributing daily, during his later years, from one to three columns to the "Chicago News," besides writing more or less for the "Syndicate Press" and various periodicals. In addition to this, he was frequently traveling, and lectured or read from his own writings. Since his death, his oldest daughter, Miss Mary French Field ("Trotty"), has visited the leading cities throughout the country, delivering readings from her father's works. The announcement of her appearance to read selections from the writings of her genial father is always liberally responded to by an appreciative public.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.*



S two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence, I'll allow,
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together, 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters, and marr'd 'em, too
'Tended same meetin' house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through.
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Down in Tennessee one night,
Ther was sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time next day;
'Nd as I was thinkin' of Lizzie 'nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way, and I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I haint forgot that last, last night
When waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up and shuck hands, afore the fight;
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

LULLABY.*



AIR is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revellers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry,
'Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea, a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own;"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

A DUTCH LULLABY.*



YNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have to come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea:

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889). Copyrighted by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nets of silver and gold have we,
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
And they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

THE NORSE LULLABY.*

From "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889).

THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep!"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep!"

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep."

* Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILL CARLETON.

AUTHOR OF "BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

FEW writers of homely verse have been more esteemed than Will Carleton. His poems are to be found in almost every book of selections for popular reading. They are well adapted to recitation and are favorites with general audiences. With few exceptions they are portraitures of the humorous side of rural life and frontier scenes; but they are executed with a vividness and truth to nature that does credit to the author and insures their preservation as faithful portraits of social conditions and frontier scenes and provincialisms which the advance of education is fast relegating to the past.

Will Carleton was born in Hudson, Michigan, October 21, 1845. His father was a pioneer settler who came from New Hampshire. Young Carleton remained at home on the farm until he was sixteen years of age, attending the district school in the winters and working on the farm during the summers. At the age of sixteen he became a teacher in a country school and for the next four years divided his time between teaching, attending school and working as a farm-hand, during which time he also contributed articles in both prose and verse to local papers. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, Michigan, from which he graduated in 1869. Since 1870 he has been engaged in journalistic and literary work and has also lectured frequently in the West. It was during his early experiences as a teacher in "boarding round" that he doubtless gathered the incidents which are so graphically detailed in his poems.

There is a homely pathos seldom equalled in the two selections "Betsy and I Are Out" and "How Betsy and I Made Up" that have gained for them a permanent place in the affections of the reading public. In other of his poems, like "Makin' an Editor Outen Him," "A Lightning Rod Dispenser," "The Christmas Baby," etc., there is a rich vein of humor that has given them an enduring popularity. "The First Settler's Story" is a most graphic picture of pioneer life, portraying the hardships which early settlers frequently endured and in which the depressing homesickness often felt for the scenes of their childhood and the far-away East is pathetically told.

Mr. Carleton's first volume of poems appeared in 1871, and was printed for private distribution. "Betsy and I Are Out" appeared in 1872 in the "Toledo Blade." It was copied in "Harper's Weekly," and illustrated. This was really the author's first recognition in literary circles. In 1873 appeared a collection of his

poems entitled "Farm Ballads," including the now famous selections, "Out of the Old House, Nancy," "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," "Gone With a Handsomer Man," and "How Betsy and I Made Up." Other well-known volumes by the same author are entitled "Farm Legends," "Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes," "Farm Festivals," and "City Ballads."

In his preface to the first volume of his poems Mr. Carleton modestly apologizes for whatever imperfections they may possess in a manner which gives us some insight into his literary methods. "These poems," he writes, "have been written under various, and in some cases difficult, conditions: in the open air, with team afield; in the student's den, with ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the muses do not often deign to tread."

But Mr. Carleton does not need to apologize. He has the true poetic instinct. His descriptions are vivid, and as a narrative versifier he has been excelled by few, if indeed any depicter of Western farm life.

Will Carleton has also written considerable prose, which has been collected and published in book form, but it is his poetical works which have entitled him to public esteem, and it is for these that he will be longest remembered in literature.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.*

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

*From "Farm Ballads." Copyright 1873, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to ar'ge and something sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blythe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the morning I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.*

(FROM "FARM BALLADS.")

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse;
I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane fibs,)
When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles punched my ribs.

*Copyright, 1873, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! out here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with two.
And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can,—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear,

And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half-hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what have you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

"THE POET OF THE SIERRAS."

IN the year 1851, a farmer moved from the Wabash district in Indiana to the wilder regions of Oregon. In his family was a rude, untaught boy of ten or twelve years, bearing the unusual name of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. This boy worked with his father on the farm until he was about fifteen years of age, when he abandoned the family log-cabin in the Willamette Valley of his Oregon home to try this fortune as a gold miner.

A more daring attempt was seldom if ever undertaken by a fifteen year old youth. It was during the most desperate period of Western history, just after the report of the discovery of gold had caused the greatest rush to the Pacific slope. A miscellaneous and turbulent population swarmed over the country; and, "armed to the teeth" prospected upon streams and mountains. The lawless, reckless life of these gold-hunters—millionaires to-day and beggars to-morrow—deeming it a virtue rather than a crime to have taken life in a brawl—was, at once, novel, picturesque and dramatic.—Such conditions furnished great possibilities for a poet or novelist.—It was an era as replete with a reality of thrilling excitement as that furnished by the history and mythology of ancient Greece to the earlier Greeks poets.

It was into this whirlpool that the young, untaught—but observant and daring-farmer lad threw himself, and when its whirl was not giddy and fast enough for him, or palled upon his more exacting taste for excitement and daring adventure, he left it after a few months, and sought deeper and more desperate wilds. With Walker he became a filibuster and went into Nicaragua.—He became in turn an astrologer, a Spanish *vaquero*, and, joining the wild Indians, was made a Sachem.

For five years he followed these adventurous wanderings; then as suddenly as he had entered the life he deserted it, and, in 1860 the prodigal returned home to his father's cabin in Oregon. In his right arm he carried a bullet, in his right thigh another, and on many parts of his body were the scars left by Indian arrows. Shortly after returning home he begun the study of law and was admitted to practice within a few months in Lane County, Oregon; but the gold fever or spirit of adventure took possession of him again and in 1861 we find him in the gold mines of Idaho; but the yellow metal did not come into his "Pan" sufficiently fast and he gave it up to become an express messenger in the mining district. A few months later he was back in Oregon where he started a Democratic Newspaper

at Eugene City which he ran long enough to get acquainted with a poetical contributor, Miss Minnie Myrtle, whom he married in 1862—in his usual short-order way of doing things—after an acquaintance of three days. Where "Joaquin" Miller—for he was now called "Joaquin" after a Spanish brigand whom he had defended—got his education is a mystery; but through the years of wandering, even in boyhood, he was a rhymester and his verses now began to come fast in the columns of his paper.

In 1862, after his marriage he resumed the practice of law, and, in 1866, at the age of twenty-five, was elected Judge of Grant County. This position he held for



JOAQUIN MILLER'S STUDY, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

four years during which time he wrote much poetry. One day with his usual "suddenness" he abandoned his wife and his country and sailed for London to seek a publisher. At first he was unsuccessful, and had to print a small volume privately. This introduced him to the friendship of English writers and his "Songs of the Sierras" was issued in 1871. Naturally these poems were faulty in style and called forth strong adverse criticism; but the tales they told were glowing and passionate, and the wild and adventurous life they described was a new revelation in the world of song, and, verily, whatever the austere critic said, "The common people heard him gladly" and his success became certain. Thus encouraged Miller returned to California, visited the tropics and collected material for another work which he published

in London in 1873 entitled "Sunland Songs." Succeeding, the "Songs of the Desert" appeared in 1875; "Songs of Italy" 1878; Songs of the Mexican Seas 1887. Later he has published "With Walker in Nicaragua" and he is also author of a play called "The Danites," and of several prose works relating to life in the West among which are "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta" and '49, or "The Gold-seekers of the Sierras."

The chief excellencies of Miller's works are his gorgeous pictures of the gigantic scenery of the Western mountains. In this sense he is a true poet. As compared with Bret Harte, while Miller has the finer poetic perception of the two, he does not possess the dramatic power nor the literary skill of Harte; nor does he seem to recognize the native generosity and noble qualities which lie hidden beneath the vicious lives of outlaws, as the latter reveals it in his writings. After all the question arises which is the nearer the truth? Harte is about the same age as Miller, lived among the camps at about the same time, but he was not, to use a rough expression, "one of the gang," was not so pronouncedly "on the inside" as was his brother poet. He never dug in the mines, he was not a filibuster, nor an Indian Sachem. All these and more Miller was, and perhaps he is nearer the plumb line of truth in his delineations after all.

Mr. Miller's home is on the bluffs overlooking the San Francisco Bay in sight of the Golden Gate. In July, 1897, he joined the gold seekers in the Klondike regions of Alaska.

THOUGHTS OF MY WESTERN HOME.

WRITTEN IN ATHENS.

SIERRAS, and eternal tents
Of snow that flashed o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marveled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home.
Salute my mountains—clouded Hood,
Saint Helen's in its sea of wood—
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms are in the feathered fir.

MOUNT SHASTA.

TO lord all Godland! lift the brow
Familiar to the noon,—to top
The universal world,—to prop
The hollow heavens up,—to vow
Stern constancy with stars,—to keep
Eternal ward while cons sleep;
To tower calmly up and touch
God's purple garment—hems that sweep
The cold blue north! Oh, this were much!
Where storm-born shadows hide and hunt
I knew thee in my glorious youth,
I loved thy vast face, white as truth,
I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard rent mountains rock and roll.
I saw thy lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché boy, whoa!
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise;—

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,—
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles—a dim distant speck—
Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
Was her father's and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown;
And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape,—a love,—a desire,—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,—
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beast like the sound of thunder,—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone,
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

"Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look here!
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,"
For the ways they were rough and Comanches were near;
"But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, get no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché! You buy him! a bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind and is old!
. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of. . . . Blast you and your tin!"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S ALASKA LETTER.

As a specimen of this author's prose writing and style, we present the following extract from a syndicate letter clipped from the "Philadelphia Inquirer."

Head of Lake Bennett, Alaska, August 2, 1897.

I WRITE by the bank of what is already a big river, and at the fountain head of the mighty Yukon, the second if not the first of American rivers. We have crossed the summit, passed the terrible Chilkoot Pass and Crater Lake and Long Lake and Lideman Lake, and now I sit down to tell the story of the past, while the man who is to take me up the river six hundred miles to the Klondike rows his big scow, full of cattle, brought from Seattle.

* * * * *

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF CHILKOOT PASS.

All the pictures that had been painted by word, all on easel, or even in imagination of Napoleon and his men climbing up the Alps, are but childish play-things in comparison with the grandeur of Chilkoot Pass. Starting up the steep ascent, we raised a shout and it ran the long, steep and tortuous line that reached from a bluff above us, and over and up till it lost itself in the clouds. And down to us from the clouds, the shout and cry of exultation of those brave conquerers came back, and only died away when the distance made it possible to be heard no longer. And now we began to ascend.

It was not so hard as it seemed. The stupendous granite mountain, the home of the avalanche and the father of glaciers, melted away before us as we ascended, and in a single hour of brisk climbing we stood against the summit or rather between the big granite blocks that marked the summit. As I said before, the path is not so formidable as it looked, and it is not half so formidable as represented, but mark you, it is no boy's play, no man's play. It is a man's and a big strong man's honest work, and takes strength of body and nerve of soul.

Right in the path and within ten feet of a snow bank that has not perished for a thousand years, I picked and ate a little strawberry, and as I rested and roamed about a bit, looking down into the brightly blue lake that made the head waters of the Yukon, I gathered a little sun flower, a wild hyacinth and a wild tea blossom for my buttonhole.



SIX TYPICAL AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE WALTER SCOTT OF AMERICA.

OUR first American novelist, and to the present time perhaps the only American novelist whose fame is permanently established among foreigners, is James Fenimore Cooper. While Washington Irving, our first writer of short stories, several years Cooper's senior, was so strikingly popular in England and America, Cooper's "Spy" and "Pilot" and the "Last of the Mohicans" went beyond the bounds of the English language, and the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian and others had placed him beside their own classics and were dividing honors between him and Sir Walter Scott; and it was they who first called him the Walter Scott of America. Nor was this judgment altogether wrong. For six or seven years Scott's Waverly Novels had been appearing, and his "Ivanhoe," which was first published in 1820—the first historical novel of the world—had given the clue to Cooper for "The Spy," which appeared in 1821, the first historical novel of America. Both books were translated into foreign languages by the same translators, and made for their respective authors quick and lasting fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789—the same year that George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. His father owned many thousand acres of wild land on the head waters of the Susquehanna River in New York, and while James was an infant removed thither and built a stately mansion on Otsego Lake, near the point where the little river issues forth on its journey to the sea. Around Otsego Hall, as it was called, the village of Cooperstown grew up. In this wilderness young Cooper passed his childhood, a hundred miles beyond the advancing lines of civilization. Along the shores of the beautiful lake, shut in by untouched forests, or in the woods themselves, which rose and fell unbroken—except here and there by a pioneer's hut or a trapper's camp—he passed his boyhood days and slept at night among the solemn silence of nature's primeval grandeur. All the delicate arts of the forest, the craft of the woodsman, the trick of the trapper, the stratagem of the Indian fighter, the wiley shrewdness of the tawny savage, the hardships and dangers of pioneer life were as familiar to Cooper as were the legends of North Britain and the stirring ballads of the highlands and the lowlands to Walter Scott. But for this experience we should never have had the famous Leather Stocking Tales.

From this wilderness the boy was sent at the age of thirteen to Yale College, where he remained three years, but was too restless and adventurous to devote himself

diligently to study and was dismissed in disgrace at sixteen. For one year he shipped before the mast as a common sailor and for the next five years served as a midshipman in the United States Navy, making himself master of that knowledge and detail of nautical life which he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea.

In 1811 Cooper resigned his post as midshipman, and married Miss Delancey, with whom he lived happily for forty years. The first few years of his married life were spent in quiet retirement. For some months he resided in Westchester County, the scene of his book "The Spy." Then he removed to his old home at Cooperstown and took possession of the family mansion, to which he had fallen heir through the death of his father. Here he prepared to spend his life as a quiet country gentleman, and did so until a mere accident called him into authorship. Up to that date he seems never to have touched a pen or even thought of one except to write an ordinary letter. He was, however, fond of reading, and often read aloud to his wife. One day while reading a British novel he looked up and playfully said: "I could write a better book than that myself." "Suppose you try," replied his wife, and retiring to his library he wrote a chapter which he read to Mrs. Cooper. She was pleased with it and suggested that he continue, which he did, and published the book, under the title of "Precaution," in 1820.

No one at that time had thought of writing a novel with the scene laid in America, and "Precaution," which had an English setting, was so thoroughly English that it was reviewed in London with no suspicion of its American authorship. The success which it met, while not great, impressed Cooper that as he had not failed with a novel describing British life, of which he knew little, he might succeed with one on American life, of which he knew much. It was a happy thought. Scott's "Ivanhoe" had just been read by him and it suggested an American historical theme, and he wrote the story of "The Spy," which he published in 1821. It was a tale of the Revolution, in which the central figure, Harvey Birch, the spy, is one of the most interesting and effective characters in the realm of romantic literature. It quickly followed Scott's "Ivanhoe" into many languages.

Encouraged by the plaudits from both sides of the Atlantic Cooper wrote another story, "The Pioneers" (1823), which was the first attempt to put into fiction the life of the frontier and the character of the backwoodsman. Here Cooper was in his element, on firm ground, familiar to him from his infancy, but the book was a revelation to the outside world. It is in this work that one of the greatest characters in fiction, the old backwoodsman Natty Bumpo—the famous Leather-Stocking—appeared and gave his name to a series of tales, comprised, in five volumes, which was not finally completed for twenty years. Strange to say, this famous series of books was not written in regular order. To follow the story logically the reader is recommended to read first the "Deerslayer," next the "Last of the Mohicans," followed by "The Pathfinder," then "The Pioneers," and last "The Prairie," which ends with the death of Leather-Stocking.

The sea tales of Cooper were also suggested by Walter Scott, who published the "Pirate" in 1821. This book was being discussed by Cooper and some friends. The latter took the position that Scott could not have been its author since he was a lawyer and therefore could not have the knowledge of sea life which the book dis-

played. Cooper, being himself a mariner, declared that it could not have been written by a man familiar with the sea. He argued that it lacked that detail of information which no mariner would have failed to exhibit. To prove this point he determined to write a sea tale, and in 1823 his book "The Pilot" appeared, which was the first genuine salt-water novel ever written and to this day is one of the best. Tom Coffin, the hero of this novel, is the only one of all Cooper's characters worthy to take a place beside Leather-Stocking, and the two books were published within two years of each other. In 1829 appeared "The Red Rover," which is wholly a tale of the ocean, as "The Last of the Mohicans" is wholly a tale of the forest. In all, Cooper wrote ten sea tales, which with his land stories established the fact that he was equally at home whether on the green billows or under the green trees.

In 1839 Cooper published his "History of the United States Navy," which is to this day the only authority on the subject for the period of which it treats. He also wrote many other novels on American subjects and some eight or ten like "Bravo," "The Headsman" and others on European themes; but it is by "The Spy," the five Leather-Stocking tales, and four or five of his sea tales that his fame has been secured and will be maintained.

In 1822, after "The Spy" had made Cooper famous, he removed to New York, where he lived for a period of four years, one of the most popular men in the metropolis. His force of character, big-heartedness, and genial, companionable nature—notwithstanding the fact that he was contentious and frequently got into the most heated discussions—made him unusually popular with those who knew him. He had many friends, and his friends were the best citizens of New York. He founded the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," to which belonged Chancellor Kent, the poets Fitzgreen Halleck and Wm. Cullen Bryant, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and many other representatives of science, literature, and the learned professions. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, in various parts of which he resided for a period of six years. Before his departure he was tendered a dinner in New York, which was attended by many of the most prominent men of the nation. Washington Irving had gone to the Old World eleven years before and traveled throughout Great Britain and over the Continent, but Cooper's works, though it was but six years since his first volume was published, were at this time more widely known than those of Irving; and with the author of the "Sketchbook" he divided the honors which the Old World so generously showered upon those two brilliant representatives of the New.

Many pleasant pages might be filled with the records of Cooper's six years in Europe, during which time he enjoyed the association and respect of the greatest literary personages of the Old World. It would be interesting to tell how Sir Walter Scott sought him out in Paris and renewed the acquaintance again in London; how he lived in friendship and intimacy with General Lafayette at the French capital; to tell of his associations with Wordsworth and Rogers in London; his intimate friendship with the great Italian Greenough, and his fondness for Italy, which country he preferred above all others outside of America; of the delightful little villa where he lived in Florence, where he said he could look out upon green leaves and write to the music of the birds; to picture him settled for a summer in Naples; living in Tasso's villa at Sarento, writing his stories in the same house in which the

great Latin author had lived, with the same glorious view of the sea and the bay, and the surf dashing almost against its walls. But space forbids that we should indulge in recounting these pleasant reminiscences. Let it be said that wherever he was he was thoroughly and pronouncedly an American. He was much annoyed by the ignorance and prejudice of the English in all that related to his country. In France he vigorously defended the system of American government in a public pamphlet which he issued in favor of General Lafayette, upon whom the public press was making an attack. He was equally in earnest in bringing forward the claims of our poets, and was accustomed at literary meetings and dinner parties to carry volumes of Bryant, Halleck, Drake and others, from which he read quotations to prove his assertions of their merits. Almost every prominent American who visited Europe during his seven years' sojourn abroad brought back pleasant recollections of his intercourse with the great and patriotic novelist.

Cooper returned to America in 1833, the same year that Washington Irving came back to his native land. He retired to his home at Cooperstown, where he spent the remaining nineteen years of his life, dying on the 14th day of September, 1852, one day before the sixty-second anniversary of his birth. His palatial home at Cooperstown, as were also his various places of residence in New York and foreign lands, were always open to his deserving countrymen, and many are the ambitious young aspirants in art, literature and politics who have left his hospitable roof with higher ideals, loftier ambitions and also with a more exalted patriotism.

A few days after his death a meeting of prominent men was held in New York in honor of their distinguished countryman. Washington Irving presided and William Cullen Bryant delivered an oration paying fitting tribute to the genius of the first great American novelist, who was first to show how fit for fiction were the scenes, the characters, and the history of his native land. Nearly fifty years have passed since that day, but Cooper's men of the sea and his men of the forest and the plain still survive, because they deserve to live, because they were true when they were written, and remain to-day the best of their kind. Though other fashions in fiction have come and gone and other novelists have a more finished art nowadays, no one of them all has succeeded more completely in doing what he tried to do than did James Fenimore Cooper.

If we should visit Cooperstown, New York, the most interesting spot we should see would be the grave of America's first great novelist; and the one striking feature about it would be the marble statue of Leather Stocking, with dog and gun, overlooking the last resting-place of his great creator. Then we should visit the house and go into the library and sit in the chair and lean over the table where he was created. Then down to the beautiful Otsego Lake, and as the little pleasure steamer comes into view we peer to catch the gilded name painted on its side. Nearer it comes, and we read with delight "Natty Bumpo," the real name of Leather Stocking. Otsego Hall, the cemetery and the lake alike, are a shrine to the memory of Cooper and this greatest hero of American fiction. And we turn away determined to read again the whole of the *Leather Stocking Tales.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

(FROM "THE PIONEERS.")

BY this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed:

"Listen! There are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a

tree with its forepaws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal! your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whiz of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector, come in old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

"TOM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creater to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whaleboat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required.

The tub, containing about half of a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled around when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming his formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After the wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad enough to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in

the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After the evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing toward one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view.

The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness,—

"Starn all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous.

The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,—

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled [illegible]."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seaman now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

"No, sir, no; he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry."

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.


HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. SALEM, MASS.
HAWTHORNE HOUSE, "WAYSIDE" CONCORD, MASS.
BIRTHPLACE. SALEM.
CUSTOM HOUSE SALEM Where Scarlet Letter was written
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN ROMANCERS."

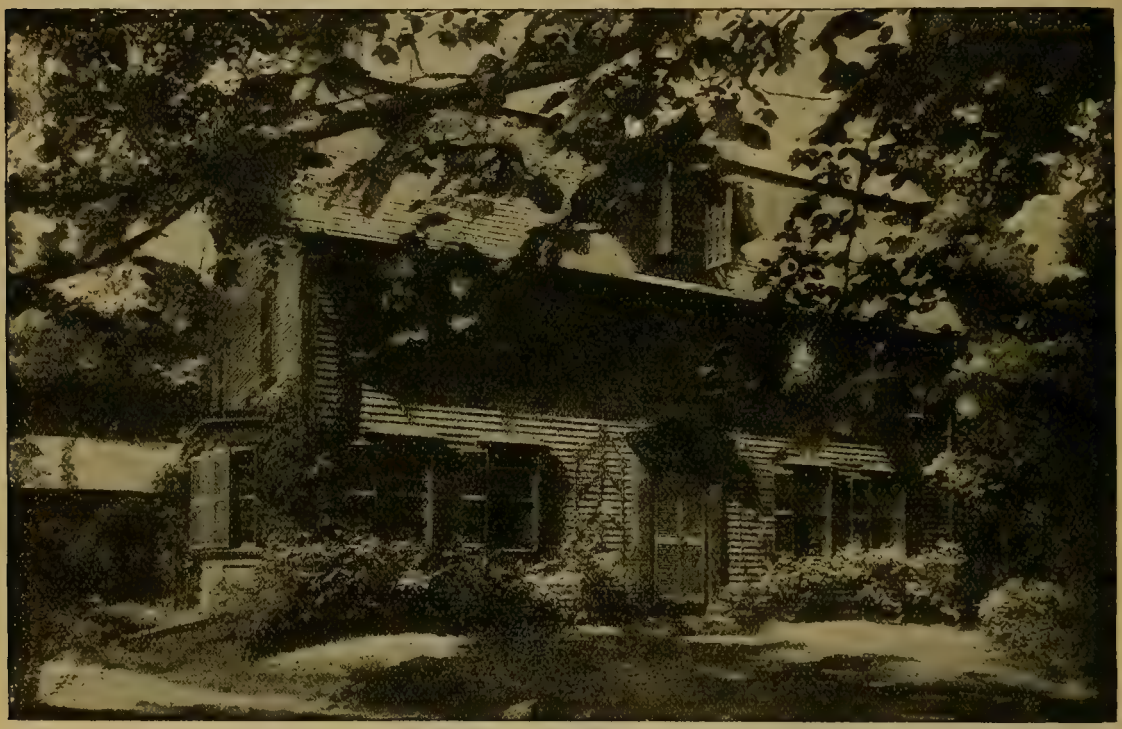
NO black knight in Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor the red Indians of Cooper, nor his famous pioneer, Leather Stocking of the forest, nor his long Tom of the ocean, ever seemed more truly romantic than do Hawthorne's stern and gloomy Calvinists of "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of Seven Gables," or his Italian hero of "The Marble Faun."

We have characterized Hawthorne as the greatest of American romancers. We might have omitted the word *American*, for he has no equal in romance perhaps in the world of letters. An eminent critic declares: "His genius was greater than that of the idealist, Emerson. In all his mysticism his style was always clear and exceedingly graceful, while in those delicate, varied and permanent effects which are gained by a happy arrangement of words in their sentences, together with that unerring directness and unswerving force which characterize his writings, no author in modern times has equalled him. To the rhetorician, his style is a study; to the lay reader, a delight that eludes analysis. He is the most eminent representative of the American spirit in literature."

It was in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts—where his Puritan ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred years—with its haunted memories of witches and strange sea tales; its stories of Endicott and the Indians, and the sombre traditions of witchcraft and Puritan persecution that Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. And it was in this grim, ancient city by the sea that the life of the renowned romancer was greatly bound up. In his childhood the town was already falling to decay, and his lonely surroundings filled his young imagination with a wierdness that found expression in the books of his later life, and impressed upon his character a seriousness that clung to him ever after. His father was a sea-captain,—but a most melancholy and silent man,—who died when Nathaniel was four years old. His mother lived a sad and secluded life, and the boy thus early learned to exist in a strange and imaginative world of his own creation. So fond of seclusion did he become that even after his graduation from college in 1825, he returned to his old haunt at Salem and resumed his solitary, dreamy existence. For twelve years, from 1825 to 1837, he went nowhere, he saw no one; he worked in his room by day, reading and writing; at twilight he wandered out along the shore, or through the darkened streets of the town. Certainly this was no attractive life to most young men; but for Hawthorne it had its fascination and during this time he was storing

his mind, forming his style, training his imagination and preparing for the splendid literary fame of his later years.

Hawthorne received his early education in Salem, partly at the school of Joseph E. Worcester, the author of "Worcester's Dictionary." He entered Bowdoin College in 1821. The poet, Longfellow, and John S. C. Abbott were his classmates; and Franklin Pierce—one class in advance of him—was his close friend. He graduated in 1825 without any special distinction. His first book, "Fanshawe," a novel, was issued in 1826, but so poor was its success that he suppressed its fur-



"THE OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASS.

Built for Emerson's grandfather. In this house Ralph Waldo Emerson dwelt for ten years, and, here, in the same room where Emerson wrote "Nature" and other philosophic essays, Hawthorne prepared his "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." He declares the four years (1842–1846) spent in this house were the happiest of his life.

ther publication. Subsequently he placed the manuscript of a collection of stories in the hands of his publisher, but timidly withdrew and destroyed them. His first practical encouragement was received from Samuel G. Goodrich, who published four stories in the "Token," one of the annuals of that time, in 1831. Mr. Goodrich also engaged Hawthorne as editor of the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," which position he occupied from 1836 to 1838. About this time he also contributed some of his best stories to the "New England Magazine," "The Knickerbocker," and the "Democratic Review." It was a part of these magazine stories which he collected and published in 1837 in the volume entitled, "Twice Told Tales," embodying the fruits of his twelve years' labor.

This book stamped the author as a man of stronger imagination and deeper insight into human nature than Washington Irving evinced in his famous sketches of the Hudson or Cooper in his frontier stories, for delightful as was Irving's writings and vivid as were Cooper's pictures, it was plain to be seen that Hawthorne had a richer style and a firmer grasp of the art of fiction than either of them. Longfellow, the poet, reviewed the book with hearty commendation, and Poe predicted a brilliant future for the writer if he would abandon allegory. Thus encouraged, Hawthorne came out from his seclusion into the world again, and mixed once more with his fellow-men. His friend, the historian, Bancroft, secured him a position in the Custom House at Salem, in 1839, which he held for two years. This position he lost through political jobbery on a trumped-up charge. For a few months he then joined in the Brook Farm settlement, though he was never in sympathy with the movement; nor was he a believer in the transcendental notions of Emerson and his school. He remained a staunch Democrat in the midst of the Abolitionists. His note-books were full of his discontent with the life at the Brook Farm. His observations of this enterprise took shape in the "Blythedale Romance" which is the only literary memorial of the association. The heroine of this novel was Margaret Fuller, under the name of "Zenobia," and the description of the drowning of Zenobia—a fate which Margaret Fuller had met—is the most tragic passage in all the writings of the author.

In 1842 Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody—a most fortunate and happy marriage—and the young couple moved to Concord where they lived in the house known as the "Old Manse," which had been built for Emerson's grandfather, and in which Emerson himself dwelt ten years. He chose for his study the same room in which the philosopher had written his famous book "Nature." Hawthorne declares that the happiest period of his life were the four years spent in the "Old Manse." While living there he collected another lot of miscellaneous stories and published them in 1845 as a second volume of "Twice-Told Tales," and the next year came his "Mosses from an Old Manse," being also a collection from his published writings. In 1846 a depleted income and larger demands of a growing family made it necessary for him to seek a business engagement. Through a friend he received an appointment as Surveyor of Customs at Salem, and again removed to the old town where he was born forty-two years before. It was during his engagement here, from 1846 to 1849, that he planned and wrote his famous book "The Scarlet Letter," which was published in 1850.

A broader experience is needed to compose a full-grown novel than to sketch a short tale. Scott was more than fifty when he published "Waverly." Cooper wrote the "Spy" when thirty-three. Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair," was almost forty when he finished that work. "Adam Bede" appeared when George Elliot was in her fortieth year; and the "Scarlet Letter," greater than them all, did not appear until 1850, when its author was in his forty-seventh year. All critics readily agree that this romance is the masterpiece in American fiction. The only novel in the United States that can be compared with it is Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, as a study of a type of life—Puritan life in New England—"The Scarlet Letter" is superior to Mrs. Stowe's immortal work. One-half a century has passed since "The Scarlet Letter" was written; but it stands to-day more popular than ever before.

Enumerated briefly, the books written by Hawthorne in the order of their publication are as follows: "Fanshawe," a novel (1826), suppressed by the author; "Twice-Told Tales" (1837), a collection of magazine stories; "Twice-Told Tales" (second volume, 1845); "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1846), written while he lived at the "Old Manse"; "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), his greatest book; "The House of Seven Gables" (1851), written while he lived at Lenox, Massachusetts; "The Wonder Book" (1851), a volume of classic stories for children; "The Blythedale Romance" (1852); "Life of Franklin Pierce" (1852), which was written to assist his friend Pierce, who was running for President of the United States; "Tanglewood Tales" (1853), another work for children, continuing the classic legends of his "Wonder Book," reciting the adventures of those who went forth to seek the "Golden Fleece," to explore the labyrinth of the "Minotaur" and sow the "Dragon's Teeth." Pierce was elected President in 1853 and rewarded Hawthorne by appointing him Consul to Liverpool. This position he filled for four years and afterwards spent three years in traveling on the Continent, during which time he gathered material for the greatest of his books—next to "The Scarlet Letter"—entitled "The Marble Faun," which was brought out in England in 1860, and the same year Mr. Hawthorne returned to America and spent the remainder of his life at "The Wayside" in Concord. During his residence here he wrote for the "Atlantic Monthly" the papers which were collected and published in 1863 under the title of "Our Old Home." After Mr. Hawthorne's death, his unpublished manuscripts, "The Dolliver Romance," "Septimius Felton" and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," were published. Mrs. Hawthorne, also, edited and published her husband's "American and English Note-Books" and his "French and Italian Note-Books" in 1869. The best life of the author is perhaps that written by his son, Julian Hawthorne, which appeared in 1885, entitled "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife; a Biography."

A new and complete edition of Hawthorne's works has been lately issued in twenty volumes; also a compact and illustrated library edition in seven volumes.

Nathaniel Hawthorne died May 18, 1864, while traveling with his friend and college-mate, Ex-President Pierce, in the White Mountains, and was buried near where Emerson and Thoreau were later placed in Concord Cemetery. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier were at the funeral. His publisher, Mr. Field, was also there and wrote: "We carried him through the blossoming orchards of Concord and laid him down in a group of pines on the hillside, the unfinished romance which had cost him such anxiety laid upon his coffin." Mr. Longfellow, in an exquisite poem describes the scene, and referring to the uncompleted romance in the closing lines says:

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

The noble wife, who had been the inspiration and practical stimulus of the great romancer, survived her distinguished husband nearly seven years. She died in London, aged sixty, February 26, 1871, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near the grave of Leigh Hunt.

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

(FROM "MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.")

THERE were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems—at first air—had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought—or thought they had fancied new—came to Emerson as a finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusty wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of this world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of noveltry is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefitted by such schemes of such philosophers.

PEARL.

(THE SCARLET LETTER. A ROMANCE. 1850.)

WE have as yet hardly spoken of the infant; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it seemed to the sad woman, as she watched the growth, and the beauty that became every day more brilliant, and the intelligence that threw its quivering sunshine

over the tiny features of this child! Her Pearl!—For so had Hester called her; not as a name expressive of her aspect, which had nothing of the calm, white, unimpassioned lustre that would be indicated by the comparison. But she named the infant "Pearl," as being of great price,—purchased with all she had,—her mother's only treasure! How strange, indeed! Men had marked this woman's sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which was thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven! Yet these thoughts affected Hester Prynne less with hope than apprehension. She knew that her deed had been evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be good. Day after day, she looked fearfully into the child's expanding nature, ever dreading to detect some dark and wild peculiarity, that should correspond with the guiltiness to which she owed her being.

Certainly, there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world's first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty; its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely became it best. But little Pearl was not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with a morbid purpose that may be better understood hereafter, had bought the richest tissues that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative faculty its full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl's own proper beauty, shining through the gorgeous robes which might have extinguished a paler loveliness, that there was an absolute circle of radiance around her, on the darksome cottage floor. And yet a russet gown, torn and soiled with the child's rude play, made a picture of her just as perfect. Pearl's aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant-baby, and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself,—it would have been no longer Pearl!

One peculiarity of the child's deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed, in her life, was—what?—not the mother's smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint embryo smile of the little mouth, remembered so doubtfully afterwards, and with such fond discussion whether it were indeed a smile. By no means! But that first object of which Pearl seemed to become aware was—shall we say it?—the scarlet letter on Hester's bosom! One day, as the mother stooped over the cradle, the infant's eyes had been caught by the glimmering of the gold embroidery about the letter; and, putting up her little hand, she grasped at it, smiling, not doubtfully, but with a decided gleam, that gave her face the look of a much older child. Then, gasping for breath, did Hester Prynne clutch the fatal token, instinctively endeavoring to tear it away; so infinite was the torture inflicted by the intelligent touch of Pearl's baby-hand. Again, as if her mother's agonized gesture were meant only to make sport of her, did little Pearl look into her eyes, and smile! From that epoch, except when the child was asleep, Hester had never felt a moment's safety; not a moment's calm enjoyment of her. Weeks, it is true, would sometimes elapse, during which Pearl's gaze might never once be fixed upon the scarlet letter; but then, again, it would come at unawares, like the stroke of sudden death, and always with that peculiar smile and odd expression of the eyes.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

HOW various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, traveling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. All people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure.

And now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick, fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far-distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is riding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseem a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY LIFE.

(FROM AMERICAN NOTE BOOKS.)

SALEM, Oct. 4th.

Union Street, [*Family Mansion.*]

. . . Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales,—many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all,—at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener

I was happy,—at least, as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by, the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth,—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice,—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth, and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream,—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. . .

When we shall be endowed with our spiritual bodies, I think that they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance in no time at all, and transfuse them, warm and fresh, into the consciousness of those whom we love. . . . But, after all, perhaps it is not wise to intermix fantastic ideas with the reality of affection. Let us content ourselves to be earthly creatures, and hold communion of spirit in such modes as are ordained to us.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF AMERICA."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is to-day one of the best known and most beloved of American authors. He is also a lecturer of note. He has probably addressed as many audiences as any man in America. His work as a preacher, as a historian and as a story-teller, entitles him to fame; but his life has also been largely devoted to the formation of organizations to better the moral, social and educational conditions of the young people of his own and other lands. Recently he has been deeply interested in the great Chatauqua movement, which he has done much to develop.

His name is a household word in American homes, and the keynote of his useful life may be expressed by the motto of one of his most popular books, "Ten Times One is Ten:"—"Look up and not down! Look forward and not backward! Look out and not in! Lend a hand!"

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839, at the age of seventeen years. He took a post graduate course for two years in a Latin school and read theology and church history. It was in 1842 that he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. During the winter of 1844–45 he served a church in Washington, but removed the next year to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he remained for ten years. In 1856 he was called to the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Boston, which he has served for more than three decades.

When a boy young Hale learned to set type in his father's printing office, and afterwards served on the "Daily Advertiser," it is said, in every capacity from reporter up to editor-in-chief. Before he was twenty-one years old he wrote a large part of the "Monthly Chronicle" and "Boston Miscellany," and from that time to the present has done an immense amount of newspaper and magazine work. He at one time edited the "Christian Examiner" and also the "Sunday School Gazette." He founded a magazine entitled "The Old and the New" in 1869, which was afterwards merged into "Scribner's Monthly." In 1866 he began the publication of "Lend a Hand, a Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity."

As a writer of short stories, no man of modern times, perhaps, is his superior, if indeed he has any equals. "My Double and How He Undid Me," published in 1859, was the first of his works to strike strongly the popular fancy; but it was "The Man Without a Country," issued in 1863, which entitled its author to a prom-

inent place among the classic short story-tellers of America, and produced a deep impression on the public mind. His "Skeleton in a Closet" followed in 1866; and, since that time his prolific pen has sent forth in the form of books and magazine articles, a continuous stream of the most entertaining literature in our language. He has the faculty of De Foe in giving to his stories the appearance of reality, and thus has gained for himself the title of "The Robinson Crusoe of America."

Mr. Hale is also an historical writer and a student of great attainment, and has contributed many papers of rare value to the historical and antiquarian societies of both Europe and America. He is, perhaps, the greatest of all living authorities on Spanish-American affairs. He is the editor of "Original Documents from the State Paper Office, London, and the British Museum; illustrating the History of Sir Walter Raleigh's First American Colony at Jamestown," and other historical works.

Throughout his life, Mr. Hale has always taken a patriotic interest in public affairs for the general good of the nation. While he dearly loves his native New England hills, his patriotism is bounded by no narrow limits; it is as wide as his country. His voice is always the foremost among those raised in praise or in defence of our national institutions and our liberties. His influence has always been exerted to make men and women better citizens and better Americans.

LOST.*

(FROM "PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS.")

BUT as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Any way she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterwards she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile from camp. As soon as they missed her—and by this time they had missed her—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails—which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink—would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken

* Copyright, Roberts Bros.

by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry-march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry-beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl!"—

WM. DEAN HOWELLS.

(THE REALISTIC NOVELIST OF AMERICA.)

THE West has contributed many notable men to our nation within the last half of the present century. There seems to be something in the spirit of that developing section to stimulate the aspirations and ambitions of those who grow up in its atmosphere. Progress, Enterprise, "Excelsior" are the three words written upon its banner as the motto for the sons of the middle West. It is there we go for many of our leading statesmen. Thence we draw our presidents more largely than from any other section, and the world of modern literature is also seeking and finding its chiefest leaders among the sons and daughters of that region. True they are generally transplanted to the Eastern centres of publication and commercial life, but they were born and grew up in the West.

Notably among the examples which might be cited, we mention William Dean Howells, one of the greatest of modern American novelists, who was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1st, 1837. Mr. Howells did not enjoy the advantage of a collegiate education. At twelve years of age he began to set type in his father's printing office, which he followed until he reached manhood, employing his odd time in writing articles and verses for the newspapers, and while quite young did editorial work for a leading daily in Cincinnati. At the age of twenty-one, in 1858, he became the editor of the "Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. Two years later he published in connection with John James Piatt a small volume of verse entitled "Poems of two Friends." These youthful effusions were marked by that crystal like clearness of thought, grace and artistic elegance of expression which characterize his later writings. Mr. Howells came prominently before the public in 1860 by publishing a carefully written and most excellent "Life of Abraham Lincoln" which was extensively sold and read during that most exciting presidential campaign, and no doubt contributed much to the success of the candidate. Mr. Lincoln, in furnishing data for this work, became well acquainted with the young author of twenty-three and was so impressed with his ability in grasping and discussing state affairs, and good sense generally, that he appointed him as cousul to Venice.

During four years' residence in that city Mr. Howells, in addition to his official duties, learned the Italian language and studied its literature. He also here gathered the material for two books, "Venitian Life" and "Italian Journeys." He arranged for the publication of the former in London as he passed through that city in 1865 on his way home. The latter was brought out in America on his return,

appearing in 1867. Neither of these works are novels. "Venetian Life" is a delightful description of the manners and customs of real life in Venice. "Italian Journeys" is a charming portrayal—almost a kinetoscopic view—of his journey from Venice to Rome by the roundabout way of Genoa and Naples, with a visit to Pompeii and Herculaneum, including artistic etchings of notable scenes.

The first attempt of Mr. Howells at story-telling, "Their Wedding Journey," appeared in 1871. This, while ranking as a novel, was really a description of an actual bridal tour across New York. "A Chance Acquaintance" (1873) was a more complete novel, but evidently it was a venture of the imagination upon ground that had proven fruitful in real life. It was modeled after "The Wedding Journey," but described a holiday season spent in journeying up the St. Lawrence River, stopping at Quebec and Saguenay.

Since 1874 Mr. Howells has published one or more novels annually, among which are the following: "A Foregone Conclusion" (1874), "A Counterfeit Presentment" (1877), "The Lady of the Aroostook" (1878), "The Undiscovered Country" (1880), "A Fearful Responsibility" (1882), "A Modern Instance" and "Dr. Breen's Practice" (1883), "A Woman's Reason" (1884), "Tuscan Cities" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885), "The Minister's Charge" and "Indian Summer" (1886), "April Hopes" (1887), "Annie Kilburn" (1888), "Hazard of New Fortune" (1889). Since 1890 Mr. Howells has continued his literary activity with increased, rather than abating, energy. Among his noted later novels are "A Traveler from Altruria" and "The Landlord at Lion's Head" (the latter issued in 1897). Other notable books of his are "Stops at Various Quills," "My Literary Passion," "Library of Universal Adventure," "Modern Italian Poets," "Christmas Every Day" and "A Boy's Town," the two last mentioned being for juvenile readers, with illustrations.

Mr. Howells' accurate attention to details gives to his stories a most realistic flavor, making his books seem rather photographic than artistic. He shuns imposing characters and thrilling incidents, and makes much of interesting people and ordinary events in our social life. A broad grasp of our national characteristics and an intimate acquaintance with our institutions gives him a facility in producing minute studies of certain aspects of society and types of character, which no other writer in America has approached. For instance, his "Undiscovered Country" was an exhaustive study and presentation of spiritualism, as it is witnessed and taught in New England. And those who admire Mr. Howells' writings will find in "The Landlord at Lion's Head" a clear-cut statement of the important sociological problem yet to be solved, upon the other; which problem is also characteristic of other of his books. Thoughtful readers of Mr. Howells' novels gain much information on vital questions of society and government, which broaden the mind and cannot fail to be of permanent benefit.

From 1872 to 1881 Mr. Howells was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and since 1886 he has conducted the department known as the "Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine," contributing much to other periodicals at the same time. He is also well known as a poet, but has so overshadowed this side of himself by his greater power as a novelist, that he is placed with that class of writers. In 1873 a collection of his poems was published. While in Venice he wrote "No Love Lost; a Romance of Travel," which was published in 1869, and stamped him as a poet of ability.

THE FIRST BOARDER.

(FROM "THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD." 1897.)

By Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

THE table was set for him alone, and it affected him as if the family had been hurried away from it that he might have it to himself. Everything was very simple; the iron forks had two prongs; the knives bone handles; the dull glass was pressed; the heavy plates and cups were white, but so was the cloth, and all were clean. The woman brought in a good boiled dinner of corned beef, potatoes, turnips and carrots, from the kitchen, and a teapot, and said something about having kept them hot on the stove for him; she brought him a plate of biscuit fresh from the oven; then she said to the boy, "You come out and have your dinner with me, Jeff," and left the guest to make his meal unmolested.

The room was square, with two north windows that looked down the lane he had climbed to the house. An open door led into the kitchen in an ell, and a closed door opposite probably gave access to a parlor or a ground-floor chamber. The windows were darkened down to the lower sash by green paper shades; the walls were papered in a pattern of brown roses; over the chimney hung a large picture, a life-size pencil-drawing of two little girls, one slightly older and slightly larger than the other, each with round eyes and precise ringlets, and with her hand clasped in the other's hand.

The guest seemed helpless to take his gaze from it, and he sat fallen back in his chair gazing at it, when the woman came in with a pie.

"Thank you, I believe I don't want any dessert," he said. "The fact is, the dinner was so good that I haven't left any room for pie. Are those your children?"

"Yes," said the woman, looking up at the picture with the pie in her hand. "They're the last two I lost."

"Oh, excuse me!" the guest began.

"It's the way they appear in the spirit life. It's a spirit picture."

"Oh! I thought there was something strange about it."

"Well, it's a good deal like the photographs we had taken about a year before they died. It's a good likeness. They say they don't change a great deal, at first."

She seemed to refer the point to him for his judgment; but he answered wide of it:

"I came up here to paint your mountain, if you don't mind, Mrs. Durgin—Lion's Head, I mean."

"Oh, yes. Well I don't know as we could stop you, if you wanted to take it away." A spare glimmer lighted up her face.

The painter rejoined in kind. "The town might have something to say, I suppose."

"Not if you was to leave a good piece of intervale in place of it. We've got mountains to spare."

"Well, then, that's arranged. What about a week's board?"

"I guess you can stay, if you're satisfied."

"I'll be satisfied if I can stay. How much do you want?"

The woman looked down, probably with an inward anxiety between the fear of asking too much and the folly of asking too little. She said, tentatively, "Some of the folks that come over from the hotels say they pay as much as twenty dollars a week."

"But you don't expect hotel prices?"

"I don't know as I do. We've never had any body before."

The stranger relaxed the frown he had put on at the greed of her suggestion; it might have come from ignorance or mere innocence, "I'm in the habit of paying five dollars for farm board, where I stayed several week's. What do you say to seven for a single week?"

"I guess that'll do," said the woman, and she went out with the pie, which she had kept in her hand.

IMPRESSIONS ON VISITING POMPEII.*

FROM "ITALIAN JOURNEYS." 1867.

THE cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred: happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dream-land forever. O marvellous city! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life,—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other! What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw in Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow, and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden-spaces with pygmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescos; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiæ; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven; these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest. For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii. . . .

THE HOUSES OF POMPEII AND THEIR PAINTED WALLS.

From "Italian Journeys."

The plans of nearly all the houses in the city are alike: the entrance-room next the door; the parlor or drawing-room next that; then the *impluvium*, or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively, as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the *impluvium*, and, at last, the dining-room.

* * * * * * * *

After referring to the frescos on the walls that have remained for nearly two thousand years and the wonder of the art by which they were produced, Mr. Howells thus continues:

Of course the houses of the rich were adorned by men of talent; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands. The subjects are nearly always chosen from the fables of the gods, and they are in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii, the themes are commonly amorous, and sometimes not too chaste: there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, much of Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs,—not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict. One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses, of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in an attitude of ineffable and flattered importance, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally, the painter has done his best for the victress in this rivalry, and you see

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,"

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

"And I beheld great Here's angry eyes."

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Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all these pagan frescos is the mystery of the eyes,—still, beautiful, unhuman. You cannot believe that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and so unconscious in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly. I know of no words in literature which give a *sense* (nothing gives the idea) of the *stare* of these gods, except that magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up and their eyes

"Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols."

VENETIAN VAGABONDS.*

(FROM "VENETIAN LIFE." 1867.)

THE lasagnone is a loafer, as an Italian can be a loafer, without the admixture of ruffianism, which blemishes lost loafers of northern race. He may be quite worthless, and even impertinent, but he cannot be a rowdy—that pleasing blossom on the nose of our fast, high-fed, thick-blooded civilization. In Venice he must not be confounded with other loiterers at the café; not with the natty people who talk politics interminably over little cups of black coffee; not with those old habitués, who sit forever under the Procuratie, their hands folded upon the top of their sticks, and stare at the ladies who pass with a curious steadfastness and knowing skepticism of gaze, not pleasing in the dim eyes of age; certainly, the last persons who bear any likeness to the lasagnone are the Germans, with their honest, heavy faces comically anglicized by leg-of-mutton whiskers. The truth is, the lasagnone does not flourish in the best café; he comes to perfection in cheaper resorts, for he is commonly not rich.

It often happens that a glass of water, flavored with a little anisette, is the order over which he sits a whole evening. He knows the waiter intimately, and does not call him "Shop!" (Bottéga) as less familiar people do, but Gigi, or Beppi, as the waiter is pretty sure to be named. "Behold!" he says, when the servant places his modest drink before him, "who is that loveliest blonde there?" Or to his fellow-lasagnone: "She regards me! I have broken her heart!" This is his sole business and mission, the cruel lasagnone—to break the ladies' hearts. He spares no condition—neither rank nor wealth is any defence against him. I often wonder what is in that note he continually shows to his friend. The confession of some broken heart, I think. When he has folded it and put it away, he chuckles, "Ah, cara!" and sucks at his long, slender Virginia cigar. It is unlighted, for fire consumes cigars. I never see him read the papers—neither the Italian papers nor the Parisian journals, though if he can get "Galignani" he is glad, and he likes to pretend to a knowledge of English, uttering upon the occasion, with great relish, such distinctively English words as "Yes" and "Not," and to the waiter, "A-little-fire-if-you-please." He sits very late in the café, he touches his hat—his curly French hat—to the company as he goes out with a mild swagger, his cane held lightly in his left hand, his coat cut snugly to show his hips, and genteely swaying with the motion of his body. He is a dandy, of course—all Italians are dandies—but his vanity is perfectly harmless, and his heart is not bad. He would go half an hour to put you in the direction of the Piazza. A little thing can make him happy—to stand in the pit at the opera, and gaze at the ladies in the lower boxes—to attend the Marionette or the Malibran Theatre, and imperil the peace of pretty seamstresses and contadinas—to stand at the church doors and ogle the fair saints as they pass out. Go, harmless lasagnone, to thy lodging in some mysterious height, and break hearts if thou wilt. They are quickly mended.

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GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR."

THERE is an old adage which declares "without fame or fortune at forty, without fame or fortune always." This, however is not invariably true. Hawthorne became famous when he wrote "Scarlet Letter" at forty-six, Sir Walter Scott produced the first Waverly Novel after he was forty; and we find another exception in the case of the soldier author who is made the subject of this sketch. Perhaps no writer of modern times has gained so wide a reputation on so few books or began his literary career so late in life as the author of "The Fair God;" "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India." It was not until the year 1873 that General Lewis Wallace at the age of forty-six became known to literature. Prior to this he had filled the double position of lawyer and soldier, and it was his observations and experiences in the Mexican War, no doubt, which inspired him to write "The Fair God," his first book, which was a story of the conquest of that country.

Lew. Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. After receiving a common school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered in the army as a lieutenant in an Indiana company. On his return from the war, in 1848, he took up the practice of his profession in his native state and also served in the legislature. Near the beginning of the Civil War he became colonel of a volunteer regiment. His military service was of such a character that he received special mention from General Grant for meritorious conduct and was made major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service when the war closed in 1865 and resumed his practice of law at his old home in Crawfordsville. In 1873, as stated above, his first book, "The Fair God," was published; but it met with only moderate success. In 1878, General Wallace was made Territorial Governor of Utah and in 1880, "Ben Hur; a Tale of The Christ" appeared. The scene was laid in the East and displayed such a knowledge of the manners and customs of that country and people that General Garfield—that year elected President—considered its author a fitting person for the Turkish Ministry, and accordingly, in 1881, he was appointed to that position. It is said that when President Garfield gave General Wallace his appointment, he wrote the words "Ben Hur" across the corner of the document, and, as Wallace was coming away from his visit of acknowledgement at the White House, the President put his arm over his friend's shoulder and said, "I expect another book out of you. Your duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate the scene in

Constantinople." This suggestion was, no doubt, General Wallace's reason for writing "The Prince of India," which was published in 1890 and is the last book issued by its author. He had in the mean time, however, published "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888).

None of the other books of the author have been so popular or reached the great success attained by "Ben Hur," which has had the enormous sale of nearly one-half million copies without at any time being forced upon the market in the form of a cheap edition. It is remarkable also to state that the early circulation of "Ben Hur," while it was appreciated by a certain class, was too small to warrant the author in anticipating the fortune which he afterwards harvested from this book. Before General Wallace was made Minister to Turkey, the book-sellers bought it in quantities of two, three or a dozen at a time, and it was not until President Garfield had honored the author with this significent portfolio that the trade commenced to call for it in thousand lots.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.*

(FROM "BEN HUR." 1880.)

THE head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with long hair and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom, if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusually to the latter type, and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair and the softness of the beard, which fell in waves over His throat to His breast, never a soldier but would have laughed at Him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in Him at sight, never a child that would not, with quick instinct, have given Him its hand and whole artless trust, nor might any one have said He was not beautiful.

The features, it should be further said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity or sorrow, though, in better speech, it was a blending of them all—a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one could have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love, sorrow, pity—are the results of a consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do; such has been the might of martyrs and devotees and the myriads written down in saintly calendars; and such, indeed, was the air of this one.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA TEACHES REINCARNATION.*

(FROM THE "PRINCE OF INDIA." 1890.)

"THE Holy Father of Light and Life," the speaker went on, after a pause referable to his consummate knowledge of men, "has sent His Spirit down to the world, not once, merely, or unto one people, but repeatedly, in ages sometimes near together, sometimes wide apart, and to races diverse, yet in every instance remarkable for genius."

There was a murmur at this, but he gave it no time.

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"Ask you now how I could identify the Spiritt so as to be able to declare to you solemnly, as I do in fear of God, that in several repeated appearances of which I speak it was the very same Spirit? How do you know the man you met at set of sun yesterday was the man you saluted and had salute from this morning? Well, I tell you the Father has given the Spirit features by which it may be known—features distinct as those of the neighbors nearest you there at your right and left hands. Wherever in my reading Holy Books, like these, I hear of a man, himself a shining example of righteousness, teaching God and the way to God; by those signs I say to my soul: 'Oh, the Spirit, the Spirit! Blessed in the man appointed to carry it about!'"

Again the murmur, but again he passed on.

"The Spirit dwelt in the Holy of Holies set apart for it in the Tabernacle; yet no man ever saw it here, a thing of sight. The soul is not to be seen; still less is the Spirit of the Most High; or if one did see it, its brightness would kill him. In great mercy, therefore, it has come and done its good works in the world veiled; now in one form, now in another; at one time, a voice in the air; at another, a vision in sleep; at another, a burning bush; at another, an angel; at another, a descending dove"—

"Bethabara!" shouted a cowled brother, tossing both hands up.

"Be quiet!" the Patriarch ordered.

"Thus always when its errand was of quick despatch," the Prince continued. "But if its coming were for residence on earth, then its habit has been to adopt a man for its outward form, and enter into him, and speak by him; such was Moses, such Elijah, such were all the Prophets, and such"—he paused, then exclaimed shrilly—"such was Jesus Christ!"

THE PRAYER OF THE WANDERING JEW.*

(FROM THE "PRINCE OF INDIA.")

GOD of Israel—my God!" he said, in a tone hardly more than speaking to himself. "These about me, my fellow-creatures, pray thee in the hope of life, I pray thee in the hope of death. I have come up from the sea, and the end was not there; now I will go into the Desert in search of it. Or if I must live, Lord, give me the happiness there is in serving thee.

"Thou hast need of instruments of good: let me henceforth be one of them, that by working for thy honor, I may at last enjoy the peace of the blessed—Amen."

DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.*

(FROM "THE FAIR GOD.")

THE king turned his pale face and fixed his gazing eyes upon the conqueror; and such power was there in the look that the latter added, with softening manner, "What I can do for thee I will do. I have always been thy true friend."

"O Malinche, I hear you, and your words make dying easy," answered Montezuma, smiling faintly.

With an effort he sought Cortes' hand, and looking at Acatlan and Tecalco, continued:

"Let me intrust these women and their children to you and your lord. Of all that which was mine but now is yours—lands, people, empire,—enough to save them from want and shame were small indeed. Promise me; in the hearing of all these, promise, Malinche."

Taint of anger was there no longer on the soul of the great Spaniard.

"Rest thee, good king!" he said, with feeling. "Thy queens and their children shall be my wards. In the hearing of all these, I so swear."

The listener smiled again; his eyes closed, his hand fell down; and so still was he that they began

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to think him dead. Suddenly he stirred, and said faintly, but distinctly,—

"Nearer, uncles, nearer." The old men bent over him, listening.

"A message to Guatamozin,—to whom I give my last thought, as king. Say to him, that this lingering in death is no fault of his; the aim was true, but the arrow splintered upon leaving the bow. And lest the world hold him to account for my blood, hear me say, all of you, that I bade him do what he did.

And in sign that I love him, take my sceptre, and give it to him—"

His voice fell away, yet the lips moved; lower the accents stooped,—

"Tula and the empire go with the sceptre," he murmured, and they were his last words,—his will. A wail from the women pronounced him dead.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRGIN MARY.*

(FROM "BEN HUR.")

SHE was not more than fifteen. Her form, voice and manner belonged to the period of transition from girlhood. Her face was perfectly oval, her complexion more pale than fair. The nose was faultless; the lips, slightly parted, were full and ripe, giving to the lines of the mouth warmth, tenderness and trust; the eyes were blue and large, and shaded by drooping lids and long lashes, and, in harmony with all, a flood of golden hair, in the style permitted to Jewish brides, fell unconfined down her back to the pillion on which she sat. The throat and neck had the downy softness sometimes seen which leaves the artist in doubt whether it is an effect of contour or color. To these charms of feature and person were added others more indefinable—an air of purity which only the soul can impart, and of abstraction natural to such as think much of things impalpable. Often, with trembling lips, she raised her eyes to heaven, itself not more deeply blue; often she crossed her hands upon her breast, as in adoration and prayer; often she raised her head like one listening eagerly for a calling voice. Now and then, midst his slow utterances, Joseph turned to look at her, and, catching the expression kindling her face as with light, forgot his theme, and with bowed head, wondering, plodded on.

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EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY."

HERDER says with truth that "one's whole life is but the interpretation of the oracles of his childhood," and those who are familiar with the writings of Edward Eggleston see in his pictures of country life in the Hoosier State the interpretation and illustration of his own life with its peculiar environment in "the great interior valley" nearly a half-century ago. The writers who have interpreted for us and for future generations the life and the characteristic manners which prevailed in the days when our country was new and the forests were yielding to give place to growing cities and expanding farms have done a rare and peculiar service, and those sections which have found expression through the genius and gifts of novelist or poet are highly favored above all others.

Edward Eggleston has always counted it a piece of good-fortune to have been born in a small village of Southern Indiana, for he believes that the formative influences of such an environment, the intimate knowledge of simple human nature, the close acquaintance with nature in woods and field and stream, and the sincere and earnest tone of the religious atmosphere which he breathed all through his youth, are better elements of culture than a city life could have furnished.

He was born in 1837 in Vevay , Indiana, and his early life was spent amid the "noble scenery" on the banks of the Ohio River. His father died while he was a young boy, and he himself was too delicate to spend much time at school, so that he is a shining example of those who move up the inclined plane of self-culture and self-improvement.

As he himself has forcefully said, through his whole life two men have struggled within him for the ascendency, the religious devotee and the literary man. His early training was "after the straitest sect of his religion"—the fervid Methodism of fifty years ago, and he was almost morbidly scrupulous as a boy, not even allowing himself to read a novel, though from this early period he always felt in himself a future literary career, and the teacher who corrected his compositions naively said to him: "I have marked your composition very severely because you are destined to become an author."

At first the religious element in his nature decidedly held sway and he devoted himself to the ministry, mounting a horse and going forth with his saddle-bags as a circuit preacher in a circuit of ten preaching places. This was followed by a still harder experience in the border country of Minnesota, where in moccasins he

tramped from town to town preaching to lumbermen and living on a meagre pittance, eating crackers and cheese, often in broken health and expecting an early death.

But even this earnest life of religious devotion and sacrifice was interspersed with attempts at literary work and he wrote a critical essay on "Beranger and his Songs" while he was trying to evangelize the red-shirted lumbermen of St. Croix. It was in such life and amid such experiences that Eggleston gained his keen knowledge of human nature which has been the delight and charm of his books.

He began his literary career as associate editor of the "Little Corporal" at Evanston, Illinois, in 1866, and in 1870 he rose to the position of literary editor of the New York "Independent," of which he was for a time superintending editor. For five years, from 1874 to 1879, he was pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn, but failing health compelled him to retire, and he made his home at "Owl's Nest," on Lake George, where he has since devoted himself to literary work.

His novels depict the rural life of Southern Indiana, and his own judgment upon them is as follows: "I should say that what distinguishes my novels from other works of fiction is the prominence which they give to social conditions; that the individual characters are here treated to a greater degree than elsewhere as parts of a study of a society, as in some sense the logical result of the environment. Whatever may be the rank assigned to these stories as works of literary art, they will always have a certain value as materials for the student of social history."

His chief novels and stories are the following: "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick" (Chicago, 1869); "The Hoosier School-master" (New York, 1871);" "End of the World" (1872); "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873); "The Circuit Rider" (1874); "School-master's Stories for Boys and Girls" (1874); and "The Hoosier School-boy" (1883). He has written in connection with his daughter an interesting series of biographical tales of famous American Indians, and during these later years of his life he has largely devoted himself to historical work which has had an attraction for him all his life.

In his historical work as in his novels he is especially occupied with the evolution of society. His interest runs in the line of unfolding the history of life and development rather than in giving mere facts of political history.

His chief works in this department are: "Household History of the United States and its People" (New York, 1893); and "The Beginners of a Nation" (New York, 1897).

Though possessed of a weak and ailing body and always on the verge of invalidism, he has done the work of a strong man. He has always preserved his deep and earnest religious and moral tone, but he has woven with it a joyous and genuine humor which has warmed the hearts of his many readers.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.*

(FROM "THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER." (ORANGE JUDD CO., PUBLISHERS.)

EVERY family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoophole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoophole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging.

The squire came to the front.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happyfying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do raley. The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt for his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide who should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice: "And *I* take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks,

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found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long before Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain of the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could neither catch a ball well nor bat well. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of Bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—he was "a hoss." The genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could spell "like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoophole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is. Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose; it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsy Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well-known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was a buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if they could "see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AUTHOR OF "IN OLE VIRGINIA."

AN old adage declares it "an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and certainly the world may take whatever consolation it can find out of the fact that the long and bloody war between the North and South has at least afforded the opportunity for certain literary men and women to rise upon the ruins which it wrought, and win fame to themselves as well as put money in their purses by embalming in literature the story of times and social conditions that now exist only in the history of the past.

Thomas Nelson Page was born in Oakland, Hanover county, Virginia, on the twenty-third day of April, 1853, consequently, he was only eight years old when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and, during the imaginative period of the next few years, he lived in proximity to the battle fields of the most fiercely contested struggles of the war. His earliest recollections were of the happiest phases of life on the old slave plantations. That he thoroughly understands the bright side of such a life, as well as the Negro character and dialect, is abundantly established by the charming books which he has given to the world.

His childhood was passed on the estate which was a part of the original grant of his maternal ancestor, General Thomas Nelson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, for whom he was named. His early education was received in the neighborhood "subscription" schools (there were no free public schools in the South at that time), and at the hand of a gentle old aunt of whom Mr. Page tells in one of his stories. The war interfered with his regular studies but filled his mind with a knowledge schools cannot give, and, as stated above, it was out of this knowledge that his stories have grown. After the war, young Page entered the Washington and Lee University and later studied law, taking his degree in this branch from the University of Virginia, in 1874, and after graduating, practiced his profession in Richmond, Virginia, until 1884, when his first story of Virginia life "Marse Chan," a tale of the Civil War, was printed in the "Century Magazine." He had previously written dialectic poetry, but the above story was his first decided success, and attracted such wide attention that he forsook law for literature. In 1887, a volume of his stories was brought out under the title "In Ole Virginia," which was followed in 1888 by "Befo' de War; Echoes in Negro Dialect," which was written in colaboration with Mr. A. C. Gordon. The next year a story for boys entitled, "Two Little Confederates," appeared in the "St. Nicholas Magazine," and was afterward



POPULAR AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

published in book form. A companion volume to this is "Among the Camps or Young People's Stories of the War."

Mr. Page has been a frequent contributor to the current magazines for many years, and has also lectured extensively throughout the country. In 1897 he went abroad for a tour of England and the Continent of Europe. It is announced that on his return he will issue a new novel which we understand, he has been engaged upon for some time and expects to make the most pretentious work of his life up to this date.

OLD SUE.*

(FROM "PASTIME STORIES.")

JUST on the other side of Ninth Street, outside of my office window, was the stand of Old Sue, the "tug-mule" that pulled the green car around the curve from Main Street to Ninth and up the hill to Broad. Between her and the young bow-legged negro that hitched her on, drove her up, and brought her back down the hill for the next car, there always existed a peculiar friendship. He used to hold long conversations with her, generally upbraiding her in that complaining tone with opprobrious terms which the negroes employ, which she used to take meekly. At times he petted her with his arm around her neck, or teased her, punching her in the ribs and walking about around her quarters, ostentatiously disregardful of her switching stump of a tail, backed ears, and uplifted foot, and threatening her with all sorts of direful punishment if she "jis dyarred to tetch" him.

"Kick me—heah, kick me; I jis dyah you to lay you' foot 'g'inst me," he would say, standing defiantly against her as she appeared about to let fly at him. Then he would seize her with a guffaw. Or at times, coming down the hill, he would "hall off" and hit her, and "take out" with her at his heels her long furry ears backed, and her mouth wide open as if she would tear him to pieces; and just as she nearly caught him he would come to a stand and wheel around, and she would stop dead, and then walk on by him as sedately as if she were in a harrow. In all the years of their association she never failed him; and she never failed to fling herself on the collar, rounding the sharp curve at Ninth, and to get the car up the difficult turn.

Last fall, however, the road passed into new hands, and the management changed the old mules on the line, and put on a lot of new and green horses. It happened to be a dreary, rainy day in November when the first new team was put in. They came along about three o'clock. Old Sue had been standing out in the pouring rain all day with her head bowed, and her stubby tail tucked in, and her black back dripping. She had never failed nor faltered. The tug-boy in an old rubber suit and battered tarpauling hat, had been out also, his coat shining with the wet. He and old Sue appeared to mind it astonishingly little. The gutters were running brimming full, and the cobble-stones were wet and slippery. The street cars were crowded inside and out, the wretched people on the platforms vainly trying to shield themselves with umbrellas held sideways. It was late in the afternoon when I first observed that there was trouble at the corner. I thought at first that there was an accident, but soon found that it was due to a pair of new, balking horses in a car. Old Sue was hitched to the tug, and was doing her part faithfully; finally she threw her weight on the collar, and by sheer strength bodily dragged the car, horses and all, around the curve and on up the straight track, until the horses, finding themselves moving, went off with a rush, I saw the tug-boy shake his head with pride, and heard him give a whoop of triumph. The next car went up all right; but the next had a new team, and the same thing occurred. The streets were like glass; the new horses got to slipping and balking, and old Sue had to drag them up as she did before. From this time it went from bad to worse: the rain changed to sleet, and the curve at Ninth became a stalling-place for every car.

* Copyright, Harper & Bros.

Finally, just at dark, there was a block there, and the cars piled up. I intended to have taken a car on my way home, but finding it stalled, I stepped into my friend Polk Miller's drug-store, just on the corner, to get a cigar and to keep warm. I could see through the blurred glass of the door the commotion going on just outside, and could hear the shouts of the driver and of the tug-boy mingled with the clatter of horses' feet as they reared and jumped, and the cracks of the tug-boy's whip as he called to Sue, "Git up, Sue, git up, Sue." Presently, I heard a shout, and then the tones changed, and things got quiet.

A minute afterwards the door slowly opened, and the tug-boy came in limping, his old hat pushed back on his head, and one leg of his wet trousers rolled up to his knee, showing about four inches of black, ashy skin, which he leaned over and rubbed as he walked. His wet face wore a scowl, half pain, half anger. "Mist' Miller, kin I use you' telephone?" he asked, surlily. (The company had the privilege of using it by courtesy.)

"Yes; there 'tis."

He limped up, and still rubbing his leg with one hand, took the 'phone off the hook with the other and put it to his ear.

"Hello, central—hello! Please gimme fo' hund' an' sebenty-three on three sixt'-fo'—fo' hund' an' sebent'-three on three sixt'-fo'.

"Hello! Suh? Yas, suh; fo' hund' an' sebent'-three on three sixt'-fo'. *Street-car stables* on three sixt'-fo'. Hello! Hello! Hello! Dat you, street-car stables? Hello! Yas. Who dat? Oh! Dat you, Mist' Mellerdin? Yas, suh; yes, suh; Jim; *Jim;* dis Jim. G-i-m, Jim. Yas, suh: whar drive Ole Sue, in Mist' Polk Miller' drug-sto'—. Yas, suh. 'Matter'?—Ole Sue—she done tu'n fool; done gone 'stracted. I can't do nuttin' 'tall wid her. She ain' got no sense. She oon pull a poun'. Suh? Yas, suh. Nor, suh. Yas, suh. Nor, suh; I done try ev'ything. I done beg her, done cuss her, done whup her mos' to death. She ain' got no reasonment. She oon do nuttin'. She done haul off, an' leetle mo' knock my brains out; she done kick me right 'pon meh laig—'pon my right laig." (He stooped over and rubbed it again at the reflection.) "Done bark it all up. Suh? Yas, suh. Tell nine o'clock? Yas, suh; reckon so; 'll try it leetle longer. Yas, suh; yas, suh. Good-night—good-bye!"

He hung the 'phone back on the hook, stooped and rolled down the leg of his breeches. "Thankee, Mist' Miller! Good-night."

He walked to the door, and opened it. As he passed slowly out, without turning his head, he said, as if to himself, but to be heard by us, "I wish I had a hundred an' twenty-five dollars. I boun' I'd buy dat durned ole mule, an' cut her dog-goned th'oat."

EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

AUTHOR OF "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY."

MR. ROE is not considered as one of the strongest of American novelists; but that he was one of the most popular among the masses of the people, from 1875 to the time of his death, goes without saying. His novels were of a religious character, and while they were doubtless lacking in the higher arts of the fictionist, he invariably told an interesting story and pointed a healthy moral. "Barriers Burned Away" is, perhaps, his best novel, and it has been declared by certain critics to be at once one of the most vivid portrayals and correct pictures of the great Chicago fire that occurred in 1871 which has up to this time been written.

Edward Payson Roe was born at New Windsor, New York, in 1838, and died, when fifty years of age, at Cornwall, the same State, in 1888. He was being educated at Williams College, but had to leave before graduating owing to an affection of the eyes. In consequence of his literary work, however, the college in after years gave him the degree of A. B. In 1862, he volunteered his services in the army and served as chaplain throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, New York. In 1874 he resigned his pastorate, and, to the time of his death, gave himself to literature and to the cultivation of a small fruit farm.

Other works of this author, after "Barriers Burned Away," are "Play and Profit in my Garden" (1873); "What Can She Do?" (1873); "Opening a Chestnut Burr" (1874); "From Jest to Earnest" (1875); "Near to Nature's Heart" (1876); "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" (1877); "A Face Illumined" (1878); "A Day of Fate" (1880); "Success with Small Fruits" (1880); "Without a Home" (1880); "His Sombre Rivals" (1883); "A Young Girl's Wooing" (1884); "Nature's Serial Story" (1884); "An Original Belle" (1885); "Driven Back to Eden" (1885); "He Fell in Love with His Wife" (1886); "The Earth Trembled" (1887); "Miss Lou" (1888); "The Home Acre" (1889) and "Taken Alive" (1889), the two last mentioned being published after the death of the author.

CHRISTINE, AWAKE FOR YOUR LIFE!*

FOR a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing, perhaps, in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperiled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled underfoot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous, writhing mass of humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side. Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable, if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But, after the clatter died away, there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. . . .

There was no time for sentiment. He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping-apartment. Going through the passage, he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. . . .

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow; one fair, round arm, from which her night-robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

* Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph!—Christine!"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph!—O Christine, awake!" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreathe themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response. . . .

A louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate, and he roughly seized her hand.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father! father!"

Then, turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously: "Oh, spare my life! Take everything; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life!"

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated towards the door the moment she awakened; and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

"Dennis Fleet! Dennis Fleet! save my life! O ye gods, what does it all mean?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!"

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house, a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woolen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and, springing forward, he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apartment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

(OUR MOST COSMOPOLITAN NOVELIST.)

ANDREW LANG has pronounced Marion Crawford "the most versatile of modern novelists." It may also be truly said that he is the most cosmopolitan of all our American authors. One feels after reading his stories of life and society in India, Italy, England and America that the author does not belong anywhere in particular, but is rather a citizen of the world in general.

He drew from nearly every country of culture for his education, and the result is clearly apparent in his voluminous and varied works. He is one of the rare and favored few who have stumbled almost by accident upon fame and who have increased their early fame by later labors.

Marion Crawford was born in Italy in 1854. His father was a native of Ireland, a sculptor of repute, and his mother was an American, a sister of Julia Ward Howe. His father died when he was three years old, and he was put with relatives on a farm in Bordentown, N. J., where he had a French governess. At a suitable age he was sent to St. Paul's School in New Hampshire, and later he studied with a country clergyman in England. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he showed an aptitude for mathematics.

After studying in the Universities of Heidelberg, Carlesruhe and Rome, he went to India to make a thorough study of Sanscrit. Here his funds gave out and left him nearly stranded with no prospects of improvement.

Just as he was on the point of joining the Anglo-Indian army, he was offered the position of editor on the "Allahabad Herald," in an unhealthy town a thousand miles from Bombay. The work was extremely difficult and absorbing for one who had never had previous connection with a newspaper, requiring sixteen hours of daily work in a climate of excessive heat.

After resigning this position he returned to Italy and took passage on a "tramp" steamer for America. He was wrecked, after a six weeks' voyage, and thrown on the coast of Bermuda. With these varied experiences he had stored up in a fertile memory material for his numerous novels. It was his first intention to continue his Sanscrit studies at Harvard, but a circumstance of the simplest nature revealed to him and to the world his remarkable powers as a story-teller.

He has himself told how he came to write "Mr. Isaacs," his first novel.

"On May 5, 1882, Uncle Sam (Samuel Ward) asked me to dine with him at the

New York Club, which was then in the building on Madison Square now called the Madison Square bank building. We had dined rather early and were sitting in the smoking-room, while it was still light. As was natural we began to exchange stories while smoking, and I told him with a good deal of detail my recollections of an interesting man whom I had met in Sinila. When I finished he said to me, 'That is a good two-part magazine story, and you must write it out immediately.' He took me round to his apartments, and that night I began to write the story of 'Mr. Isaacs.' I kept at it from day to day, getting more and more interested in the work as I proceeded. I was so amused with the writing of it that it occurred to me that I might as well make Mr. Isaacs fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had once met, so I introduced him to still further complicate matters."

He was in Canada working on "Dr. Claudius" when "Mr. Isaacs" was issued by the publisher. When he reached Boston on his return he found the news-stands covered with posters announcing the famous story of "Mr. Isaacs," and he himself was "interviewed," and solicited by magazine publishers to give them a new story at once. "Dr. Claudius," was soon ready and though less romantic found a host of readers. His constructive powers increased as he devoted himself to his art and books came from his pen in rapid succession. In 1883 he went to Italy and in the following year he married the daughter of General Berdan and established himself in a lovely villa at Sorrento where he has since lived, writing either in his villa or on board his yacht.

His third book, a tragic tale of Roman society, is called "To Leeward." His most popular novels is the trilogy, describing the fortunes of a noble Italian family, woven in with the history of Modern Rome, from 1865 to 1887. They are in their order "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario" and "Don Orsino." This historical trilogy depicts with much power the last struggle of the papacy for temporal power.

In 1885 he issued "Zoroaster," a story of ancient Persia, with King Darius and the prophet Daniel for characters.

"Marzio's Crucifix" (1887) was written in ten days. Marion Crawford had studied silver carving with a skilful workman and the idea suggested itself to him to write a story of an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix.

"The Lonely Parish" was written in twenty-four days. The author had promised a novel at a certain date and the imperious publisher held him to his promise. He had studied with a clergyman in the little English village of Hatfield Regis, and to make his story he simply lifted that little village bodily out of his memory and put it into his novel, even to the extent of certain real names and localities. His other chief works are: "Witch of Prague" (1892), "Greifenstein," "Paul Patoff" (1887), "The Three Fates," "Katherine Lauterdale," "The Ralstones," and "Pietro Ghisleri."

HORACE BELLINGHAM.*

(FROM "DR. CLAUDIUS.")

AY, but he was a sight to do good to the souls of the hungry and thirsty, and of the poor and in misery! . . .

There are some people who turn gray, but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young because they never grow old. The poet, who, at the verge of death, said this, said it of and to this very man.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.*

(FROM "MR. ISAACS.")

THE lower Himalayas are at first extremely disappointing. The scenery is enormous but not grand, and at first hardly seems large. The lower parts are at first sight a series of gently undulating hills and wooded dells; in some places it looks as if one might almost hunt the country. It is long before you realize that it is all on a gigantic scale; that the quick-set hedges are belts of rhododendrons of full growth, the water-jumps rivers, and the stone walls mountain-ridges; that to hunt a country like that you would have to ride a horse at least two hundred feet high. You cannot see at first, or even for some time, that the gentle-looking hill is a mountain of five or six thousand feet above the level of the Rhigi Kulm in Switzerland. Persons who are familiar with the aspect of the Rocky Mountains are aware of the singular lack of dignity in those enormous elevations. They are merely big, without any superior beauty until you come to the favored spots of nature's art, where some great contrast throws into appalling relief the gulf between the high and the low. It is so in the Himalayas. You may travel for hours and days amidst vast forests and hills without the slightest sensation of pleasure or sense of admiration for the scene, till suddenly your path leads you out on to the dizzy brink of an awful precipice—a sheer fall, so exaggerated in horror that your most stirring memories of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the hideous arête of the Pitz Bernina, sink into vague insignificance. The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god; far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreamt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front, floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great golden shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of the Ajalon; too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at. The whole scene, if no greater name can be given to it, is on a scale so Titanic in its massive length and breadth and depth, that you stand utterly trembling and weak and foolish as you look for the first time. You have never seen such masses of the world before.

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FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

POPULAR among the writers of lighter fiction in modern times, who have delighted the multitudes from the realms of childhood to almost every walk of life, few authors have been more prolific and generally popular than the illustrator of "Vanity Fair" and the author of "The Lady or the Tiger."

Frank Stockton (for with the masses he is plain "Frank") was born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1834. He had the benefit of only such educational training as the public schools and the Central High School of that city afforded. Originally, his ambition was to be an engraver, and he devoted a number of years to that calling,—engraving and designing on wood for the comic paper published in New York City, before the war, under the title of "Vanity Fair." He also made pictures for other illustrated periodicals; and at the same time he also did literary and journalistic work, his first connection being with the Philadelphia "Post." In 1872 he abandoned his engraving altogether to accept an editorial position on the New York "Hearthstone," and later he joined the staff of "Scribner's Monthly," which has since been converted into the "Century Magazine." He was also made assistant editor of "St. Nicholas Magazine," when it was established in 1873, in connection with Mary Mapes Dodge, the famous child writer. In 1880 Mr. Stockton resigned his editorial position to devote himself to purely literary work. Since that time he has been before the world as a contributor to magazines on special topics and as a writer of books.

Few authors have been more industrious than Frank Stockton. During the last thirty years his fertile imagination and busy pen have contributed at least one new book almost every year, frequently two volumes and sometimes three coming out in the course of twelve months. His first published volume was a collection of stories for children issued in 1869 under the title of "Ting-a-Ling Stories." Then came "Round About Rambles;" "What Might Have Been Expected;" "Tales Out of School;" "A Jolly Fellowship;" "The Floating Prince;" "The Story of Viteau;" and "Personally Conducted." The above are all for young people and were issued between 1869 and 1889. Many now grown-up men and women look back with pleasant recollections to the happy hours spent with these books when they were boys and girls.

Of the many other volumes of novels and short stories which Mr. Stockton has written, the following are, perhaps, the best known: "Rudder Grange" (1879); "Lady or the Tiger and Other Stories" (1884); "The Late Mrs. Mull" (1886);

"The Christmas Wreck and Other Tales" (1887); "The Great War Syndicates" (1889); "Stories of Three Burglars" (1890); "The Merry Chanter" (1890); and following this came "Ardis Cloverden," and since that several other serial novels have been published in the magazines.

Mr. Stockton has also written some poetry; but he is pre-eminently a story-teller, and it is to his prose writings that he is indebted for the popularity which he enjoys. His stories are direct and clear in method and style, while their humor is quiet, picturesque and quaint.

THE END OF A CAREER.*

(FROM "THE MERRY CHANTER.")

FOR two years Doris and I had been engaged to be married. The first of these years appeared to us about as long as any ordinary year, but the second seemed to stretch itself out to the length of fifteen or even eighteen months. There had been many delays and disappointments in that year.

We were both young enough to wait and both old enough to know we ought to wait; and so we waited. But, as we frequently admitted to ourselves, there was nothing particularly jolly in this condition of things. Every young man should have sufficient respect for himself to make him hesitate before entering into a matrimonial alliance in which he would have to be supported by his wife. This would have been the case had Dorris and I married within those two years.

I am by profession an analyzer of lava. Having been from my boyhood an enthusiastic student of mineralogy and geology, I gradually became convinced that there was no reason why precious metals and precious stones should not be found at spots on the earth where nature herself attended to the working of her own mines. That is to say, that I can see no reason why a volcano should not exist at a spot where there were valuable mineral deposits; and this being the case, there is no reason why those deposits should not be thrown out during eruptions in a melted form, or unmelted and mixed with the ordinary lava.

Hoping to find proof of the correctness of my theory, I have analyzed lava from a great many volcanoes. I have not been able to afford to travel much, but specimens have been sent to me from various parts of the world. My attention was particularly turned to extinct volcanoes; for should I find traces of precious deposits in the lava of one of these, not only could its old lava beds be worked, but by artificial means eruptions of a minor order might be produced, and fresher and possibly richer material might be thrown out.

But I had not yet received any specimen of lava which encouraged me to begin workings in the vicinity in which it was found.

My theories met with little favor from other scientists, but this did not discourage me. Should success come it would be very great.

Doris had expectations which she sometimes thought might reasonably be considered great ones, but her actual income was small. She had now no immediate family, and for some years lived with what she called "law kin." She was of a most independent turn of mind, and being of age could do what she pleased with her own whenever it should come to her.

My own income was extremely limited, and what my actual necessities allowed me to spare from it was devoted to the collection of the specimens on the study of which I based the hopes of my fortunes.

In regard to our future alliance, Doris depended mainly upon her expectations, and she did not hesitate, upon occasion, frankly and plainly to tell me so. Naturally I objected to such dependence, and anxiously looked forward to the day when a little lump of lava might open before me a golden future which I might honorably ask any woman to share. But I do not believe that anything I said upon this subject influenced the ideas of Doris.

*The Century Co., New York. Copyright, Frank R. Stockton.

The lady of my love was a handsome girl, quick and active of mind and body, nearly always of a lively mood, and sometimes decidedly gay. She had seen a good deal of the world and the people in it, and was "up," as she put it, in a great many things. Moreover, she declared that she had "a heart for any fate." It has sometimes occurred to me that this remark would better be deferred until the heart and the fate had had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other.

We lived not far apart in a New England town, and calling upon her one evening I was surprised to find the lively Doris in tears. Her tears were not violent, however, and she quickly dried them; and, without waiting for any inquiries on my part, she informed me of the cause of her trouble.

"The *Merry Chanter* has come in," she said.

"Come in!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she answered, "and that is not the worst of it; it has been in a long time.

I knew all about the *Merry Chanter*. This was a ship. It was her ship which was to come in. Years ago this ship had been freighted with the ventures of her family, and had sailed for far-off seas. The results of those ventures, together with the ship itself, now belonged to Doris. They were her expectations.

"But why does this grieve you?" I asked. "Why do you say that the coming of the ship, to which you have been looking forward with so much ardor, is not the worst of it?"

"Because it isn't," she answered. "The rest is a great deal worse. The whole affair is a doleful failure. I had a letter to-day from Mooseley, a little town on the sea-coast. The *Merry Chanter* came back there three years ago with nothing in it. What has become of what it carried out, or what it ought to have brought back, nobody seems to know. The captain and the crew left it the day after its arrival at Mooseley. Why they went away, or what they took with them, I have not heard, but a man named Asa Cantling writes me that the *Merry Chanter* has been lying at his wharf for three years; that he wants to be paid the wharfage that is due him; and that for a long time he has been trying to find out to whom the ship belongs. At last he has discovered that I am the sole owner, and he sends to me his bill for wharfage, stating that he believes it now amounts to more than the vessel is worth."

"Absurd!" I cried. "Any vessel must be worth more than its wharfage rates for three years. This man must be imposing upon you."

Doris did not answer. She was looking drearily out of the window at the moonlighted landscape. Her heart and her fate had come together, and they did not appear to suit each other.

I sat silent, also, reflecting. I looked at the bill which she had handed to me, and then I reflected again, gazing out of the window at the moonlighted landscape.

It so happened that I then had on hand a sum of money equal to the amount of this bill, which amount was made up not only of wharfage rates, but of other expenses connected with the long stay of the vessel at Asa Cantling's wharf.

My little store of money was the result of months of savings and a good deal of personal self-denial. Every cent of it had its mission in one part of the world or another. It was intended solely to carry on the work of my life, my battle for fortune. It was to show me, in a wider and more thorough manner than had ever been possible before, what chance there was for my finding the key which should unlock for me the treasures in the storehouse of the earth.

I thought for a few minutes longer, and then I said, "Doris, if you should pay this bill and redeem the vessel, what good would you gain?"

She turned quickly towards me. "I should gain a great deal of good," she said. "In the first place I should be relieved of a soul-chilling debt. Isn't that a good? And of a debt, too, which grows heavier every day. Mr. Cantling writes that it will be difficult to sell the ship, for it is not the sort that the people thereabout want. And if he breaks it up he will not get half the amount of his bill. And so there it must stay, piling wharfage on wharfage, and all sorts of other expenses on those that have gone before, until I become the leading woman bankrupt of the world."

"But if you paid the money and took the ship," I asked, "what would you do with it?"

"I know exactly what I would do with it," said Doris. "It is my inheritance, and I would take that ship and make our fortunes. I would begin in a

humble way just as people begin in other businesses. I would carry hay, codfish, ice, anything, from one port to another. And when I had made a little money in this way I would sail away to the Orient and come back loaded with rich stuffs and spices."

"Did the people who sailed the ship before do that?" I asked.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," she answered; "and they ran away with the proceeds. I do not know that you can feel as I do," she continued. "The *Merry Chanter* is mine. It is my all. For years I have looked forward to what it might bring me. It has brought me nothing but a debt, but I feel that it can be made to do better than that, and my soul is on fire to make it do better."

It is not difficult to agree with a girl who looks as this one looked and who speaks as this one spoke.

"Doris," I exclaimed, "if you go into that sort of thing I go with you. I will set the *Merry Chanter* free."

"How can you do it?" she cried.

"Doris," I said, "hear me. Let us be cool and practical."

"I think neither of us is very cool," she said, "and perhaps not very practical. But go on."

"I can pay this bill," I said, "but in doing it I shall abandon all hope of continuing what I have chosen as my life work; the career which I have marked out for myself will be ended. Would you advise me to do this? And if I did it would you marry me now with nothing to rely upon but our little incomes and what we could make from your ship? Now, do not be hasty. Think seriously, and tell me what you would advise me to do."

She answered instantly, "Take me, and the *Merry Chanter*."

I gave up my career.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

THE most remarkable sensation created by any recent American author was perhaps awakened by Edward Bellamy's famous book, "Looking Backward," of which over a half million copies have been sold in this country alone, and more than as many more on the other side of the Atlantic. This book was issued from the press in 1887, and maintained for several years an average sale of 100,000 copies per year in America alone. In 1897 a demand for sociological literature in England called for the printing of a quarter of a million copies in that country within the space of a few months, and the work has been translated into the languages of almost every civilized country on the earth. Its entire sale throughout the world is probably beyond two million copies.

Mr. Bellamy's ideal as expressed in this book is pure communism, and the work is no doubt the outgrowth of the influence of Emersonian teaching, originally illustrated in the Brook Farm experiment. As for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it can never be realized until man's heart is entirely reformed and the promised millennium shall dawn upon the earth; but that such an ideal state is pleasent to contemplate is evinced by the great popularity and enormous sale of his book. In order to give his theory a touch of human sympathy and to present the matter in a manner every way appropriate, Mr. Bellamy causes his hero to go to sleep, at the hands of a mesmerist, in an underground vault and to awake, undecayed, in the perfect vigor of youth, one hundred years later, to find if not a new heaven, at least a new earth so far as its former social conditions were concerned. Selfishness was all gone from man, universal peace and happines reigned over the earth, and all things were owned in common. The story is well constructed and well written, and captivates the reader's imagination.

Edward Bellamy was born in Boston, Massachsetts, on March 26th, 1850. He attended Union College, but did not graduate. After studying in Germany he read law and was admitted to the bar in 1871 and has since practiced his profession, at the same time doing journalistic and literary work. For several years he was assistant editor of the "Springfield (Mass.) Union" and an editorial writer for the New York "Evening Post." He has also contributed a number of articles to the magazines. His books are "Six to One, a Nantucket Idyl" (1877); "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process" (1879); "Miss Luddington's Sister: a romance of Immortality" (1884); "Looking Backward" (1887); "Equality: a Romance of the future"

(1897). The last named is a continuation of the same theme as "Looking Backward," being more argumentative and entering into the recent conditions of society and new phases of politics and industrial questions. It is a larger book and a deeper study than its predecessor. The work was issued simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and other countries. Owing to the recent interest in sociological literature it is believed by Mr. Bellamy and his publishers that this book will attain as wide a popularity as his other work on the subject. Mr. Bellamy's writings have caused the founding of nationalist and communistic clubs throughout the United States, and his influence for the last few years has been powerfully felt in European countries. If this movement should continue to grow there is little doubt but Mr. Bellamy will be honored in the future for the impetus his books have given to communistic doctrines.

The home of this author, near Boston, is said to be an ideal one, presided over by a most amiable wife, who is in hearty sympathy with her literary husband, both in his ideals and in his work. They have several bright children, and their home has been pointed out by reviewers as a remarkably happy one, constituting within itself something of a miniature illustration of the ideal community which his theory portrays, if, indeed, it may not be said to heartily advocate.

MUSIC IN THE YEAR 2000.

(FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD.)

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WHEN we arrived home, Dr. Leete had not yet returned, and Mrs. Leete was not visible. "Are you fond of music, Mr. West?" Edith asked.

I assured her that it was half of life, according to my notion. "I ought to apologize for inquiring," she said. "It is not a question we ask one another nowadays; but I have read that in your day, even among the cultured class, there were some who did not care for music."

"You must remember, in excuse," I said, "that we had some rather absurd kinds of music."

"Yes," she said, "I know that; I am afraid I should not have fancied it all myself. Would you like to hear some of ours now, Mr. West?"

"Nothing would delight me so much as to listen to you," I said.

"To me!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Did you think I was going to play or sing to you?"

"I hoped so, certainly," I replied.

Seeing that I was a little abashed, she subdued her merriment and explained. "Of course, we all sing nowadays as a matter of course in the training of the voice, and some learn to play instruments for their private amusement; but the professional music is so much grander and more perfect than any performance of ours, and so easily commanded when we wish to hear it, that we don't think of calling our singing or playing music at all. All the really fine singers and players are in the musical service, and the rest of us hold our peace for the main part. But would you really like to hear some music?"

I assured her once more that I would.

"Come, then, into the music-room," she said, and I followed her into an apartment finished, without hangings, in wood, with a floor of polished wood. I was prepared for new devices in musical instruments, but I saw nothing in the room which by any stretch of imagination could be conceived as such. It was evident that my puzzled appearance was affording intense amusement to Edith.

"Please look at to-day's music," she said, handing me a card, "and tell me what you would prefer. It is now five o'clock, you will remember."

The card bore the date "September 12, 2000," and contained the longest programme of music I had

ever seen. It was as various as it was long, including a most extraordinary range of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, quartettes, and various orchestral combinations. I remained bewildered by the prodigious list until Edith's pink finger-tip indicated a peculiar section of it, where several selections were bracketed, with the words "5 P. M." against them; then I observed that this prodigious programme was an all-day one, divided into twenty-four sections answering to the hours. There were but a few pieces of music in the "5 P. M." section, and I indicated an organ piece as my preference.

"I am so glad you like the organ," said she.

"I think there is scarcely any music that suits my mood oftener."

She made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem; filled, not flooded, for, by some means, the volume of melody had been perfectly graduated to the size of the department. I listened, scarcely breathing, to the close. Such music, so perfectly rendered, I had never expected to hear.

"Grand!" I cried, as the last great wave of the sound broke and ebbed away into silence. "Bach must be at the keys of that organ; but where is the organ?"

"Wait a moment, please," said Edith; "I want to have you listen to this waltz before you ask any questions. I think it is perfectly charming;" and as she spoke the sound of violins filled the room with the witchery of a summer night. When this also ceased, she said: "There is nothing in the least mysterious about the music, as you seem to imagine. It is not made by fairies or genii, but by good, honest, and exceedingly clever good hands. We have simply carried the idea of labor-saving by co-operation into our musical service as into everything else. There are a number of music rooms in the city, perfectly adapted acoustically to the different sorts of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses of the city whose people care to pay the small fee, and there are none, you may be sure, who do not. The corps of musicians attached to each hall is so large that, although no individual performer, or group of performers, has more than a brief part, each day's programme lasts through the twenty-four hours. There are on that card for to-day, as you will see if you observe closely, distinct programmes of four of these concerts, each of a different order of music from the others, being now simultaneously performed, and any one of the four pieces now going on that you prefer, you can hear by merely pressing the button which will connect your house-wire with the hall where it is being rendered. The programmes are so co-ordinated that the pieces at any one time simultaneously proceeding in the different halls usually offer a choice, not only between instrumental and vocal, and between different sorts of instruments; but also between different motives from grave to gay, so that all tastes and moods can be suited."

GEORGE W. CABLE.

"THE DEPICTOR OF CREOLE LIFE IN THE SOUTH."

IT is said "Circumstances make the man;" and, again, "Seeming misfortunes are often blessings in disguise." Whether this is generally true or not, at least in the case of George W. Cable, it has so turned out; for it was poverty and necessity that drove him through a vicissitude of circumstances which stored his mind with observations and facts that enabled him to open a new field of fiction, introducing to the outside world a phase of American life hitherto unsuspected save by those who have seen it. His rendering of the Creole dialect with its French and Spanish variations and mixtures is full of originality. He has depicted the social life of the Louisiana lowlands, with its Creole and negro population, so vividly that many whose portraits he has drawn have taken serious offence at his books. But it is no doubt *the truth that hurts*, and if so, it should be borne for the sake of history, and it is to the credit of Mr. Cable's integrity as an author that he has not sacrificed the truth to please his friends. His books have also been the means of effecting wholesome changes in the contract system of convict labor in several Southern States.

George W. Cable was born October 12, 1844, in New Orleans, Louisiana. His father was a Virginian and his mother a New Englander. They removed to New Orleans in 1837. In 1859 Mr. Cable failed in business and died soon after, leaving the family in a straightened condition, and the son—then fifteen years of age—was compelled to leave school and take a clerkship in a store. This he retained until, at the age of nineteen, he volunteered in the service of the Confederate Army, joining the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, and followed the fortunes of the Southern cause until it was lost. He was said to have been a gallant soldier, was once wounded and narrowly escaped with his life. All his spare moments in camp were given to study.

After the surrender of General Lee, Cable—a young man of twenty-one—returned to New Orleans, penniless, and took employment as an errand boy in a store. From there he drifted to Kosciusko, Mississippi, where he studied civil engineering, and joined a surveying party on bayous Têche and Atchafalaya—the native heath of the Creole—and it was here that his keen observation gathered the material which has since done him so much service.

Cable first began writing to the "New Orleans Picayune" under the *nom-de-plume* of "Drop Shot," and his articles evinced a power which soon opened the way to a regular place on the editorial staff of the paper. This position he retained

until he was asked to write a theatrical criticism. Cable had rigid religious scruples —piety being one of his marked characteristics—always avoided attendance of the theatre, and he now refused to go, and resigned his position rather than violate his conscience.

Leaving the editorial rooms of the "Picayune," Cable secured a position as accountant in a cotton-dealer's office, which he retained until 1879, when the death of his employer threw him out of position. Meantime his sketches of Creole life had been appearing in "Scribner's Monthly," and were received with so much favor that he determined to leave business and devote his life to literature. Accordingly, in 1885, he removed North, living at Simsbury, Connecticut, Northampton, Massachusetts, and New York, which he has since made his headquarters, with a continual growing popularity, his books bringing him an ample competency.

Among the published works of this author we mention as the most prominent: "Old Creole Days" (1879-1883); "The Grandissimes" (1880); "Madame Delphine" (1881); "Dr. Sevier" (1883); "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884); "The Silent South" (1885); "Bonaventure" (1888); "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "The Negro Question" and "Life of William Gilmore Sims" (1890); "John March Southerner," and some later works which the author continues to add at the rate of one book a year.

Mr. Cable has also successfully entered the lecture field, in common with other modern authors, and never fails to interest Northern audiences with his readings or recitations, from his writings or the strange wild melodies and peculiar habits of life current among the French speaking negroes of the lower Mississippi.

THE DOCTOR.*

(FROM "DR. SEVIER.")

THE main road to wealth in New Orleans has long been Carondelet Street. There you see the most alert faces; noses—it seems to one—with more and sharper edge, and eyes smaller and brighter and with less distance between them than one notices in other streets. It is there that the stock and bond brokers hurry to and fro and run together promiscuously—the cunning and the simple, the headlong and the wary—at the four clanging strokes of the Stock Exchange gong. There rises the tall façade of the Cotton Exchange. Looking in from the sidewalk as you pass, you see its main hall, thronged but decorous, the quiet engine-room of the surrounding city's most far-reaching occupation, and at the hall's farther end you descry the "Future Room," and hear the unearthly ramping and bellowing of the bulls and bears. Up and down the street, on either hand, are the ship-brokers and insurers, and in the upper stories foreign consuls among a multitude of lawyers and notaries.

In 1856 this street was just assuming its present character. The cotton merchants were making it their favorite place of commercial domicile. The open thoroughfare served in lieu of the present exchanges; men made fortunes standing on the curb-stone, and during bank hours the sidewalks were perpetually crowded with cotton factors, buyers, brokers, weighers, reweighers, classers, pickers, pressers, and samplers, and the air was laden with cotton quotations and prognostications.

Number 3½, second floor, front, was the office of Dr. Sevier. This office was convenient to everything. Immediately under its windows lay the sidewalks where congregated the men who, of all in New Orleans, could best afford to pay for being sick, and least desired to die. Canal Street, the city's leading

* Copyright, George W. Cable.

artery, was just below, at the near left-hand corner. Beyond it lay the older town, not yet impoverished in those days,—the French quarter. A single square and a half off at the right, and in plain view from the front windows, shone the dazzling white walls of the St. Charles Hotel, where the nabobs of the river plantations came and dwelt with their fair-handed wives in seasons of peculiar anticipation, when it is well to be near the highest medical skill. In the opposite direction a three minutes' quick drive around the upper corner and down Common Street carried the Doctor to his ward in the great Charity Hospital, and to the school of medicine, where he filled the chair set apart to the holy ailments of maternity. Thus, as it were, he laid his left hand on the rich and his right on the poor; and he was not left-handed.

Not that his usual attitude was one of benediction. He stood straight up in his austere pure-mindedness, tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern in judgment, aggressive in debate, and fixedly untender everywhere, except—but always except—in the sick chamber. His inner heart was all of flesh; but his demands for the rectitude of mankind pointed out like the muzzles of cannon through the embrasures of his virtues. To demolish evil!—that seemed the finest of aims; and even as a physician, that was, most likely, his motive until later years and a better self-knowledge had taught him that to do good was still finer and better. He waged war—against malady. To fight; to stifle; to cut down; to uproot; to overwhelm,—these were his springs of action. That their results were good proved that his sentiment of benevolence was strong and high; but it was well-nigh shut out of sight by that impatience of evil which is very fine and knightly in youngest manhood, but which we like to see give way to kindlier moods as the earlier heat of the blood begins to pass.

He changed in later years; this was in 1856. To "resist not evil" seemed to him then only a rather feeble sort of knavery. To face it in its nakedness, and to inveigh against it in high places and low, seemed the consummation of all manliness; and manliness was the key-note of his creed. There was no other necessity in this life.

"But a man must live," said one of his kindred, to whom, truth to tell, he had refused assistance.

"No, sir; that is just what he can't do. A man must die! So, while he lives, let him be a man!"

How inharmonious a setting, then, for Dr. Sevier, was 3½ Carondelet Street! As he drove each morning, down to that point, he had to pass through long, irregular files of fellow-beings thronging either sidewalk—a sadly unchivalric grouping of men whose daily and yearly life was subordinated only and entirely to the getting of wealth, and whose every eager motion was a repetition of the sinister old maxim that "Time is money."

"It's a great deal more, sir, it's life!" the Doctor always retorted.

Among these groups, moreover, were many who were all too well famed for illegitimate fortune. Many occupations connected with the handling of cotton yielded big harvests in perquisites. At every jog of the Doctor's horse, men came to view whose riches were the outcome of semi-respectable larceny. It was a day of reckless operation; much of the commerce that came to New Orleans was simply, as one might say, beached in Carondelet Street. The sight used to keep the long, thin, keen-eyed doctor in perpetual indignation.

"Look at the wreckers!" he would say.

It was breakfast at eight, indignation at nine, dyspepsia at ten.

So his setting was not merely inharmonious; it was damaging. He grew sore on the whole matter of money-getting.

"Yes, I have money. But I don't go after it. It comes to me, because I seek and render service for the service's sake. It will come to anybody else the same way; and why should it come any other way?"

He not only had a low regard for the motives of most seekers of wealth, he went further, and fell into much disbelief of poor men's needs. For instance, he looked upon a man's inability to find employment, or upon a poor fellow's run of bad luck, as upon the placarded woes of a hurdy-gurdy beggar.

"If he wants work he will find it. As for begging, it ought to be easier for any true man to starve than to beg."

The sentiment was ungentle, but it came from the bottom of his belief concerning himself, and a longing for moral greatness in all men.

"However," he would add, thrusting his hand into

his pocket and bringing out his purse, "I'll help any man to make himself useful. And the sick—well, the sick, as a matter of course. Only I must know what I'm doing."

Have some of us known want? To have known her—though to love her was impossible—is "a liberal education." The Doctor was learned; but this acquaintanceship, this education, he had never got. Hence his untenderness. Shall we condemn the fault? Yes. And the man? We have not the face. To be *just*, which he never knowingly failed to be, and at the same time to feel tenderly for the unworthy, to deal kindly with the erring—it is a double grace that hangs not always in easy reach even of the tallest. The Doctor attained to it—but in later years; meantime, this story—which, I believe, had he ever been poor would never have been written.

He had barely disposed of the three or four waiting messengers that arose from their chairs against the corridor wall, and was still reading the anxious lines left in various handwritings on his slate, when the young man entered. He was of fair height, slenderly built, with soft auburn hair, a little untrimmed, neat dress, and a diffident, yet expectant and courageous face.

"Dr. Sevier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor, my wife is very ill; can I get you to come at once and see her?"

"Who is her physician?"

"I have not called any; but we must have one now."

"I don't know about going at once. This is my hour for being in the office. How far is it, and what's the trouble?"

"We are only three squares away, just here in Custom-house Street." The speaker began to add a faltering enumeration of some very grave symptoms. The Doctor noticed that he was slightly deaf; he uttered his words as though he did not hear them.

"Yes," interrupted Dr. Sevier, speaking half to himself as he turned around to a standing case of cruel-looking silver-plated things on shelves; "that's a small part of the penalty women pay for the doubtful honor of being our mothers. I'll go. What is your number? But you had better drive back with me if you can." He drew back from the glass case, shut the door, and took his hat.

"Narcisse!"

On the side of the office nearest the corridor a door let into a hall-room that afforded merely good space for the furniture needed by a single accountant. The Doctor had other interests besides those of his profession, and, taking them altogether, found it necessary, or at least convenient, to employ continuously the services of a person to keep his accounts and collect his bills. Through the open door the bookkeeper could be seen sitting on a high stool at a still higher desk—a young man of handsome profile and well-knit form. At the call of his name he unwound his legs from the rounds of the stool and leaped into the Doctor's presence with a superlatively highbred bow.

"I shall be back in fifteen minutes," said the Doctor. "Come, Mr. ——," and went out with the stranger.

Narcisse had intended to speak. He stood a moment, then lifted the last half inch of a cigarette to his lips, took a long, meditative inhalation, turned half round on his heel, dashed the remnant with fierce emphasis into a spittoon, ejected two long streams of smoke from his nostrils, and, extending his fist toward the door by which the Doctor had gone out, said:—

"All right, ole hoss!" No, not that way. It is hard to give his pronunciation by letter. In the word "right" he substituted an a for the r, sounding it almost in the same instant with the i, yet distinct from it: "All a-ight, ole hoss!"

Then he walked slowly back to his desk, with that feeling of relief which some men find in the renewal of a promissory note, twined his legs again among those of the stool, and, adding not a word, resumed his pen.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

FEW names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. "No book," says George William Curtis, "was ever more a historical event than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' . . . It was the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it . . . If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher,—the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811,—just two years before her next younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Her father was pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, and her girlhood was passed there and at Hartford, where she attended the excellent seminary kept by her elder sister, Catharine E. Beecher. In 1832 her father accepted a call to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and moved thither with his family. Catharine Beecher went also, and established there a new school, under the name of the Western Female Institute, in which Harriet assisted.

In 1833 Mrs. Stowe first had the subject of slavery brought to her personal notice by taking a trip across the river from Cincinnati into Kentucky in company with Miss Dutton, one of the associate teachers in the Western Institute. They visited the estate that afterward figured as that of Mr. Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and here the young authoress first came into personal contact with the slaves of the South.

Among the professors in Lane Seminary was Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, a dear friend of Miss Beecher, died soon after Dr. Beecher's removal to Cincinnati. In 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. They were admirably suited to each other. Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakespeare as "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." Her practical ability and cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband.



OCTAVE THANET. AMELIA E. BARR. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (WARD).



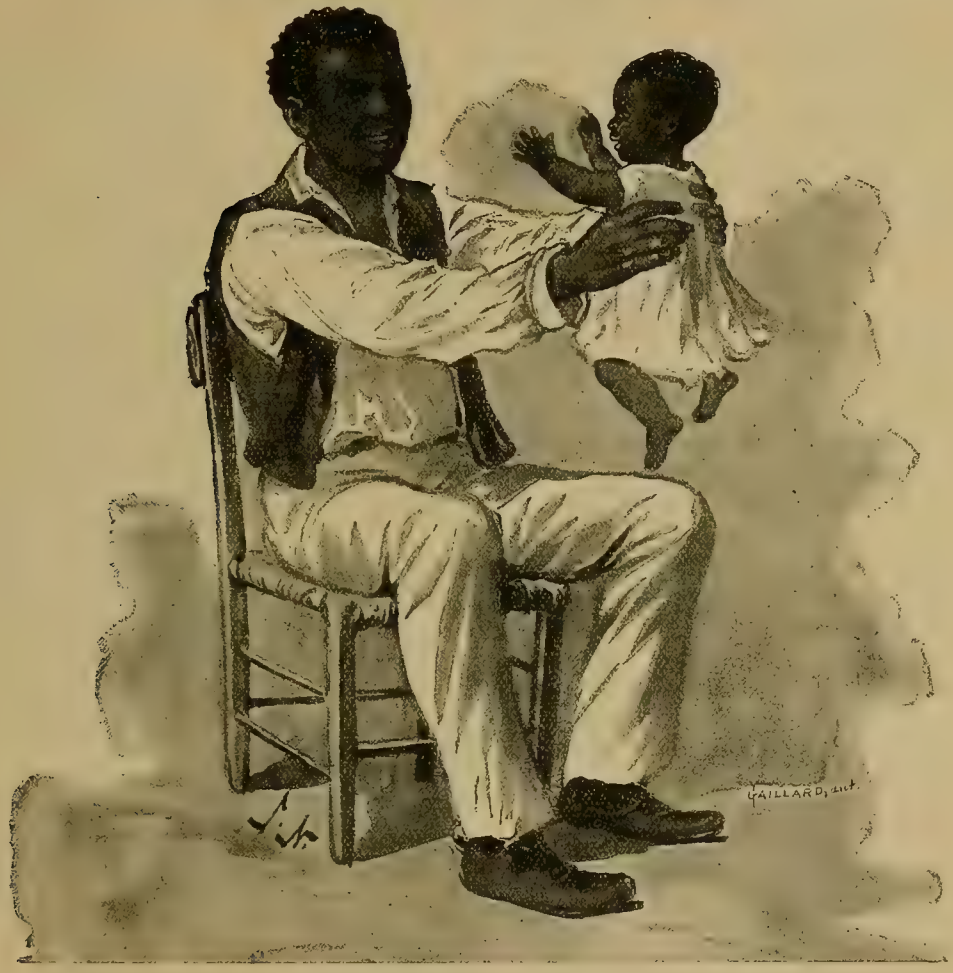
JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. CHAS. EGBERT CRADDOCK.



MARION HARLAND. FRANCES HOGDSON BURNETT. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

NOTED WOMEN NOVELISTS.

The years from 1845 to 1850 were a time of severe trial to Mrs. Stowe. She and her husband both suffered from ill health, and the family was separated. Professor Stowe was struggling with poverty, and endeavoring at the same time to lift the Theological Seminary out of financial difficulties. In 1849, while Professor Stowe was ill at a water-cure establishment in Vermont, their youngest child died of cholera,



UNCLE TOM AND HIS BABY.

"'Ain't she a peart young 'un?'"

which was then raging in Cincinnati. In 1850 it was decided to remove to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Professor Stowe was offered a position.

The year 1850 is memorable in the history of the conflict with slavery. It was the year of Clay's compromise measures, as they were called, which sought to satisfy the North by the admission of California as a free State, and to propitiate the South by the notorious "Fugitive Slave Law." The slave power was at its height, and

seemed to hold all things under its feet; yet in truth it had entered upon the last stage of its existence, and the forces were fast gathering for its final overthrow. Professor Cairnes and others said truly, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The story was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and was announced to run for about three months, but it was not completed in that paper until April 1, 1852. It had been contemplated as a mere magazine tale of perhaps a dozen chapters, but once begun it could no more be controlled than the waters of the swollen Mississippi, bursting through a crevasse in its levees. The intense interest excited by the story, the demands made upon the author for more facts, the unmeasured words of encouragement to keep on in her good work that poured in from all sides, and, above all, the ever-growing conviction that she had been intrusted with a great and holy mission, compelled her to keep on until the humble tale had assumed the proportions of a large volume. Mrs. Stowe repeatedly said, "I could not control the story, it wrote itself;" and, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? No, indeed. The Lord himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in his hand. To him alone should be given all the praise."

For the story as a serial the author received $300. In the meantime, however, it had attracted the attention of Mr. John P. Jewett, a Boston publisher, who promptly made overtures for its publication in book form. He offered Mr. and Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits, provided they would share with him the expense of publication. This was refused by the Professor, who said he was altogether too poor to assume any such risk; and the agreement finally made was that the author should receive a ten per cent. royalty upon all sales.

In the meantime the fears of the author as to whether or not her book would be read were quickly dispelled. Three thousand copies were sold the very first day, a second edition was issued the following week, a third a few days later; and within a year one hundred and twenty editions, or over three hundred thousand copies, of the book had been issued and sold in this country. Almost in a day the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world; her influence for good was spreading to its remotest corners, and henceforth she was to be a public character, whose every movement would be watched with interest, and whose every word would be quoted. The long, weary struggle with poverty was to be hers no longer; for, in seeking to aid the oppressed, she had also so aided herself that within four months from the time her book was published it had yielded her $10,000 in royalties.

In 1852 Professor Stowe received a call to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family soon removed to their Massachusetts home. They were now relieved from financial pressure; but Mrs. Stowe's health was still delicate; and in 1853 she went with her husband and brother to England, where she received, much to her surprise, a universal welcome. She made many friends among the most distinguished people in Great Britain, and on the continent as well. On her return she wrote the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and began "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." In fact, her literary career was just beginning. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her powers seemed only to be fairly

awakened. One work after another came in quick succession. For nearly thirty years after the publication of "Uncle Tom," her pen was never idle. In 1854 she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and then, in rapid succession, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," and "Oldtown Folks." These, however, are but a small part of her works. Besides more than thirty books, she has written magazine articles, short stories, and sketches almost without number. She has entertained, instructed, and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten.



A SCENE IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Little Eva.—"'Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you *are* making there.'"

After the war which accomplished the abolition of slavery, Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in summer, and spent the winters in Florida, where she bought a luxurious home. Her pen was hardly ever idle; and the popularity of her works seemed to steadily increase. She passed away on the 1st of July, 1896, amid the surroundings of her quiet, pretty home at Hartford, Connecticut. The whole reading world was moved at the news of her death, and many a chord vibrated at the remembrance of her powerful, and we may even say successful, advocacy of the cause of the slave. The good which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" achieved can never be estimated, and the noble efforts of its author have been interwoven in the work of the world.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

IT was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded under an awning of transparent gauze from the outrages of the mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly-bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading it—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rumaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it, and Eva accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie, after dozing awhile, "I must send to the city after my old doctor, Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue! I don't believe it's heart-complaint."

"I daresay *you* don't," said Marie; I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart-disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this when it's too late!" said Marie. "But, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room (which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened to the verandah), and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!"

And in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study and what does she do but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau and got a bonnet-trimming and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant either, if they had their own way with them—let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indigna-

tion that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they would have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught, I've talked till I'm tired, I've whipped her, I've punished her in every way I can think of; and still she's just what she was at first."



MISS OPHELIA AND TOPSY.

"I cannot be plagued with this child any longer!"

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Cla-

who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says, she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my ha'r, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'spects if they's to pull every spear o' ha'r out o' my head it wouldn't do no good neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dun no nothin' 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or——"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might——"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only

think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those 'spirits bright' Uncle Tom sings about."

"Oh, dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try! I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare at this moment dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia; and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare: "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular. How can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia: "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet to pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

(MARION HARLAND.)

Popular Novelist and Domestic Economist.

MARION HARLAND combines a wide variety of talent. She is probably the first writer to excel in the line of fiction and also to be a leader in the direction of domestic economy. She is one of the most welcomed contributors to the periodicals, and her books on practical housekeeping, common sense in the household, and several practical cookery books have smoothed the way for many a young housekeeper and probably promoted the cause of peace in numerous households.

Mary Virginia Hawes was the daughter of a native of Massachusetts who was engaged in business in Richmond, Virginia. She was born in 1831, and received a good education. She began in early childhood to display her literary powers. She wrote for the magazines in her sixteenth year and her first contribution, "Marrying Through Prudential Motives," was so widely read that it was published in nearly every journal in England, was translated and published throughout France, found its way back to England through a retranslation, and finally appeared in a new form in the United States.

In 1856 she became the wife of Rev. Edward P. Terhune, afterwards pastor of the Puritan Congregational Church in Brooklyn, where in recent years they have lived. Mrs. Terhune has always been active in charitable and church work, and has done an amount of writing equal to that of the most prolific authors. She has been editor or conducted departments of two or three different magazines and established and successfully edited the "Home Maker." Some of her most noted stories are "The Hidden Path;" "True as Steel;" "Husbands and Homes;" "Phemie's Temptation;" "Ruby's Husband;" "Handicap;" "Judith;" "A Gallant Fight;" and "His Great Self." Besides these books and a number of others, she has written almost countless essays on household and other topics. Her book, "Eve's Daughters," is a standard work of counsel to girls and young women. She takes an active part in the literary and philanthropic organizations of New York City, and has been prominent in the Woman's Councils held under the auspices of a Chautauquan association. She was the first to call attention to the dilapidated condition of the grave of Mary Washington and started a movement to put the monument in proper condition. For the benefit of this movement, she wrote and published "The Story of Mary

A MANLY HERO.*

(FROM "A GALLANT FIGHT.")

AFTER donning velvet jacket and slippers he sat down, and, lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him in a "back-hand" he did not recognize:

"*In the Library. Nine O'clock, P. M.*

"MY OWN LOVE—You say in your letter (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you that again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own Marion— "

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veins stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissingly. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written *a little while* before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect—abstractly—to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had been awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the heyday of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that—to remember the name with execration—to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul—perhaps to brand him as a cur and blackguard, should he ever cross his path—would not break his word. Was it not his right—the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow—but this one thing he would do.

He stooped for the letter.

"Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!
And the flowing tide comes in!
And the flowing tide comes in!"

It was only his beloved stepmother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her stepson's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water, the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye, and could not he, affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble, true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her "son" to stand fast by his plighted word—the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman—afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell?

He pitied, he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and, averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the forestick and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but cinder and ashes.

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MARY ABIGAIL DODGE.

THE FAMOUS ESSAYIST, CRITIC, AND NOVELIST, "GAIL HAMILTON."

AMONG the female writers of America, perhaps there is no one who has covered a more diversified field and done her work more thoroughly, in the several capacities of essayist, philosopher, political writer, child-writer and novelist, than has Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, widely known by her pen-name, "Gail Hamilton." Miss Dodge commanded a terse, vigorous and direct style; and with a courage manifested by few contemporaneous authors, she cut right through shams and deceits with an easy and convincing blow that left no room for doubt.

Mary Abigail Dodge was born in Hamilton, Massachusetts, in the year 1830. Her pen-name is composed of the last syllable of the word "Abigail" and her native city, "Hamilton." Her education was thorough, and in 1857 she was made instructor of physical science in the High School of Hartford, Connecticut. Some years after she became a governess in the family of Doctor Bailey the editor of the "National Era," in Washington, D. C., and begun her career as a writer by contributing to his journal. For two years, from 1865 to 1867, she was one of the editors of "Our Young Folks," and from that time to the close of her life she was a constant contributor to prominent magazines and newspapers—the name "Gail Hamilton" attached to an essay was always a guarantee that it was full of wit and aggressiveness.

The published volumes of this author in order of their publication are as follows: "Country Living and Country Thinking" (1862); "Gala-Days" (1863); "Stumbling Blocks" and "A New Atmosphere" (1864); "Skirmishes and Sketches" (1865); "Summer Rest" and "Red-letter Days in Applethorpe" (1866); "Wool Gathering," (1867); "Woman's Wrongs, a Counter-Irritant" (1868); "Battle of the Books" (1870); "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness" (1871). For a period of three years Miss Dodge devoted herself to the little folks, producing in 1872 "Little Folk Life," and the next year two other volumes, entitled "Child World." In the same year, 1873, came her humorous book, entitled "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," and in 1874 "Nursery Noonings," another book for and about children. In 1875 appeared two volumes very unlike, but both of which attracted considerable attention. The first was entitled "Sermons to the Clergy," in which she gave some wholesome advice and pointed out many of the shortcomings of ministers. The other book was entitled "First Love Is Best." In 1876 Miss Dodge's mind seemed to take on a more religious, moral and still more practical turn as evinced by the

title of the following books: "What Think Ye of Christ?" (1876); "Our Common School System" (1880); "Divine Guidance" (1881); "The Insuppressible Book" (1885); and "The Washington Bible Class" (1891).

Miss Dodge was a cousin to the distinguished statesman, James G. Blaine, of whom she was very fond. Much of her time during the last few years of his life was spent with his family at Washington, and when Mr. Blaine died in January, 1893, she undertook, in the interest of the family, to write his life, which work she finished and the book was published in 1894. It is the only authoritative life of the statesman endorsed by the family. This was Miss Hamilton's last book. It was a congenial theme to which she devoted perhaps the most painstaking and best work of her life. The last years of the busy author were marked by failing health. She died at Washington in 1896.

FISHING.

(FROM "GALA DAYS.")

SOME people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life in lake or river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. A year ago I went out on a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, held a line—just to see how it seemed—and caught eight fishes; and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. * * * * Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away.

* * * * * * * *

They go to the woods, I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod and march riverward. Halicarnassus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world and climbs a tree," and, with jacknife, cord and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod, which he courteously offers to me, which I succinctly decline, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that I consider nothing beneath the best as good enough for me. Halicarnassus is convinced by my logic, overpowered by my rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or descent. Halicarnassus bids me tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. I am acquiescent, and lean over the railing awaiting the result of investigation. Halicarnassus picks his way over rocks, sideways and zigzaggy along the bank, and down the river in search of fish. I grow tired of playing leasa-bianca and steal behind the bridge, and pick my way over the rocks sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank and up the river, in search of "fun;" practice irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so. Shout from the bridge. I look up. Too far off to hear the words, but see Halicarnassus gesticulating furiously, and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrograde as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Halicarnassus makes a speaking trumpet of his hands and roars, "I've found—a fish! Left—him for—you—to catch! come quick!"—and plunging headlong down the bank disappears. I am touched to the heart by this sublime instance of self-denial and devotion, and scramble up to the bridge, and plunge down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in hem of dress every third step—fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress therefore not so rapid as could be desired. Reach the water at last. Step cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream—balance on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk—drop my line into the spot designated—a quiet, black little pool in the rushing river—see no fish, but have faith in Harlicarnassus.

"Bite?" asks Halicarnassus eagerly.

"Not yet," I answer sweetly. Breathless expecta-

tion. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from down the river.

"Not yet," hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute." Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache. Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Halicarnassus encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down stream. Tempted to give it up, but look at the empty basket, think of the expectant party, and the eight cod-fish, and possess my soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Halicarnassus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" I moan, trying to stand on one foot to rest the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save me from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, I gather all my remaining strength, wind the line about the rod, poise it on high, hurl it out in the deepest and most unobstructed part of the stream, * * * lie down upon the rock, pull my hat over my face, and dream, to the furling of the river, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, of another river, far, far, away.

* * * * * * *

"Hullo! how many?"

"I start up wildly, and knock my hat off into the water. Jump after it, at the imminent risk of going in myself, catch it by one of the strings, and stare at Halicarnassus."

"Asleep, I fancy?" says Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

* * * * * * *

We walk silently towards the woods. We meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. We accost him.

"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Halicarnassus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy with energy.

Halicarnassus looks meaningly at me. I look meaningly at Halicarnassus, and both look meaningly at our empty basket. "Won't you tell?" says Halicarnassus. "No; won't you?" Halicarnassus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and we walk away "chirp as a cricket," reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"O what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"

HELEN MARIA FISKE HUNT JACKSON.

"THE FRIEND OF THE RED MAN."

ONE of the sights pointed out to a traveler in the West is Cheyenne Canyon, a wild and weird pass in the Rocky Mountains a short distance from Colorado Springs. Some years ago the writer, in company with a party of tourists, drove as far as a vehicle could pass up the mountain-road that wound along a little stream which came tumbling down the narrow ravine splitting the mountain in twain. Soon we were compelled to abandon the wagon, and on foot we climbed the rugged way, first on one side and then on the other of the rushing rivulet where the narrow path could find space enough to lay its crooked length along. Suddenly a little log-cabin in a clump of trees burst on our view. A boy with a Winchester rifle slung over his shoulder met us a few rods from the door and requested a fee of twenty-five cents each before permitting us to pass.

"What is it?" inquired one of the party pointing at the cabin. "This is the house Helen Hunt lived in and away above there is where she is buried," answered the boy. We paid the fee, inspected the house, and then, over more rocky steeps, we climbed to the spot indicated near a falling cataract and stood beside a pile of stones thrown together by hundreds of tourists who had preceded us. It was the lonely grave of one of the great literary women of our age. We gathered some stones and added them to the pile and left her alone by the singing cataract, beneath the sighing branches of the firs and pines which stood like towering sentinels around her on Mount Jackson—for this peak was named in her honor. "What a monument!" said one, "more lasting than hammered bronze!" "But not moreso," said another, "than the good she has done. Her influence will live while this mountain shall stand, unless another dark age should sweep literature out of existence." "I wonder the Indians don't convert this place into a shrine and come here to worship," ventured a third person. "Her 'Romona,' written in their behalf, must have been produced under a divine inspiration. She was among all American writers their greatest benefactor."

Helen Maria Fiske was born in Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan Fiske of Amherst College, and was educated at Ipswick (Mass.) Female Seminary. In 1852 she married Captain Edward B. Hunt of the U. S. Navy, and lived with him at various posts until 1863, when he died. After this she removed to Newport, R. I., with her children, but one by one they died, until 1872 she was left alone and desolate. In her girlhood she had contributed

some verses to a Boston paper which were printed. She wrote nothing more until two years after the death of her husband, when she sent a number of poems to New York papers which were signed H. H. and they attracted wide and favorable criticism. These poems were collected and published under the title of "Verses from H. H." (1870). After the death of her children she decided to devote herself to literature, and from that time to the close of her life—twelve years later—her books came in rapid succession and she gained wide distinction as a writer of prose and verse. Both her poetry and prose works are characterized by deep thoughtfulness and a rare grace and beauty of diction.

In 1873 Mrs. Hunt removed to Colorado for the benefit of her health, and in 1875 became the wife of Wm. S. Jackson, a merchant of Colorado Springs; and it was in this beautiful little city, nestling at the foot of Pike's Peak, with the perpetual snow on its summit always in sight, that she made her home for the remainder of her life, though she spent considerable time in traveling in New Mexico, California and the Eastern States gathering material for her books.

Briefly catalogued, the works of Helen Hunt Jackson are: "Verses by H. H." (1870); "Bits of Travel" (1873); "Bits of Talk About Home Matters" (1873); "Sonnets and Lyrics" (1876); "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876); "Hettie's Strange History" (1877); "A Century of Dishonor" (1881); "Romona" (1884).

Besides the above, Mrs. Jackson wrote several juvenile books and two novels in the "No Name" series; and that powerful series of stories, published under the pen-name of "Saxe Holme," has also been attributed to her, although there is no absolute proof that she wrote them. "A Century of Dishonor" made its author more famous than anything she produced up to that time, but critics now generally agree that "Romona," her last book, is her most powerful work, both as a novel and in its beneficent influence. It was the result of a most profound and exhaustive study of the Indian problem, to which she devoted the last and best years of her life. It was her most conscientious and sympathetic work. It was through Helen Hunt Jackson's influence that the government instituted important reforms in the treatment of the red men.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Jackson met with a painful accident, receiving a bad fracture of her leg. She was taken to California while convalescing and there contracted malaria, and at the same time developed cancer. The complication of her ailments resulted in death, which occurred August 12, 1885. Her remains were carried back to Colorado, and, in accordance with her expressed wish, buried on the peak looking down into the Cheyenne Canyon. The spot was dear to her. The cabin below had been built for her as a quiet retreat, where, when she so desired, she could retire with one or two friends, and write undisturbed, alone with the primeval forest and the voices which whispered through nature, and the pure, cool mountain-air.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SAINT PETER'S.



OW on the marble floor I lie:
I am alone:
Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
And foreign crowds are passing by,
I am alone.

Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

With tender joy all others thrill;
I have but tears:
The false priest's voices, high and shrill,
Reiterate the "Peace, good will;"
I have but tears.
I hear anew
The nails and scourge; then come the low
Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

Close by my side the poor souls kneel;
I turn away;
Half-pitying looks at me they steal;
They think, because I do not feel,
I turn away;
Ah! if they knew,
How following them, where'er they go,
I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

Above the organ's sweetest strains
I hear the groans
Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
So near and in such mortal pains,
I hear the groans.
But Christ walks through
The dungeon of St. Angelo,
And says, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

And now the music sinks to sighs;
The lights grow dim:
The Pastorella's melodies
In lingering echoes float and rise;
The lights grow dim;
More clear and true,
In this sweet silence, seem to flow
The words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

The dawn swings incense, silver gray;
The night is past;
Now comes, triumphant, God's full day;
No priest, no church can bar its way:
The night is past:
How on this blue
Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
The words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

CHOICE OF COLORS.

THE other day, as I was walking on one of the oldest and most picturesque streets of the old and picturesque town of Newport, R. I., I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop.

It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The window was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane; and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I stood motionless. I could not see her face; but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face, without her seeing me; but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me. The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger. She did not move away, however; but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely devel-

oped faces of poverty-stricken children. "Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I'd like a goon av thit blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and, moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not jist goin' home, mem. I'd like to stop here a bit."

So I left her. But, after I had gone a few blocks, the impulse seized me to return by a cross street, and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath, as before, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I went quietly on my way, without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little Messenger, Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them, if it is only "through a glass, and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by, who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless,—who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him,—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

IF Mrs. Burnett were not a native of England, she might be called a typical American woman. As all Americans, however, are descended at very few removes from foreign ancestors, it may, nevertheless, be said of the young English girl, who crossed the ocean with her widowed mother at the age of sixteen, that she has shown all the pluck, energy and perseverance usually thought of as belonging to Americans. She settled with her mother and sisters on a Tennessee farm; but soon began to write short stories, the first of which was published in a Philadelphia magazine in 1867. Her first story to achieve popularity was "That Lass o' Lowrie's," published in "Scribner's Magazine" in 1877. It is a story of a daughter of a miner, the father a vicious character, whose neglect and abuse render all the more remarkable the virtue and real refinement of the daughter. Mrs. Burnett delights in heroes and heroines whose characters contrast strongly with their circumstances, and in some of her stories, especially in "A Lady of Quality," published in 1895, she even verges on the sensational.

In 1873 Miss Hodgson was married to Doctor Burnett, of Knoxville, Tennessee. After a two years' tour in Europe, they took up their residence in the city of Washington, where they have since lived.

Mrs. Burnett's longest novel, "Through One Administration," is a story of the political and social life of the Capital. "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Esmeralda," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," and "Haworth's" are, after those already mentioned, her most popular stories. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" has been dramatized. Mrs. Hodgson is most widely known, however, by her Children Stories, the most famous of which, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," appeared as a serial in "St. Nicholas" in 1886, and has since been dramatized and played in both England and America.

Since 1885 her health has not permitted her to write so voluminously as she had previously done, but she has, nevertheless, been a frequent contributor to periodicals. Some of her articles have been of an auto-biographical nature, and her story "The One I Knew Best of All" is an account of her life. She is very fond of society and holds a high place in the social world. Her alert imagination and her gift of expression have enabled her to use her somewhat limited opportunity of observation to the greatest advantage, as is shown in her successful interpretation of the Lancashire dialect and the founding of the story of Joan Lowrie on a casual glimpse, during a visit to a mining village, of a beautiful young woman followed by a cursing and abusive father.

PRETTY POLLY P.*

FROM "PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."

"FRAMLEIGH," ventured little Popham, "you haven't spoken for half an hour, by Jupiter!"

Framleigh—Captain Gaston Framleigh, of the Guards—did not move. He had been sitting for some time before the window, in a position more noticeable for ease than elegance, with his arms folded upon the back of his chair; and he did not disturb himself, when he condescended to reply to his youthful admirer and ally.

"Half an hour?" he said, with a tranquil half-drawl, which had a touch of affectation in its coolness, and yet was scarcely pronounced enough to be disagreeable, or even unpleasant. "Haven't I?"

"No, you have not," returned Popham, encouraged by the negative amiability of his manner. "I am sure it is half an hour. What's up?"

"Up?" still half-abstractedly. "Nothing! Fact is, I believe I have been watching a girl!"

Little Popham sprang down, for he had been sitting on the table, and advanced toward the window, hurriedly, holding his cigar in his hand.

"A girl!" he exclaimed. "Where? What sort of a girl?"

"As to sort," returned Framleigh, "I don't know the species. A sort of girl I never saw before. But, if you wait, you may judge for yourself. She will soon be out there in the garden again. She has been darting in and out of the house for the last twenty minutes."

"Out of the house?" said Popham, eagerly, "Do you mean the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"By Jupiter!" employing his usual mild expletive, "look here, old fellow, had she a white dress on, and geranium-colored bows, and—"

"Yes," said Framleigh. "And she is rather tall for such a girl; and her hair is cut, on her round white forehead, Sir Peter Lely fashion (they call it banging, I believe), and she gives you the impression, at first, of being all eyes, great dark eyes, with—"

"Long, curly, black lashes," interpolated Popham, with enthusiasm. "By Jupiter! I thought so! It's pretty Polly P."

He was so evidently excited that Framleigh looked up with a touch of interest, though he was scarcely a man of enthusiasm himself.

"Pretty Polly P.!" he repeated. "Rather familiar mode of speech, isn't it? Who is pretty Polly P.?"

Popham, a good-natured, sensitive little fellow, actually colored.

"Well," he admitted, somewhat confusedly, "I dare say it does sound rather odd, to people who don't know her; but I can assure you, Framleigh, though it is the name all our fellows seem to give her with one accord, I am sure there is not one of them who means it to appear disrespectful, or—or even cheeky," resorting, in desperation, to slang. "She is not the sort of a girl a fellow would ever be disrespectful to, even though she is such a girl—so jolly and innocent. For my part, you know, I'd face a good deal, and give up a good deal any day, for pretty Polly P.; and I'm only one of a many."

Framleigh half smiled, and then looked out of the window again, in the direction of the house opposite.

"Daresay," he commented, placidly. "And very laudably, too. But you have not told me what the letter P. is intended to signify. 'Pretty Polly P.' is agreeable and alliterative, but indefinite. It might mean Pretty Polly Popham."

"I wish it did, by Jupiter!" cordially, and with more color; "but it does not. It means Pemberton?"

"Pemberton!" echoed Framleigh, with an intonation almost savoring of disgust. "You don't mean to say she is that Irish fellow's daughter?"

"She is his niece," was the answer, "and that amounts to the same thing, in her case. She has lived with old Pemberton ever since she was four years old, and she is as fond of him as if he was a woman, and her mother; and he is as fond of her as if she was his daughter; but he couldn't help that. Every one is fond of her."

"Ah!" said Framleigh. "I see. As you say, 'She is the sort of girl.'"

"There she is, again!" exclaimed Popham, suddenly.

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And there she was, surely enough, and they had a full view of her, geranium-colored bows and all. She seemed to be a trifle partial to the geranium-colored bows. Not too partial, however, for they were very nicely put on. Here and there, down the front of her white morning dress, one prettily adjusted on the side of her hair, one on each trim, slim, black kid slipper. If they were a weakness of hers, they were by no means an inartistic one. And as she came down the garden-walk, with a little flower-pot in her hands—a little earthen-pot, with some fresh gloss-leaved little plant in it—she was pleasant to look at, pretty Polly P.—very pleasant; and Gaston Framleigh was conscious of the fact.

It was only a small place, the house opposite and the garden was the tiniest of gardens, being only a few yards of ground, surrounded by iron railings. Indeed, it might have presented anything but an attractive appearance, had pretty Polly P. not so crowded it with bright blooms. Its miniature-beds were full of brilliantly-colored flowers, blue-eyed lobelia, mignonette, scarlet geraniums, a thrifty rose or so, and numerous nasturtiums, with ferns, and much pleasant, humble greenery. There were narrow boxes of flowers upon every window-ledge, a woodbine climbed round the door, and, altogether, it was a very different place from what it might have been, under different circumstances.

And down the graveled path, in the midst of all this flowery brightness, came Polly with her plant to set out, looking not unlike a flower herself. She was very busy in a few minutes, and she went about her work almost like an artist, flourishing her little trowel, digging a nest for her plant, and touching it, when she transplanted it, as tenderly as if it had been a day-old baby. She was so earnest about it, that, before very long, Framleigh was rather startled by hearing her begin to whistle, softly to herself, and, seeing that the sound had grated upon him, Popham colored and langhed half-apologetically.

"It is a habit of hers," he said. "She hardly knows when she does it. She often does things other girls would think strange. But she is not like other girls."

Framleigh made no reply. He remained silent, and simply looked at the girl. He was not in the most communicative of moods, this morning; he was feeling gloomy and depressed, and not a little irritable, as he did, now and then. He had good reason, he thought, to give way to these fits of gloom, occasionally; they were not so much an unamiable habit as his enemies fancied; he had some ground for them, though he was not prone to enter into particulars concerning it. Certainly he never made innocent little Popham, "Lambkin Popham," as one of his fellow-officers had called him, in a brilliant moment, his confidant. He liked the simple, affectionate little fellow, and found his admiration soothing; but the time had not yet arrived, when the scales not yet having fallen from his eyes, he could read such guileless, almost insignificant problems as "Lambkin" Popham clearly.

So his companion, only dimly recognizing the outward element of his mood, thought it signified a distaste for that soft, scarcely unfeminine, little piping of pretty Polly's, and felt bound to speak a few words in her favor.

"She is not a masculine sort of a girl at all, Framleigh," he said. "You would be sure to like her. The company fairly idolize her."

"Company!" echoed Framleigh. "What company?"

"Old Buxton's company," was the reply. "The theatrical lot at the Prince's, you know, where she acts."

Framleigh had been bending forward, to watch Polly patting the mould daintily, as she bent over her flower-bed; but he drew back at this, conscious of experiencing a shock, far stronger and more disagreeable than the whistling had caused him to feel.

"An actress!" he exclaimed, in an annoyed tone.

"Yes, and she works hard enough, too, to support herself, and help old Pemberton," gravely.

"The worse for her," with impatience. "And the greater rascal old Pemberton, for allowing it."

It was just at this moment that Polly looked up. She raised her eyes carelessly to their window, and doing so, caught sight of them both. Young Popham blushed gloriously, after his usual sensitive fashion, and she recognized him at once. She did not blush at all herself, however; she just gave him an arch little nod, and a delightful smile, which showed her pretty white teeth.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

(CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.)

Author of the "Prophet of the Smoky Mountains."

THE pen name of Charles Egbert Craddock has become familiarly known throughout the English-speaking world in connection with the graphic delineations of character in the East Tennessee Mountains, to which theme the writings of this talented author have been devoted. Until long after the name had become famous the writer was supposed to be a man, and the following amusing story is told of the way in which the secret leaked out. Her works were published by a Boston editor, and the heavy black handwriting, together with the masculine ring of her stories, left no suspicion that their author was a delicate woman. Thomas Baily Aldrich, who was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," to which her writings came, used to say, after an interval had elapsed subsequent to her last contribution, "I wonder if Craddock has taken in his winter supply of ink and can let me have a serial." One day a card came to Mr. Aldrich bearing the well-known name in the well-known writing, and the editor rushed out to greet his old contributor, expecting to see a rugged Tennessee mountaineer. When the slight, delicate little woman arose to answer his greeting it is said that Mr. Aldrich put his hands to his face and simply spun round on his heels without a word, absolutely bewildered with astonishment.

Miss Murfree was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1850, and is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Hardy Murfree of Revolutionary fame, for whom the city of Murfreesboro was named. Her father was a lawyer and a literary man, and Mary was carefully educated. Unfortunately in her childhood a stroke of paralysis made her lame for life. After the close of the war, the family being left in destitute circumstances, they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and Miss Murfree contributed largely to their pecuniary aid by her fruitful pen. Her volumes include "In the Tennessee Mountains" (1884), "Where the Battle was Fought" (1884), "Down the Ravine" (1885), "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885), "In the Clouds" (1886), "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" (1887), "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" (1888), all of which works have proven their popularity by a long-continued sale, and her subsequent works will no doubt achieve equal popularity. She has contributed much matter to the leading magazines of the day. She is a student of humanity and her portraitures of Tennessee moun-

taineers have great historic value aside from the entertainment they furnish to the careless reader. It is her delineation of mountain character and her description of mountain scenery that have placed her works so prominently to the front in this critical and prolific age of novels. "Her style," says a recent reviewer, "is bold, full of humor, yet as delicate as a bit of lace, to which she adds great power of plot and a keen wit, together with a homely philosophy bristling with sparkling truths. For instance, "the little old woman who sits on the edge of a chair" in one of her novels, and remarks "There ain't nothin' so becomin' to fools as a shet mouth," has added quite an original store to America's already proverbial literature.

THE CONFESSION.*

(FROM "THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.")

THE congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon. There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text,—and the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things,—from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was sulking into his mind that gruesome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free-will and fore-ordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil—nay, a legion of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they had assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they had been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how in the scrutiny of science and research men have passed before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudged the time to think upon them,—if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers. As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse, "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez' gin it—ef thear is a God—he's tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace,—leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef"—how his faith and his unfaith now tried him!—"ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise—Stop, brother," he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, and with a white, scared face. Nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains. "Bear with me a little; ye'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! The good things o' heaven air denied. My name is ter be er byword an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye'll grieve ez ye hev ever learn the Word from me, ah! Ye'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials,—none like them es air comin', comin' down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame." He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard. "I will go forth from 'mongst ye,—I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, brethren, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me—speak from out o' the whirlwind."

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ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

AUTHOR OF "GATES AJAR!"

THIS is said to be a practical age and there is much talk about the materialistic tendencies of the time and the absorption of the people in affairs of purely momentary and transient importance. It is nevertheless true that the books which attract the most attention are the most widely read, and best beloved are those which deal with the great questions of life and of eternity. It was upon "The Gates Ajar" that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps founded her reputation. It dealt entirely with the questions of the future life treating them in a way remarkably fresh and vigorous, not to say daring, and its reception was so favorable that it went through twenty editions during its first year.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of a professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. She had been christened with another name; but on the death of her mother, in 1852, she took her name in full. She had been publishing sketches and stories since her thirteenth year, her writings being largely related to charitable, temperance and other reform work. She has written a long series of books beginning with "Ellen's Idol" in 1864, and including a number of series—"The Tiny Series," "The Gypsy Series," etc., intended for Sunday-school libraries, and some fifteen or twenty stories and books of poems. Besides these, she has written sketches, stories and poems in large numbers for the current magazines.

In 1888 she became the wife of Rev. Herbert D. Ward. Their summer home is at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, while in winter they live at Newton Highlands. Thoughtfulness and elevation of spirit mark all Mrs. Ward's literary work. The philanthropic purpose is evident in every one of them, and she contributes to the cause of humanity, not only through her books, but in the time, labor and money which she freely bestows. Mrs. Ward may be taken as a practical example of that noble type of American women who combine literary skill, broad intelligence, and love of mankind with a high degree of spirituality and whose work for humanity is shown in the progress of our people. Her purpose has always been high and the result of her work ennobling. In her books the thought of man and the thought of God blend in a harmony very significant of the spirit of the time, a spirit which she has done much to awaken and to promote.

THE HANDS AT HAYLE AND KELSO'S.*

(FROM "THE SILENT PARTNER.")

IF you are one of the "hands," then in Hayle and Kelso you have a breakfast of bread and molasses probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress. Somebody is beating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it. Somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl; you throw it over one shoulder and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air. You left lamplight indoors, you find moonlight without. The night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it—would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by-and-by?

You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose; the great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams; the great hands of the world, the patient, the perplexed—one almost fancies at times, just for fancy—seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carefulness worth your while by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling. You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid learning, in those morning moons, towards making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time the gas is out, you cease perhaps—though you cannot depend upon that—to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to a chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description as the case may be. In any event—warming a little with the warming day—you incline more and more to chat.

If you chance to be a cotton weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles with steam. The window-sills are gutted to prevent the condensed stream from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and the water stands under the looms. The walls perspire profusely; on a damp day drops will fall from the roof. The windows of the weaving-room are closed. They must be closed; a stir in the air will break your threads. There is no air to stir; you inhale for a substitute a motionless hot moisture. If you chance to be a cotton weaver, it is not in March that you think most about your coffin.

Being a "hand" in Hayle and Kelso, you are used to eating cold luncheon in the cold at noon; or you walk, for the sake of a cup of soup or coffee, half-a-mile, three-quarters, a mile and a-half, and back. You are allowed three-quarters of an hour to do this. You go and come upon the jog-trot.

* * * * * * * *

From swearing you take to singing; both perhaps, are equal relief—active and diverting. There is something curious about that singing of yours. The tune, the place, the singers, characterize it sharply; the waning light, the rival din, the girls with tired faces. You start some little thing with a refrain, and a ring to it. A hymn, it is not unlikely; something of a River and of Waiting, and of Toil and Rest, or Sleep, or Crowns, or Harps, or Home, or Green Fields, or Flowers, or Sorrow, or Repose, or a dozen other things; but always, it will be noticed, of simple spotless things, such as will surprise the listener who caught you at your oath of five minutes past. You have other songs, neither simple nor spotless, it may be; but you never sing them at your work when the waning day is crawling out from spots beneath your loom, and the girls lift up their tired faces to catch and keep the chorus in the rival din.

* * * * * * * *

You are singing when the bell strikes, and singing still when you clatter down the stairs. Something of the simple spotlessness of the little song is on your face when you dip into the wind and dusk.

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AMELIA E. BARR.

THE POPULAR NOVELIST.

PERHAPS no other writer in the United States commands so wide a circle of readers, both at home and abroad, as does Mrs. Barr. She is, however, personally, very little known, as her disposition is somewhat shy and retiring, and most of her time is spent at her home on the Storm King Mountain at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York

Mrs. Barr's life has been an eventful one, broken in upon by sorrow, bereavement and hardship, and she has risen superior to her trials and made her way through difficulties in a manner which is possible only to an individual of the strongest character.

Amelia E. Huddleston was born at Ulverstone, in the northwest of England, in 1832. She early became a thorough student, her studies being directed by her father, who was an eloquent and learned preacher. When she was seventeen, she went to a celebrated school in Scotland; but her education was principally derived from the reading of books to her father.

When about eighteen she was married to Robert Barr, and soon after came to America, traveling in the West and South. They were in New Orleans in 1856 and were driven out by the yellow fever, and settled in Austin, Texas, where Mr. Barr received an appointment in the comptroller's office. Removing to Galveston after the Civil War, Mr. Barr and his four sons died in 1876 of yellow fever. As soon as she could safely do so, Mrs. Barr took her three daughters to New York, where she obtained an appointment to assist in the education of the three sons of a prominent merchant. When she had prepared these boys for college, she looked about for other means of livelihood, and, by the assistance of Henry Ward Beecher and Doctor Lyman Abbott, she was enabled to get some contributions accepted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for whose periodicals she wrote for a number of years. An accident which happened to her in 1884 changed her life and conferred upon the world a very great benefit. She was confined to her chair for a considerable time, and, being compelled to abandon her usual methods of work, she wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife." It was instantly successful, running through many editions, and has been translated into one or two European languages. Since that time she has published numerous stories. One of the most successful was "Friend Olivia," a study of Quaker character which recalls the closing years of the Commonwealth in England, and which her girlhood's home at Ulverstone, the scene of the rise of Quakerism, gave her special advantages in preparing. It is an

unusually powerful story; and the pictures of Cromwell and George Fox are not only refreshingly new and bright but remarkably just and appreciative. Some of her other stories are "Feet of Clay," the scene of which is laid on the Isle of Man; "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," a study of Dutch life in New York; "Remember the Alamo," recalling the revolt of Texas; "She Loved a Sailor," which deals with sea life and which draws its scenes from the days of slavery; "The Last of the MacAllisters;" "A Sister of Esau;" and "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves." Only a slight study of Mrs. Barr's books is necessary to show the wide range of her sympathies, her quick and vivid imagination, and her wonderful literary power; and her career has been an admirable illustration of the power of some women to win success even under the stress of sorrow, disaster and bereavement.

LITTLE JAN'S TRIUMPH.*

(FROM "JANE VEDDER'S WIFE.")

AS she approached her house, she saw a crowd of boys, and little Jan walking proudly in front of them. One was playing "Miss Flora McDonald's Reel" on a violin, and the gay strains were accompanied by finger-snapping, whistling, and occasional shouts. "There is no quiet to be found anywhere, this morning," thought Margaret, but her curiosity was aroused, and she went towards the children. They saw her coming, and with an accession of clamor hastened to meet her. Little Jan carried a faded, battered wreath of unrecognizable materials, and he walked as proudly as Pompey may have walked in a Roman triumph. When Margaret saw it, she knew well what had happened, and she opened her arms, and held the boy to her heart, and kissed him over and over, and cried out, "Oh, my brave little Jan, brave little Jan! How did it happen then? Thou tell me quick."

"Hal Ragner shall tell thee, my mother;" and Hal eagerly stepped forward:

"It was last night, Mistress Vedder, we were all watching for the 'Arctic Bounty;' but she did not come, and this morning as we were playing, the word was passed that she had reached Peter Fae's pier. Then we all ran, but thou knowest that thy Jan runs like a red deer, and so he got far ahead, and leaped on board, and was climbing the mast first of all. Then Bor Skade, he tried to climb over him, and Nichol Sinclair, he tried to hold him back, but the sailors shouted, 'Bravo, little Jan Vedder!" and the skipper shouted 'Bravo!' and thy father, he shouted higher than all the rest. And when Jan had cut loose the prize, he was like to greet for joy, and he clapped his hands, and kissed Jan, and he gave him five gold sovereigns,—see, then, if he did not!" And little Jan proudly put his hand in his pocket, and held them out in his small soiled palm.

The feat which little Jan had accomplished is one which means all to the Shetland boy that his first buffalo means to the Indian youth. When a whaler is in Arctic seas, the sailors on the first of May make a garland of such bits of ribbons, love tokens, and keepsakes, as have each a private history, and this they tie to the top of the mainmast. There it swings, blow high or low, in sleet and hail, until the ship reaches her home-port. Then it is the supreme emulation of every lad, and especially of every sailor's son, to be first on board and first up the mast to cut it down, and the boy who does it is the hero of the day, and has won his footing on every Shetland boat.

What wonder, then, that Margaret was proud and happy? What wonder that in her glow of delight the thing she had been seeking was made clear to her? How could she go better to Suneva than with this crowd of happy boys? If the minister thought she ought to share one of her blessings with Suneva, she would double her obedience, and ask her to share the mother's as well as the wife's joy.

"One thing I wish, boys," she said happily, "let us go straight to Peter Fae's house, for Hal Ragner must tell Suneva Fae the good news also." So, with a shout, the little company turned, and very soon

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Suneva, who was busy salting some fish in the cellar of her house, heard her name called by more than fifty shrill voices, in fifty different keys.

She hurried upstairs, saying to herself, "It will be good news, or great news, that has come to pass, no doubt; for when ill-luck has the day, he does not call any one like that; he comes sneaking in." Her rosy face was full of smiles when she opened the door, but when she saw Margaret and Jan standing first of all, she was for a moment too amazed to speak.

Margaret pointed to the wreath: "Our Jan took it from the topmast of the 'Arctic Bounty,'" she said. "The boys brought him home to me, and I have brought him to thee, Suneva. I thought thou would like it."

"Our Jan!" In those two words Margaret cancelled everything remembered against her. Suneva's eyes filled, and she stretched out both her hands to her step-daughter.

"Come in, Margaret! Come in, my brave, darling Jan! Come in, boys, every one of you! There is cake, and wheat bread, and preserved fruit enough for you all; and I shall find a shilling for every boy here, who has kept Jan's triumph with him."

THE OLD PIANO.

HOW still and dusky is the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume
Of Eastern treasures!—sandal wood and scent
With nard and cassia and with roses blent.
Let in the sunshine.
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,
In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.
How strange it seems!
The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—
The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and white,
Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.
Only to think,
O white sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth, that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O soul! that I have loved, with heavenly birth
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,
Its smiles and sighs?
Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

MISS ALICE FRENCH.

(*Octave Thanet*).

THE REPRESENTATIVE NOVELIST OF THE SOUTHWEST.

AS one of the most prominent among our modern women novelists stands the name of Octave Thanet. The real owner of this widely known pen-name is Miss Alice French. Though Miss French is recognized as the representative novelist of Missouri, Arkansas, and the Southwest generally, where she has lived for many years, she is by birth and education a genuine Yankee woman, and on both sides a descendant from old Puritan stock. Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. They count among them many Revolutionary heroes and not a few persecutors of the witches one hundred and fifty and two hundred years ago, and they, also, number to themselves some of the modern rulers and prominent ministers of Massachusetts.

Mr. French, the father of the authoress, was during his life a loyal Westerner, but it is said never lost his fondness for the East and went there regularly every summer, and his daughter still maintains the custom. While Mr. French was a thorough business man, he was, moreover, an enthusiastic lover of books and the fine arts, and instilled into Miss Alice during her early training a love for reading, and encouraged her to write.

Shortly after her graduation at Abbott Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, Miss French sent a manuscript for publication, but the editors to whom she sent it advised her to wait until her judgment was more mature and her reading more extensive. She accepted their advice and remained silent for several years, and then sent her first book, "The Communist's Wife," to a New York publisher, who declined it, whereupon she forwarded it to other publishers, and it was finally brought out by Lippincotts of Philadelphia, and made such a success that assured easy access for her subsequent works, through any publisher to whom she would send them, to the reading world. The royalty on her various books now brings her a handsome and steady income.

Among the most prominent publications of Octave Thanet's are "Knitters in the Sun" (Boston, 1887); "Otto the Knight" (1888); "Expiated" and "We All," issued from New York in 1890. Since that date she has written several other volumes of equal merit, each new book adding to her well-established reputation and popularity. She has also edited the best "Letters of Lady Montague."

The pen-name of this writer was the result of chance. When in school she had a room-mate, Octavia, who was familiarly known as Octave. The word Thanet she

saw by chance printed on a passing freight car. It struck her fancy and she adopted it; hence the pseudonym "Octave Thanet." It is said that she regrets having adopted a *nom-de-plume*, but since she has made her fame under that name she continues to use it. Miss French is something of a philosopher and artist as well as a novelist, and is deeply read in historical studies as well as the English-German philosophers. She is one of the most domestic of women and declares that she is a great deal better cook than a writer, and that it is a positive delight to her to arrange a dinner. Most prominent women have a fad, and that of Miss French is for collecting china. She is also fond of outdoor sports and takes considerable interest in politics. While not an advocate of woman's suffrage, she declares herself to be a moderate free-trade Democrat, and a firm believer in honest money. Whether the latter term implies a single gold standard or the free coinage of silver, the writer is unable to ascertain.

The strength of Octave Thanet's writing is largely due to the fact that she studies her subjects assiduously, going to original sources for her pictures of bygone times, and getting both facts and impressions so far as possible from the fountain-head. She is regarded not only as the best delineator of the life of the middle Western States, but the most careful student of human nature, and, perhaps the best story-teller among our modern short-story writers. She lives a simple life on a farm and draws her characters from the people around about her.

TWO LOST AND FOUND.*

[FROM "KNITTERS IN THE SUN."]

THEY rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement:

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'beout this yere losin' yo' little trick (child); yet ye didn't useter set no gre't store by 'er—least, looked like—"

"I knaw," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised,—"I knaw, an' 't are curi's ter me too. I didn't set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't got no good sense, an' you all throwed it up to me fur a jedgment. An' knowin' how I hadn't done a thing to hurt Zed, it looked cl'ar agin right an' natur' fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil. and that he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos' cudn't b'ar the sight 'er that pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase 'er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe he tolled 'er off, an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er, an' w'en I seen them little tracks 'er her'n, someways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broked off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted thet chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But, say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad 's all thet, ye warn't wanter mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, did ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly. "I never teched a ha'r 'er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept his eager and almost fierce scrutiny a moment, then he drew a long gasping sigh, crying, "Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"'Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled slowly and dolefully; that was his

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way of expressing sympathy; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed toward the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face and dilating eyeballs. "Oh, Lord A'mighty, thar's her—an' *him!*"

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river-side, a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired little girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light flying heels blinded the young man.

"Paw! Paw!" screamed the little girl. "Maw tole Ma' Bowlin'—meet up—paw!" * * * *

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. The widow from Georgia ran quickly up to Sukey and threw her arms about her shoulders. For a second the people held their breath. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again?

"It are Bud's horn!" sobbed Sukey. "He'd never blow fur onst. Hark! Thar't goes agin! Three times! An' me wouldn't hev no truck with 'im, but she set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time."

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and when the legitimate blowing was over, two enterprising boys exhausted themselves on a venerable horn which was so cracked that no one would take it. In an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out.

JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN.

THE STORY-TELLER OF THE PILGRIMS.

THIS famous daughter of the Pilgrims has become a specialist in their behalf, and has pledged her remaining years to develop their story. Every summer she visits Plymouth, where she constantly studies not only the written records of the Pilgrim Fathers, but the crumbling gravestones and the oral traditions which have come down among their descendants. Her contribution to the literature of early New England possesses a rare value, found, perhaps, in no other writer, enriched from her intimate knowledge of the pioneers of the Eastern Colonists gained from her long study, thorough reading, and a careful investigation of their history and traditions.

Mrs. Austin was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1831. Her parents were from Plymouth, and counted their lineage back to the Mayflower Pilgrims in no less than eight distinct lines. She also claims a descent from Francis le Baron; thus, believers in heredity will recognize in this the root of Mrs. Austin's remarkable devotion to Pilgrim stories and traditions. Her father, Isaac Goodwin, was a lawyer of considerable prominence, and had also devoted much study to genealogy. Her brother, the Honorable John A. Goodwin, was the author of "The Pilgrim Republic," which is considered the best history of the settlement of Plymouth. Her mother, besides being a poet and song-writer, was also a lover of the traditions and anecdotes of her native region, and many of the stories embodied in Mrs. Austin's later works she has heard as a child at her mother's knee, especially those relating to "The Nameless Nobleman," "Francis le Baron and His Family."

Among the best of Mrs. Austin's Pilgrim story-books are "The Nameless Nobleman" (1881); "Standish of Standish" (1889); "Doctor le Baron and His Daughters" (1890); and "Betty Alden" (1891). These cover the ground from the landing of the Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock in 1620 to the days of the Revolution in 1775. Aside from these books, Mrs. Austin has produced in addition to a number of magazine stories and some poems, "Fairy Dream" (1859); "Dora Darling" (1865); "Outpost" (1866); "Taylor Boy" (1867); "Cypher" (1869); "The Shadow of Moloch Mountains" (1870); "Moon-Folk" (1874); "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" (1880); and "Nantucket Scraps" (1882). Since 1891 Mrs. Austin has added a fifth volume to her "Pilgrim Stories," completing the series. All of her writings are in a finished style, remarkable alike for delicacy, purity and clearness of expression, and her work is distinctly American.

Personally Mrs. Austin is a charming woman, much beloved by those who know her best. She has three children, and her home is with a married daughter at Roxbury, Massachusetts; but she spends much of her time in Boston.

AN AFTERNOON IN NANTUCKET.*

FROM "NANTUCKET SCRAPS," 1883.

THE drowsy hours of afternoon were devoted to the museum, collected and exhibited by the public-spirited widow of a sea-captain named McCleve. An upper room to her comfortable house is devoted to the curios, although, like attar of roses, or some penetrating oils, they seem to have saturated the entire mansion,—the good-natured proprietress occasionally haling a favored guest away from the rest to look at some quaint picture, piece of china, or bit of furniture in her own private apartments. The party of twelve or fourteen collected on this special afternoon were taken to the upper room and seated around a small table, as if for a spiritual *séance*, the hostess arranging precedence and proximity with an autocratic good-humor to which everybody yielded except the señor, who, standing looking in at the door, was presently accosted with—

"That gentleman at the door—why—I've seen that face before! Don't you tell me it's Sam!"

"No, I won't, Aunty McCleve, for you'd be sure to contradict me if I did," replied the señor, coolly; whereupon Aunty shook him affectionately by the hand, assuring him he was the same "saucy boy" he used to be, and dragged him most reluctantly to a seat in the magical circle.

"At what period of the entertainment do we pay?" inquired one of the persons one meets everywhere, and who may be called the whit-leather of society. Mrs. McCleve looked at him with an appreciative eye for a moment, and then quietly replied:

"Well, it isn't often people bring it out quite so plain as that, but I guess *you'd* better pay now before you forget it." Whit-leather does not suffer from sarcasm, and the practical man, producing a quarter of a dollar, held it tight while asking—

"Have you got ten cents change?"

"No, brother; but you can keep your quarter till I have," replied Aunty, with the quiet gleam still in her eye, and the business was soon adjusted. This over, she placed upon the table a tray containing some really exquisite carvings in whale's-tooth ivory, comprising a set of napkin-rings, thread-winders, spoons of various sizes, knife-handles, and several specimens of a utensil peculiar to Nantucket, called a jagging-knife, used for carving ornamental patterns in pastry,—a species of embroidery for which Nantucket housewives were once famous, although, "pity 'tis, 'tis true," they have now largely emancipated themselves from such arts.

As the guests examined these really wonderful products of talent almost unaided by implements or training, one of the ladies naturally inquired: "Who did these?" The hostess assumed a sibylline attitude and tone: "Perhaps, my dear, you can tell us that; and if so, you'll be the first one I ever met that could." This obscure intimation of course awakened an interest far deeper than the carvings, in every mind; and in reply to a shower of questioning the sibyl gave a long and intricate narration, beginning with the presence on board of her husband's whale-ship of a mystic youth with the manners and bearing of Porphyrogenitus, and the rating of a common sailor; the delicate suggestion of a disguised lady was also dimly introduced. What succeeds is yet more wonderful, as Scheherezade always said when obliged to cut short the story that the Sultan might get up and say his prayers; but we will not evade Mrs. McCleve's copyright by telling it, simply advising everyone to go and listen to it.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten—elev-en!" counted she at the end, picking up the napkin-rings; "I don't seem to see that twelfth ring!" and she looked hard at the unfortunate that had acquired her dislike in the first of the interview by an unfeeling allusion to money.

"Here it is, Aunty," remarked the señor. "I wanted to hear you ask after it."

"Now, look at here, Sammy, you're too old for

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such tricks," exposulated the dame, in precisely the tone one admonishes a child; and then turning to the company generally she added confidentially:

"I ain't one of them that's given to suspicion, and it ain't a Nantucket failing; but last summer there was a boy, one of those half-grown critters, you know, neither beef nor veal, and I just saw him pocket—well, it was that very knife-handle. I always kept an eye on it since, thinking it might be off yet. So I waited till I saw he actooally meant it, and was fixing to go off with it, and then says I:

"'Well, sonny, going to unload before you start out on a new v'yge?' So that's all about the carvings; and these are shark's teeth,—none of your Wauwinet sand-sharks that would run away from a puppy-dog no bigger than that, but a reg'lar man-eater off the West Indies; and these very teeth took a man's leg off."

"Horrible!" cried one, while another, one of the persistent souls who must finish A before they begin B, inquired: "But did the boy give up the knife-handle?"

"Why, of course he did, my dear, since that's it," replied the hostess compassionately; and then, with the inborn courtesy peculiar to Nantucket folk, turned aside the laugh that followed by hastily displaying some new marvel. The room was crowded with marine curiosities, many of them brought home by the deceased captain, many of them presented to his relict by his comrades or by her own friends; they were mostly such as we have seen many times in many places, but some few were *sui generis*, such as a marriage contract between a Quaker bachelor and maid in the early days of the island, with the signatures of half the settlers appended as witnesses, mutual consent before others being the only ceremony required by the canon of these Non-sacramentarians. Then there was Phœbe Ann's comb, a wonderful work of art in tortoise shell, anent which the possessor, Phœbe Ann's sister, delivered a short original poem, setting forth how ardently Phœbe Ann had desired one of these immense combs, their price being eight dollars each; and how, having engaged it, she set to work to earn it by picking berries for sale; but before the pence had grown to the pounds the big comb was out of fashion, and poor Phœbe Ann's hair, which had been wonderfully luxuriant, fell off through illness, and what remained was cut short. Nantucket probity would not, however, be off its bargain for such cause as this; and Phœbe Ann paid her money and took her ornamental comb,—more useful in its present connection, perhaps, than it could have been in any other. The crown and glory of Mrs. McCleve's museum, however, is a carved wooden vase, twelve or fourteen inches in height, made from the top of one of the red-cedar posts planted a century or two since by this lady's ancestor, to inclose a certain parcel of land belonging to him. Twenty or thirty years ago the fence was to be renewed, and one of her cousins proposed to her to drive out to the place and secure a relic of the original island cedar now extinct. She accepted; and the section of the post, sawed off with great exertion by the cousin, was turned and carved into its present shape in "Cousin Reuben Macy's shop on Orange Street."

But all this set forth in an original poem delivered with much unction by its author, who decisively refuses a copy to any and everybody, and is even chary of letting any one listen to it more than once. It is original—in fact, one may say, intensely original—and quite as well worth listening to as the saga of a royal skald. It begins after this fashion:

"This vase, of which we have in contemplation,
Merits, my friends, your careful observation.
* * * * * * * *
Saturday, the busiest day of all,
From Cousin Thomas I received a call."

Some lost couplets record the invitation to drive, and the demur on account of pies then baking in the oven; but this being overruled by masculine persuasiveness—

"Across the hall I gayly skipped,
And soon was for the cruise equipped."

Then follows the drive, the arrival, and the attempt to cut the stern old cedar trunk with a dull saw,—

"Cousin Thomas worked with desperation,
Until he was in a profuse perspiration,"

and finally secured the trophy here exhibited. But these stray couplets give a very inadequate idea of the poem as delivered by its author; and he who

visits Nantucket and does not hear it has for the rest of his life a lost opportunity to lament.

Just at the close of the recital the poetess fixed her eye steadily upon a figure beside one of the windows, and sternly inquired:

"Is that woman sick? Why don't somebody see to her?"

It was true that the culprit, overcome by the heat of the room, the excitement of the narrative, and possibly certain ancient and fish-like odors connected with the marine specimens, had fainted a little; but was speedily recovered by the usual remedies, prominent among which in those days is a disinclination to have one's crimps spoiled by the application of water; and the incident was made more memorable by the valedictory of the hostess:

"Now, if any of you want to come in again while you stay on the island you can, without paying anything; and if I don't remember you, just say, 'I was here the day the woman fainted,' and I shall know it's all right." And we heard that the experiment was tried and succeeded.

As the party left the house the señor lingered to say: "We are going up to the old windmill, Aunty. Didn't it belong to your family once?"

"I should say it did, Sammy. They wanted a windmill and didn't know how to make one: and they got an off-islander, name of Wilbur, to make it, and like fools gave him the money beforehand. He went back to the continent for something—nails maybe, or maybe idees—and carried the money with him; some pirate or other got wind of it, and the first thing they knew down here, the man was robbed and murdered there on Cape Cod. That didn't put up the windmill though, and the women had got almost tired grinding their samp and meal in those old stone mortars, or even a handmill; so some of the folks spoke to my grandfather, Elisha Macy, about it, and he thought it over, and finally went to bed and dreamed just how to build it, and the next day got up and built it. That's the story of *that*, my dear."

"A regular case of revelation, wasn't it?" suggested the señor with a twinkle in his eye; to which the hostess rather sharply replied:

"I don't profess to know much about revealation, and I don't surmise you know much more, Sammy; but that's how the windmill was built."

History adds another anecdote of the windmill, worthy to be preserved for its Nantucket flavor. Eighty-two years from its marvelous inception, the mill had grown so old and infirm that its owners concluded to sell it for lumber if need be. A meeting was called, and Jared Gardner, the man who was supposed to be wisest in mills of any on the island, was invited to attend, and succinctly asked by Sylvanus Macy—

"Jared, what will thee give for the mill without the stones?"

"Not one penny, Sylvanus," replied Jared as succinctly; and the other—

"What will thee give for it as it stands, Jared?"

"I don't feel to want it at any price, friend," replied Jared indifferently.

The mill-owners consulted, and presently returned to the charge with—

"Jared, thee must make us an offer."

"Well, then, twenty dollars for firewood, Sylvanus."

The offer was accepted immediately; the shrewd Jared did not burn his mill, even to roast a suckling pig; but repaired and used it to his own and his neighbor's advantage, until the day of his death.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

PIONEER FEMALE POET OF AMERICA.
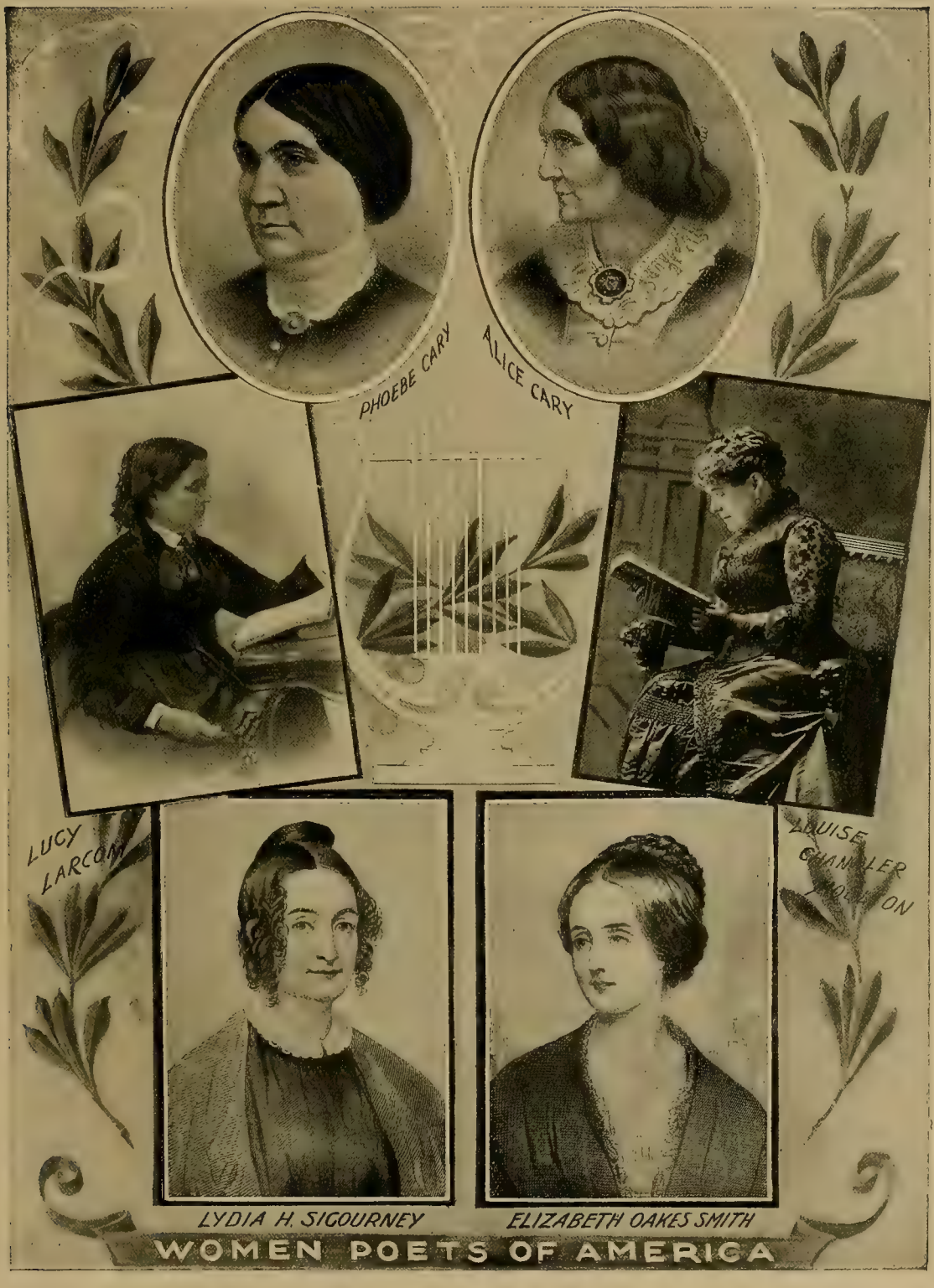
MRS. SIGOURNEY, was among the first, and is the most voluminous of all the early female poets of America. In fact she has been, up to this date, one of the most prolific of all the women writers of our country, having published fifty-six volumes of poetry and prose, the first appearing in 1815, and the last in 1863, fifty-eight years later. Her most successful efforts are her occasional poems, which abound in passages of earnest, well expressed thought, and exhibit in their graver moods characteristics of a mind trained by exercise in self-knowledge and self-control. Her writings possess energy and variety, while her wide and earnest sympathy with all topics of friendship and philanthropy was always at the service of those interests. Mr. Edward H. Everett in a review of Mrs. Sigourney's works declared: "They express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principles in art as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. If her power of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar." Continuing he says: "Though she does not inherit

> 'The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
> Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults of air,'

she nevertheless manages language with an ease and elegance and that refined felicity of expression, which is the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

To the above eminent critical estimate of Mrs. Sigourney's writings it is unnecessary to add further comment. The justice of the praise bestowed upon her is evinced by the fact that she has acquired a wider and more pervading reputation than many of her more modern sisters in the realm of poesy, but it is evident that, of late years, her poetry has not enjoyed the popular favor which it had prior to 1860.

Lydia Huntley was the only child of her parents, and was born at Norwich, Connecticut, September 1st, 1791. Her father was a man of worth and benevolence and had served in the revolutionary struggle which brought about the independence


PHOEBE CARY
ALICE CARY
LUCY LARCOM
LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH
WOMEN POETS OF AMERICA

of America. Of the precocity of the child Duyckinck says: "She could read fluently at the age of three and composed simple verses at seven, smooth in rhythm and of an invariable religious sentiment." Her girlhood life was quiet and uneventful. She received the best educational advantages which her neighborhood and the society of Madam Lathrop, the widow of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of Hartford, could bestow. In 1814, when twenty-three years of age, Miss Huntley was induced to take a select school at Hartford, and removed to that city, where the next year, in 1815, her first book, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was published. The prose essays are introduced by the remark: "They are addressed to a number of young ladies under my care," and the writer throughout the volume seems to have had her vocation as a teacher in view. In the summer of 1819 Miss Huntley became the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, an educated gentleman and a merchant of Hartford. In 1822 a historical poem in five cantos, entitled "Traits of the Aborigines," was published, and about the same time a London publisher made a miscellaneous collection of her verses and published them under the title of "Lays from the West," a compliment of no small moment to an American poetess. Subsequent volumes came in rapid succession, among them being "Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since," "Letters to Young Ladies" and "Letters to Mothers," "Poetry for Children," "Zinzendorf and Other Poems," the last named appearing in 1836. It introduces us to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, paying an eloquent tribute to its scenery and historic fame, and especially to the missionary Zinzendorf, a noble self-sacrificing missionary among the Indians of the Wyoming Valley. The picture is a very vivid one. The poem closes with the departure of Zinzendorf from the then infant city of Philadelphia, extols him for his missionary labor, and utters a stirring exhortation to Christian union. In 1841 "Pocahontas and Other Poems" was issued by a New York publisher. Pocahontas is one of her longest and most successful productions, containing fifty-six stanzas of nine lines each, opening with a picture of the vague and shadowy repose of nature as her imagination conceived it in the condition of the new world prior to its discovery. The landing at Jamestown and the subsequent events that go to make up the thrilling story of Pocahontas follow in detail. This is said to be the best of the many poetical compositions of which the famous daughter of Powhatan has been the subject.

In 1840 Mrs. Sigourney made a tour of Europe, and on her return in 1842 published a volume of recollections in prose and poetry of famous and picturesque scenes and hospitalities received. The title of the book was "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." During her stay in Europe there were also published two volumes of her works in London, and tokens of kindness and esteem greeted the author from various distinguished sources. Among others was a splendid diamond bracelet from the Queen of France. Other volumes of her works appeared in 1846 and 1848. Prominent among the last works of her life was "The Faded Hope," a touching and beautiful memento of her severe bereavment in the death of her only son, which occurred in 1850. "Past Meridian" is also a graceful volume of prose sketches.

Mrs. Sigourney died at Hartford, Connecticut, June 10, 1865, when seventy-three years of age.

COLUMBUS.

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lips and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown,
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fates' unfolding scroll,
Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Did them with tear drops nurse ye?—
—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost winged gale
And freer dreams of heaven.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe struck praise. Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,

Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find JEHOVAH'S name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished brow
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;
" Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low ?"
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track :
" I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings,
Wouldst thou call the blest one back ?"

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD."

IT was in the year 1841 that a poetic Romance of several episodes, written in ballad style and entitled "The Sinless Child," was published in the Southern Literary Messenger and brought its author, a woman of thirty-five years, into general prominence, and gained for her an enviable position which she ever after maintained and fortified with a series of the finest sonnets which the literature of our country affords. "Her productions," says Reade, "are characterized rather by a passionate and lofty imagination, than by fancy, and a subtle vein of philosophy more than sentiment, though in the latter she is by no means deficient."

The maiden name of this lady was Prince. She is descended from old Puritan stock on both sides, and was born in Cumberland, near Portland, Maine, on the twelfth day of August, 1806. At an early age Miss Prince was married to Mr. Seba Smith, a newspaper editor whom she assisted in his editorial work. Mr. Smith, himself, was a man of considerable literary attainment, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Jack Downing," obtained a national reputation. He is also the author of "Powhattan; a metrical romance," and several shorter poems which appeared in the periodicals of the day. His magazine tales and essays were collected in 1850 and published under the title of "Down East."

Like most young women writers of that day, Mrs. Smith contributed her early productions to various periodicals, anonymously. It was not until her husband suffered business disaster that she commenced the open profession of authorship as a means of support for her family. Her first published work "Riches Without Wings" appeared in 1838; "The Sinless Child and other poems" was collected and issued in book form in New York, in 1841. In 1842, Mrs. Smith and her husband removed to New York where they have afterwards resided and the same year she published a novel entitled "The Western Captive" and also a fanciful prose tale "The Salamander; a Legend for Christmas."

Mrs. Smith is also the author of "The Roman Tribute, a tragedy in five acts," founded on the exemption of Constantinople from destruction by a tribute paid by Theodosius to the conquering general, Attila. She is also the author of a tragedy entitled "Jacob Leisler," which is founded upon a well known dramatic incident of the colonial history of New York. Both of these plays enjoyed in their day popular favor upon the stage. In 1847, she published "Woman and her needs," and in 1852, "Hints on Dress and Beauty." Subsequent to these came "The Bald

Eagle; or the last of the Ramapaughs;" "The News Boy;" "Sagamor of Saco;" "The Two Wives;" "Kitty Howard's Journal," and "Destiny, a Tragedy."

Besides the above volumes, Mrs. Smith was the author of much fugitive verse and was also a liberal contributor of the current magazines of her day. The varied and peculiar merits of this author will appear to the reader of her writings, who must be impressed that in the drama, in the sonnet and in miscellaneous poems of imagination and fancy, she has vindicated her right to a place among the first poets of her sex, while her prose writings, though not largely read at this time, are characterized by the same subtle insight, analysis and delicacy of treatment which mark her poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD."

It is difficult to select from a poem of which the parts make one harmonious whole; but the history of "The Sinless Child" is illustrated all through with panel pictures which are scarcely less effective when separated from their series than when combined, and the reader will be gratified with a few of those which serve to exhibit the author's graceful play of fancy, and the pure vein of poetic sentiment as well as her manner and style in treating this masterpiece of its author.

THE STEP-MOTHER. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")

YOU speak of Hobert's second wife,
A lofty dame and bold:
I like not her forbidding air,
And forehead high and cold.
The orphans have no cause for grief,
She dare not give it now,
Though nothing but a ghostly fear
Her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called:
They heard him weeping say—
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
And wipe his tears away!"
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
The watch-dog howls with fear;
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:
What from is gliding near?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space—
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face!

What boots it that no other eye
Beheld the shade appear?
The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear!
It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
With lips that gave no sound!

Then softly on the stepdame's arm
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand;
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his head.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest;
The mother folds her wings beside—
The mother from the blest!

GUARDIAN ANGELS. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")

WITH downy pinion they enfold
The heart surcharged with wo,
And fan with balmy wing the eye
Whence floods of sorrow flow;
They bear, in golden censers up,
That sacred gift a tear—
By which is registered the griefs
Hearts may have suffered here.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts—
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged Hope departs.
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:

Yet all becomes a discipline,
To lure us to the sky;
And angels bear the good it brings
With fostering care on high.
Though human hearts may weary grow,
And sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep:

Yet *they* with ministering zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away, on heavenward wing;
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven—
The love more earnest in its glow
Where much has been forgiven!

THE BROOK.

WHITHER away, thou merry Brook,
Whither away so fast,
With dainty feet through the meadow green,
And a smile as you hurry past?"
The Brook leaped on in idle mirth,
And dimpled with saucy glee;
The daisy kissed in lovingness,
And made with the willow free.

I heard its laugh adown the glen,
And over the rocky steep,
Away where the old tree's roots were bare
In the waters dark and deep;
The sunshine flashed upon its face,
And played with flickering leaf—
Well pleased to dally in its path,
Though the tarrying were brief.

"Now stay thy feet, oh restless one,
Where droops the spreading tree,
And let thy liquid voice reveal
Thy story unto me."
The flashing pebbles lightly rung,
As the gushing music fell,
The chiming music of the brook,
From out the woody dell.

"My mountain home was bleak and high,
A rugged spot and drear,
With searching wind and raging storm,
And moonlight cold and clear.
I longed for a greeting cheery as mine,
For a fond and answering look
But none were in that solitude
To bless the little brook.

"The blended hum of pleasant sounds
Came up from the vale below,
And I wished that mine were a lowly lot,
To lapse, and sing as I go;
That gentle things, with loving eyes,
Along my path should glide,
And blossoms in their loveliness
Come nestling to my side.

"I leaped me down: my rainbow robe
Hung shivering to the sight,
And the thrill of freedom gave to me
New impulse of delight.
A joyous welcome the sunshine gave,
The bird and the swaying tree;
The spear-like grass and blossoms start
With joy at sight of me.

"The swallow comes with its bit of clay,
When the busy Spring is here.
And twittering bears the moistened gift
A nest on the eaves to rear;
The twinkling feet of flock and herd
Have trodden a path to me,
And the fox and the squirrel come to drink
In the shade of the alder-tree.

"The sunburnt child, with its rounded foot,
Comes hither with me to play,
And I feel the thrill of his lightsome heart
As he dashes the merry spray.
I turn the mill with answering glee,
As the merry spokes go round,
And the gray rock takes the echo up,
Rejoicing in the sound.

"The old man bathes his scattered locks,
And drops me a silent tear—
For he sees a wrinkled, careworn face
Look up from the waters clear.
Then I sing in his ear the very song
He heard in years gone by;
The old man's heart is glad again,
And a joy lights up his eye."

Enough, enough, thou homily brook!
I'll treasure thy teachings well,
And I will yield a heartfelt tear
Thy crystal drops to swell;
Will bear like thee a kindly love
For the lowly things of earth,
Remembering still that high and pure
Is the home of the spirit's birth.

THE APRIL RAIN.

THE April rain—the April rain—
I hear the pleasant sound;
Now soft and still, like little dew,
Now drenching all the ground.
Pray tell me why an April shower
Is pleasanter to see
Than falling drops of other rain?
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so—
Or only hope the while,
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,
And Summer's coming smile.
Whate'er it is, the April shower
Makes me a child again;
I feel a rush of youthful blood
Come with the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb
Within the darksome ground,
I should love to hear the April rain
So gently falling round;
Or any tiny flower were I,
By Nature swaddled up,
How pleasantly the April shower
Would bathe my hidden cup!

The small brown seed, that rattled down
On the cold autumnal earth,
Is bursting from its cerements forth,
Rejoicing in its birth.

The slender spears of pale green grass
Are smiling in the light,
The clover opes its folded leaves
As if it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,
And upward turns his eye,
As loving much to see the drops
Come filtering from the sky;
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves
About his home to see,
And feel the swaying summer winds
Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,
And cheerful sounds are heard,
The young girl sings at the merry wheel
A song like the wilding bird;
The creeping child by the old, worn sill
Peers out with winking eye,
And his ringlets rubs with chubby hand,
As the drops come pattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky,
The truant boy is out,
And hoop and ball are darting by
With many a merry shout.
Ay, sport away, ye joyous throng—
For yours is the April day;
I love to see your spirits dance
In your pure and healthful play.

FLOWERS.

(FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")

EACH tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares, too, their blessedness:
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

THIS said sweet Psyche gazed one night
On Cupid's sleeping face—
Gazed in her fondness on the wight
In his unstudied grace:
But he, bewildered by the glare
Of light at such a time,
Fled from the side of Psyche there
As from a thing of crime.

Ay, weak the fable—false the ground—
Sweet Psyche veiled her face—
Well knowing Love, if ever found,
Will never leave his place.
Unfound as yet, and weary grown,
She had mistook another:
'Twas but Love's semblance she had found—
Not Eros, but his brother!

LUCY LARCOM.

AUTHOR OF "HANNAH BINDING SHOES."

HAD we visited the cotton mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, sixty years ago, we perhaps would not have noticed anything peculiar or different from other girls in the busy little body known as Lucy Larcom. She had left school in her early teens to help support the family by serving as an ordinary operative in a cotton factory. Yet this is where Lucy Larcom did her first work; and to the experiences she gained there can be traced the foundation of the literature—both prose and poetry—with which she has delighted and encouraged so many readers.

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. Her father, a sea captain, died while she was a child, and her mother removed with her several children to Lowell, Massachusetts. For a while Lucy attended the public schools and at the age of ten years showed a talent for writing verses. In the cotton mill, she tells us, her first work was "doffing and replacing the bobbins in the machine. Next," she says, "I entered the spinning-room, then the dressing-room, where I had a place beside pleasant windows looking toward the river. Later I was promoted to the cloth-room, where I had fewer hours of confinement, without the noisy machinery, and it was altogether neater." The last two years, of her eight years' work in the mill, she served as book-keeper, and, during her leisure hours, pursued her studies in mathematics, grammar and English and German literature.

The female operatives in the Lowell mills published a little paper entitled "Offering," and it was to this that Miss Larcom contributed her first literary production, which was in the shape of a poem entitled "The River;" and many of her verses and essays, both grave and gay, may be found in the old files of this paper. Her first volume, "Similitudes," was compiled from essays which appeared originally in "Offering." Since then her name has found an honored place among the women writers of America. Among her early and best poems are "Hannah Binding Shoes" and "The Rose Enthroned," the latter being Miss Larcom's first contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly." She did not sign her name to the contribution and it was of such merit that one of the reviewers attributed it to the poet Emerson. Both Mr. Lowell, the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and the poet, Whittier, to whose papers she also contributed, praised her ability. Miss Larcom studied at Monticello Female Seminary, Illinois, and afterwards taught in some of the leading female schools in her native State. In 1859 appeared her book entitled "Ships in the Mist and Other Stories," and in 1866 was published "Breathings of

a Better Life." From 1866 to 1874 she was editor of "Our Young Folks," and in 1875 "An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse," appeared. In 1880 "Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems" was published, and in 1881 "Among Lowell Mill Girls" appeared. In 1885 her poetical works were gathered and published in one volume. Of late, Miss Larcom's writings have assumed deeply religious tones in which the faith of her whole life finds ample expression. This characteristic is strongly noticeable in "Beckonings" (1886), and especially so in her last two books "As It Is In Heaven" (1891) and "The Unseen Friend" (1892), both of which embody her maturest thought on matters concerning the spiritual life.

One of the most admirable characteristics of Miss Larcom's life and her writings is the marked spirit of philanthropy pervading every thing she did. She was in sentiment and practically the working woman's friend. She came from among them, had shared their toils, and the burning and consuming impulse of her life was to better their condition. In this, she imitated the spirit of Him, who, being lifted up, would draw all men after Him.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For the wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;—
Never has one brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithless,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

"THE SISTER SPIRITS OF POESY."

IT would be difficult to treat the two poetic Cary sisters separately. Their work began, progressed through life and practically ended together. Few persons have written under the circumstances which at first appeared so disadvantageous. They had neither education nor literary friends, nor was their early lot cast in a region of literary culture—for they were reared in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the formative period of that Western country. But surely in the wild hills and valleys of their native West, they found

> "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Alice Cary was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, April 20, 1820, and her sister Phoebe at the same place four years later. The two sisters studied at home together and, when eighteen years old, Alice began to write poems and sketches of rural life under the *nom de plume* of Patty Lee, which attracted considerable attention and displayed an ability which elicited encouragement from the editors of the periodicals to which she contributed. In the mean time, Phoebe Cary, following her sister's example, began to contribute, and, in 1850, the two sisters published their first volume of poems in Philadelphia. A volume of prose sketches entitled "Clover Nook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West," by Alice Cary followed in 1851. In 1852, the Cary sisters removed to New York city where they chiefly resided during the remainder of their lives, returning occasionally to their early farm home. For some years they held weekly receptions in New York, which were attended by leading artistic and literary people. They earned by their pens—pure and womanly pens—sufficient to provide a competence for all their wants. They gathered a library, rich in standard works, to gratify their refined tastes and did much to relieve the needy with their charity. In 1853, Alice Cary issued a second series of her "Clover Nook Papers" and a third gleaning from the same field appeared in 1855, entitled "Clover Nook Children," for the benefit of her more youthful readers. During the prolific years, from 1852 to 1855, she also published "Lyra and other Poems," followed by "Hagar, a Story of To-day," "Married, Not Mated," and "Hollywood," a collection of poems. In 1854, Phoebe Cary, also, published "Poems and Parodies." In 1859 appeared her "Pictures of Country Life," a series of tales, and "The Bishop's Son," a novel. In 1867, appeared her

"Snowberries," a book for young folks. In 1866, Alice also published a volume entitled "Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns," which is a standard selection of her poetry and contains some of the sweetest minor poems in the language. Alice's "The Lover's Diary" appeared in 1868. It begins with the poem "Dreamland" and ranges with a series of exquisite lyrics of love through all the phases of courtship to married life. This was the last of her works published during her lifetime. During the same year (1868), Phoebe published the "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," a worthy companion volume to her sister's works, and in 1869 she aided her pastor, Chas. F. Deems, in editing "Hymns for All Christians."

In comparing the two sisters, it is noticeable that the poems of Alice are more thoughtful and more melodiously expressed. They are also marked with a stronger originality and a more vivid imagination. In disposition, Alice was pensive and tender, while Phoebe was witty and gay. Alice was strong in energy and patience and bore the chief responsibility of their household, allowing her sister, who was less passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing. The disparity in the actual intellectual productions of the two sisters in the same number of years is the result, not so much of the mental equality as of the superior energy, industry, and patience of the elder.

The considerate love and delicacy with which Alice and Phoebe Cary treated each other plainly indicated that they were one in spirit through life, and in death they were not long separated. Alice died at her home in New York City, February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year. Phoebe, in sorrow over this bereavement, wrote the touching verses entitled "Light," and in confidence said to a friend: "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." And so it seemed in reality, for, on the thirty-first day of July, six months after Alice Cary was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island, whence her remains were removed and laid by her sister's side.

The two kindred sisters, so long associated on earth, were re-united. The influence they have left behind them, embalmed in their hymns of praiseful worship, their songs of love and of noblest sentiment, and their stories of happy childhood and innocent manhood and womanhood, will long remain to bless the earth and constitute a continual incense to their memory.

Besides the published works named above, both Alice and Phoebe left at their death uncollected poems enough to give each name two added volumes. Alice also left the manuscript of a completed novel.

PICTURES OF MEMORY. (ALICE CARY.)

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coqueting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemed to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

NOBILITY. (ALICE CARY.)

HILDA is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she—
I am but a simple herdsman
Dwelling by the sea.
Hilda hath a spacious palace,
Broad, and white, and high;
Twenty good dogs guard the portal—
Never house had I.

Hilda hath a thousand meadows—
Boundless forest lands:
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
The sweet summer's ripest roses
Hilda's cheeks outvie—
Queens have paled to see her beauty—
But my beard have I.

Hilda from her palace windows
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
By the silver sea.
When her dulcet harp she playeth,
Wild birds singing nigh,
Cluster, listening, by her white hands—
But my reed have I.

I am but a simple herdsman,
With nor house nor lands;
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
And yet what are all her crimsons
To my sunset sky—
With my free hands and my manhood
Hilda's peer am I.

THE GRAY SWAN. (ALICE CARY.)

(*From the Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary*, 1876.)

OH tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip,—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such an one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day? the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Aye, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy mother ever had,—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written a line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive!"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man, what would you have?"

Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

TO THE EVENING ZEPHYR.*

ALICE CARY.

I SIT where the wild-bee is humming,
And listen in vain for thy song;
I've waited before for thy coming,
But never, oh, never so long!
How oft with the blue sky above us,
And waves breaking light on the shore,
Thou, knowing they would not reprove us,
Hast kissed me a thousand times o'er!
Alone in the gathering shadows,
Still waiting, sweet Zephyr, for thee,
I look for the waves of the meadows,
And dimples to dot the blue sea.
The blossoms that waited to greet thee
With heat of the noontide oppressed,
Now flutter so light to meet thee,
Thou'rt coming, I know, from the west.
Alas! if thou findest me pouting,
'Tis only my love that alarms;
Forgive, then, I pray thee, my doubting,
And take me once more to thine arms!

DEATH SCENE.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

DYING, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky;
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal

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On her spirit's vision fell;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some convent picture,
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

MEMORIES.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

"She loved me, but she left me."

MEMORIES on memories! to my soul again
There come such dreams of vanished love and bliss
That my wrung heart, though long inured to pain,
Sinks with the fulness of its wretchedness:
Thou, dearer far than all the world beside!
Thou, who didst listen to my love's first vow—
Once I had fondly hoped to call thee bride:
Is the dream over? comes that awakening now?
And is this hour of wretchedness and tears
The only guerdon for my wasted years?

And I did love thee—when by stealth we met
In the sweet evenings of that summer time,
Whose pleasant memory lingers with me yet,
As the remembrance of a better clime
Might haunt a fallen angel. And oh, thou—
Thou who didst turn away and seek to bind
Thy heart from breaking—thou hast felt ere now
A heart like thine o'ermastereth the mind:
Affection's power is stronger than thy will—
Ah, thou didst love me, and thou lovest me still.

My heart could never yet be taught to move
With the calm even pulses that it should:
Turning away from those that it should love,
And loving whom it should not, it hath wooed
Beauty forbidden—I may not forget;
And thou, oh thou canst never cease to feel;
But time, which hath not changed affection yet,
Hath taught at least one lesson—to conceal;
So none but thou, who see my smiles, shall know
The silent bleeding of the heart below.

"EQUAL TO EITHER FORTUNE."*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

EQUAL to either fortune!" This should be
The motto of the perfect man and true—
Striving to stem the billow fearlessly,
And keeping steadily the right in view,
Whether it be his lot in life to sail
Before an adverse or a prosperous gale.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word;
Whether for him the popular voice of praise,
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard:
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.

"Equal to either fortune," Heaven designs,
Whether his destiny be repose or toil—
Whether the sun upon his palace shines,
Or calls him forth to plant the furrowed soil:
So shall he find life's blessings freely strewn
Around the peasant's cottage as the throne.

Man should dare all things which he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Ready to live or die, even in that day
Which man from childhood has been taught to fear,
When, putting off its cumbrous weight of clay,
The spirit enters on a nobler sphere:
And he will be, whose life was rightly passed,
"Equal to either fortune" at the last.

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LIGHT.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

This is one of the last poems. It was written after the death of her sister Alice, in 1871.

WHILE I hid mine eyes, I feared;
The heavens in wrath seemed bowed;
I look, and the sun with a smile breaks forth,
And a rainbow spans the cloud.

I thought the winter was here,
That the earth was cold and bare,
But I feel the coming of birds and flowers,
And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips
I ever had kissed were dumb;
That my dearest ones were dead and gone,
And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet
As the fall of summer showers;
And the grave that yawned at my very feet
Is filled to the top with flowers!

As if 't were the midnight hour,
I sat with gloom opprest;
When a light was breaking out of the east
And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call
Across from the beautiful shore;
And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,
She had slipped from my embrace;
Now, lo! I hold her fast once more,
With the light of God on her face!

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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

NO modern poet among American women stands higher in the estimation of her literary peers, or in the social scale than does the author of "Bedtime Stories," "Some Women's Hearts," and "In the Garden of Dreams." Mrs. Moulton enjoys the triple distinction of being a writer of the most popular stories for children, of popular novels for grown people, and of some of the best poetry which any woman has contributed to our literature. In herself she presents the conscientious poet who writes for the purpose of instructing and benefiting, and, at the same time, one whose wares are marketable and popular. Not a few critics have placed her sonnets at the head of their kind in America. Her poetry has for its main characteristic a constant but not a rebellious sorrow expressed with such consistent ease and melody that the reader is led on with a most pleasurable sensation from stanza to stanza and arises from the reading of her verses with a mellower and softer sympathy for his fellow-beings.

Louise Chandler was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, April 5, 1835, and her education was received in that vicinity. Her first book entitled "This, That and Other Poems" appeared when she was nineteen years of age. It was a girlish miscellany and sold remarkably well. After its publication, she passed one year in Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York, and it was during her first vacation from this school that she met and married the well-known Boston journalist, William Moulton. The next year was published "Juno Clifford," a novel, without her name attached. Her next publication, issued in 1859, was a collection of stories under the title of "My Third Book." Neither of these made a great success, and she published nothing more until 1873, when her now famous "Bedtime Stories for Children" was issued and attracted much attention. She has written five volumes of bright tales for children. In 1874 appeared "Some Women's Hearts" and "Miss Eyre from Boston." After this Mrs. Moulton visited Europe, and out of the memories of her foreign travel, she issued in 1881 a book entitled "Random Rambles," and six years later came "Ours and Our Neighbors," a book of essays on social subjects, and the same year she issued two volumes of poems. In 1889 she published simultaneously, in England and America, her most popular work, entitled "In the Garden of Dreams," which has passed through many editions with increased popularity. Mrs. Moulton has also edited three volumes of the poems of Philip Burke Marseton.

Mrs. Moulton's residence has been in Boston since 1855, with the exception of

sixteen consecutive summers and autumns which she passed in Europe. In London she is especially at home, where she lives surrounded by friends and friendly critics, who value both her winning personality and her literary art. She has been throughout her life a systematic worker, devoting a part of each day to literary labor. Aside from her books, she has done much writing for newspapers and periodicals. From 1870 to 1876 she was the Boston literary correspondent for the New York "Tribune," and for nearly five years she wrote a weekly letter reviewing new books and literary people for the Boston "Sunday Herald," the series of these letters closing in December, 1891.

Mrs. Moulton, while not admitting herself to be a hero worshipper, is full of appreciation of the great bygone names of honor, and enjoys with a keen relish the memory of the personal friendship she had with such immortals as Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell, on this side of the Atlantic, and with Swinburne, Tennyson and others, in Europe.

"IF THERE WERE DREAMS TO SELL."*

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?"—BEDDOES.

IF there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell,
Its happy tale to tell—
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again—
Youth's madding bliss and bane
I would recapture—
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more—
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory—
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before—
Hear an old story.

As it of old befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh:—
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

WIFE TO HUSBAND.*

WHEN I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where, cold and still,
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that bygone bliss:
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie:
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair howe'er *she* be.

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THE LAST GOOD-BYE.*

HOW shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden light will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy:
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

NEXT YEAR.

THE lark is singing gaily in the meadow, the sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;
But she is gone, the music of whose talking was sweeter than the voice of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments: 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, and fall in thought to tangling up her hair;
And sometimes round the sinless lips of childhood breaks forth a smile, such as she used to wear;
But never any pleasant thing, around, above us, seems to me like her love—
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us, more constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning; she meets me not on any summer eve;
But once at night I heard a low voice calling—"Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing gaily in the meadow, I shall not hear their tone;
But she in the dim, far-off country of the stranger, will walk no more alone.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

(FROM "IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.")

HOW shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.
So have I seen her, in my darkest days
And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
Asking for strength, and sure it would be given;
Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—
So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.

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DISTINGUISHED ESSAYISTS AND LITERARY CRITICS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FIRST AMERICAN AUTHOR OF RENOWN.

"The Cervantes of the New World."

THE first American who openly adopted literature as a calling and successfully relied upon his pen for support was Washington Irving, and the abiding popularity of this author is the best guarantee of his permanent place in the world of letters. Since 1802, when Irving begun to write, empires have arisen and passed away; new arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of mankind has undergone a revolution; science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; but the words of this charming writer are still as bright and even more read by men and women to-day than when they came fresh from his pen and their brilliant author was not only the literary lion of America, but was a shining light in the circles of the old World. The pages of Irving are a striking illustration of the fact that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete, that Truth, and Good, and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the empire of man, and we feel sure that Washington Irving, whose works were the delight of our grandparents and parents, and are now contributing to our own happiness, will also be read with the same eager pleasure by those who come after us.

It was on the 3rd of April, 1783, when the British were in possession of New York City and George Washington was exerting his forces to drive them away, that young Irving was born. Like Benjamin Franklin, he was the youngest of many sons. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an Englishwoman, who emigrated to America soon after their marriage and settled in New York about the year 1770. The Irvings were staunch patriots and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of American prisoners while the British held the city, and their son was not christened until the English evacuated the town and George Washington came in and took possession. In her exultation over this event Mrs Irving exclaimed: "Washington's work is ended and this child shall be named after him." Six years later, in 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, in New York, which was then the capital of the country. Shortly after this the Scotch servant girl with little Irving in charge, seeing the President on the street called out: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on his head gave him his blessing.

As a boy Irving was playful rather than studious. His delicate health prevented his entering college, and the educational training which he received was at sundry small schools, and this ceased at the age of sixteen, at which time he began to study law. Irving's opportunity came in 1802, when his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, established a daily paper, to which Washington, then only nineteen, contributed a series of essays under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were written in a humorous vein and met an instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before.

In 1804 Irving's failing health compelled him to abandon his legal studies and he went abroad, spending two years in European travel, and gathering a stock of material for his future writings. In 1806 he returned to New York, took up again



SUNNYSIDE, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but never practised the profession. The next year, with his brother and James K. Paulding, he started the "Salmagundi; or, Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.," which was published fortnightly and ran through twenty numbers. This humorous magazine, intended by its authors only to "hit off" the gossip of that day, has now become an amusing history of society events a century ago, and is still widely read. The next two years were occupied in writing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which was published in December, 1809. This was to have been the joint work of Washington Irving and his brother, Peter, but the latter was called away to Europe, and Washington did it alone. To introduce this book, Irving, with genuine Yankee shrewdness, advertised in the newspapers some months in advance of its publication for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the manuscript of a book and his board bill unpaid. It was finally announced that his landlord had decided to publish the book in the hope of realizing enough profit to satisfy his claim for board against the author.

It proved to be the most readable book which had yet appeared in America and was received with enthusiasm by the public. Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family, and it first revealed to the critics of the Old World that America was to have a literature of its own. This book quickly brought its author both reputation and money, and with bright hopes he entered the business firm of his brother as a silent partner.

During the War of 1812 Irving was editorially connected with the "Analectic Magazine" in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a number of articles. He was stanchly patriotic throughout the war, though he deplored its existence. In 1815, after peace was proclaimed, he made a second voyage across the Atlantic, intending to remain only a short while, but the failure of his brother's firm blasted his business hopes and necessitated his return to literature. He, therefore, remained abroad for seventeen years, and it was in the Old Country that he wrote his famous "Sketch Book," published in parts in New York in 1819, and in book form in London in 1820, the author receiving for the copyright four hundred pounds (nearly $2,000). In 1822 he published "Bracebridge Hall, or, The Humorist;" and in 1824 the "Tales of the Traveler." From 1826 to 1829 Irving spent much time in Spain, where he gathered material for the "Life of Christopher Columbus" (1828); "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra, or, The New Sketch Book," which appeared in 1832.

During the last two years of Irving's stay abroad he was Secretary of the United States Legation at London, and on his return to America in 1832 was received with great public honor. His books now brought him an adequate income, and he built for himself a handsome villa at Irvington, New York—which he named "Sunnyside"—where he continued to reside until his death, with the exception of four years (1842-46), during which time he represented the United States at the Court of Madrid. While residing at Sunnyside he wrote the "Tours of the Prairies" (1835); "Astoria" (1836); "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837). After his return from the Court of Spain he edited a new edition of his complete works, issued in 1850. He also published in 1849 and 1850 "Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography," and "Mahomet and His Successors." From 1850 to 1859 he published only two books, namely, "Wolfret's Roost and Other Papers" and the "Life of George Washington;" the latter issued just before his death, which occurred at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859. His nephew, P. H. Irving, afterwards prepared the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (1863), and also edited and published his "Spanish Papers and Other Miscellanies" (1866.)

That Irving never married may be attributed to the fact that his fiancé, Miss Matilda Hoffman, a charming and beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, died suddenly soon after they were engaged. Irving, then twenty-six, bore the blow like a man, but he carried the scar through life.

The fame of Irving becomes the more resplendent when we remember that he was the first great pioneer in American letters. Franklin was the only man of any note who had preceded him, and his writings were confined to a much smaller scope. It was while Bryon and Scott were leaders of English letters that Irving, without the advantage of a college education, went to England and met and associated with the greatest of English authors, issued several

of his books and made good his own title to an honorable position in literature among them, not only leaving his impress upon English society but he created an illustrious following among her authors that any man should be proud of; for it is from Irving's "Sketch Book" that the revival of Christmas feasts was inaugurated, which Dickens afterwards took up and pursued to further lengths, making Irving his model in more ways than is generally supposed. Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray were his friends and admirers. The latter calls Irving the "first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old." At home Irving's influence was even greater. His tales like "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows became the first fruits of an abundant harvest, rich in local flavor, which later American story-tellers like Hawthorne, Poe, Bret Harte and Cable, all in their own way, following in his footsteps, have gathered after him.

The genius of Irving was not of that stalwart, rugged character which conquered by admiration. It rather won its way softly and by the aid of genial sentiment, human sympathy and pungent humor. His heart was quick to catch the sentiment, and his imagination as quick to follow the thread of an incident to its most charming conclusion. He it was who peopled the green nooks of "Sleepy Hollow" and the rocky crags of the Catskills, describing landscape and character with a charm which no later American writer has surpassed; and it was his delicate subtlety and keen insight which called into being in his "Knickerbocker's History" a civilization, giving to the legend the substance of truth, and presenting a fiction so that it passed for a fact. This is a feat which very few authors have accomplished.

That Irving might have been a successful historian is evinced by his "Life of Columbus" and "Life of Washington," in which his exhaustive inquiry into details and his treatment of the same leave nothing new in the lives of these great men to be told; but it is on his descriptive essays, such as we find in his "Sketch Book," "The Alhambra" and "Knickerbocker's History," that his title to enduring fame most securely rests.

The poet, Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," thus happily characterizes Washington Irving:

"What! Irving? thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The 'fine old English Gentleman,' simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain.
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

THE ORGAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.

THE sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—The very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

BALTUS VAN TASSEL'S FARM.

ICHABOD CRANE had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwielding porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were

riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel, who was to inherit those domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness.

Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

(FROM "LIFE OF COLUMBUS.")

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth.

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About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude;

the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came, and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

THE GALLOPING HESSIAN.

THE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for, in fact,

I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusk and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yoemen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but in-

stead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way. and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain

his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled in the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle, which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling: in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him, the school was removed to a different part of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

HUMORIST AND JOURNALIST.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER belongs to a class of writers which has been aptly called the meditative school in American literature, but few of the so-called meditative writers so sparkle with humor as does the genial and humane author of "My Summer in a Garden," and few writers of any school have so succeeded in presenting wholesome truth and lofty thought in the pleasing form of humorous conversation on such common subjects as gardening, back-log fires, and the every-day life of the farmer-boy.

He is one of our leading apostles of culture, and he is himself a glowing example of the worth of culture, for he has steadily raised himself from the flat levels of life to a lofty pinnacle of influence and power simply because he possessed in high degree a keen insight, a dainty lightness of touch, a delicacy of thought and style, a kindly humor, and a racy scent for "human nature." It was a long time before he discovered his own powers and he labored at a distasteful profession until his nature cried out for its true sphere, but his early life in many respects was imperceptibly ministering to the man that was to be.

He was born of English non-conformist stock, in the hill country of Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829—a lineal descendent of a "Pilgrim Father" and the son of a well-to-do farmer, of more than ordinary mental parts. He had his period in the New England district school, and in 1851 he was graduated from Hamilton College, New York, where he had gained a college reputation as a writer.

Had he not been a "born writer" the next period of his life would have made a literary career impossible for him. A winter in Michigan, ending in dismal failure, two years of frontier life as a surveyor, and then the pursuit of legal studies, followed by the practice of law in Chicago seemed to have been hostages to fortune against the pursuit of fame in the field of pure literature.

But he had the blood of the "Brahman caste" and it was certain to assert itself. In 1860, his friend Hawley (now United States Senator from Connecticut) invited him to accept the position of assistant editor on the Hartford "Press," and his talents for successful journalism were at once apparent, from which he stepped quite naturally into the narrower circle—"the brotherhood of authors."

"My Summer in a Garden" (1870), his first literary work, was first written as a series of weekly articles for the Hartford "Courant," and their reception at once made him a man of note.

This work is a delightful prose pastoral, in which the author described his experiences with gardening and finds quaint and subtle connections between "pusley" and "original sin," while its humorous touches of nature and human nature give it a peculiar charm. "Saunterings," a volume of reminiscences of European travel, was also published the same year.

"Back-Log Studies" (1872), written in praise of the sweet and kindly influences of the home fireside, appeared first as a series in "Scribner's Magazine" and added much to the author's reputation, as it marked a decided advance in style and elegance of diction.

His carefully prepared occasional addresses, on such subjects as Education, Culture and Progress, show that he has deep convictions and an earnestness of heart, as well as the delicate fancy and playful humor which first made him a favorite author. If he is an apostle of culture, he is no less the herald of the truth that "the scholar must make his poetry and learning subserve the wants of the toiling and aspiring multitude."

"Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing" (1874) is a delightful sketch of travels, a field of literature in which Warner is a master. "My Winter on the Nile" (1876), "In the Levant" (1877), "In the Wilderness" (1878), "Roundabout Journey" (1883), and "Their Pilgrimage" (1886) are his other contributions to this department of literature.

In 1884 he became coeditor of "Harper's Magazine," to which he has contributed a valuable series of papers on "Studies in the South," "Studies in the Great West," and "Mexican Papers," critically discussing the educational, political, and social condition of these states.

He is the author of "Captain John Smith," and of "Washington Irving" in the "Men of Letters Series" of which he is editor.

Nowhere is his humor more free and unrestrained than in "Being A Boy" and in "How I Shot the Bear."

His home is at Hartford, Conn.

THE MORAL QUALITY OF VEGETABLES.*

FROM "MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

I AM more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which shall rank with comparative philology—the science of comparative vegetable morality. We live in an age of Protoplasm. And, if life matter is essentially the same in all forms of life, I propose to begin early, and ascertain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality which can contribute to my moral growth. . . .

Why do we respect some vegetables and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn—which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority—is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

Then there is the cool cucumber—like so many people, good for nothing when its ripe and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery

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consistency, but is not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic. . . . .

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is however apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains—like a few people I know—growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of Attic Salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means—but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrast—and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything—and the more things the better—into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the skill in mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*.

Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region; except perhaps the currant. Here we see that even among berries there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

* * * * *

Talk about the Darwinian theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance with it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should come to maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it. It would have been a scene of passion and license and brutality. The "pusley" would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snakegrass would have left no place for the potatoes under ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own "natural selection."

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

AUTHOR OF "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR" AND "DREAM LIFE."

UNDER the pen name of "Ik Marvel," Donald G. Mitchell is among the best known literary men of the world. His chief works consist of a dozen volumes or more ranging back for fifty years; but readers who know the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," possess a clear comprehension of this author. In learning those books they have learned him by heart. Except that he has mellowed with age there is little change in his charming style from his first book issued in 1847 to his last—"American Land and Letters"—which appeared in 1897.

Washington Irving spoke of being drawn to Donald G. Mitchell, by the qualities of head and heart which he found in his writings. No doubt if Irving had named these qualities he would have agreed with the general verdict that they consisted in a clearness of conception with which he grasped his theme, the faithfulness with which his thought pursued it, the sympathy with which he treated it and the quality of modesty, grace, dignity and sweetness which characterized his style. Says one of his critics: "Mitchell is a man who never stands in front of his subject, and who never asks attention to himself. Washington Irving had the same characteristics and it was natural that they should be drawn together. In early life, Mitchell seems to have been much under Irving. "Dream Life" was dedicated to that veteran, and some of the best sketches that can now be found of Irving are in Mitchell's written recollections of him. The disciple however, was not an imitator. Mitchell's papers on "The Squire" and "The Country Church" are as characteristic as any thing in the "Sketch Book," but their writer's style is his own.

Donald G. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale in 1841 and afterwards worked three years on his grandfather's farm, thus acquiring a taste for agriculture which has clung to him through life, and which shows itself in his "Edgewood" books. His first contributions were to the "Albany Cultivator," a farm journal. He begun the study of law in 1847, but abandoned it for literature.

Mr. Mitchell has been several times abroad, always returning with something refreshing for his American readers. He has also lectured on literature at Yale College. In 1853, he was appointed United States Consul to Venice by President Pierce, but resigned after a few months. His home has been, since 1855, on his charming country place, "Edgewood," near New Haven, Connecticut, and nearly all his books—except "English Lands and Letters" (1890), and "American Lands and Letters" (1897)—are fragrant with the breath of the farm and rural scenery.

Mr. Mitchell was married in 1853 to Miss Mary F. Pringle, of Charleston, South Carolina, who accompanied him when he went as Consul to Venice.

Mr. Mitchell filled a number of semi-public positions, and was one of the first members of the council of the Yale Art School at its establishment in 1865. He was also one of the judges of Industrial Art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and was United States Commissioner at the Paris Exposition in 1878. His contributions to "The Atlantic Monthly," to "Harper's Magazine," and other periodicals, his lectures and addresses on Literature and Agriculture have always been well received.

Among his books not already mentioned are "The Seven Stories with Basement and Attic," a series of tales of travel; "A Single Novel;" "Doctor Johns;" one juvenile story "About Old Story-Tellers," and an elaborate genealogy of his mother's family entitled "The Woodbridge Record."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "DREAM LIFE.")

IN the summer of 1852 Mr. Irving made a stay of a few weeks at Saratoga; and, by good fortune, I chanced to occupy a room upon the same corridor of the hotel, within a few doors of his, and shared many of his early morning walks to the "Spring." What at once struck me very forcibly in the course of these walks was the rare alertness and minuteness of his observation. Not a fair young face could dash past us in its drapery of muslin, but the eye of the old gentleman—he was then almost seventy—drank in all its freshness and beauty, with the keen appetite and the graceful admiration of a boy; not a dowager brushed past us, bedizened with finery, but he fastened the apparition in his memory with some piquant remark, as the pin of an entomologist fastens a gaudy fly. No rheumatic old hero-invalid, battered in long wars with the doctors, no droll marplot of a boy, could appear within range, but I could see in the changeful expression of my companion the admeasurements and quiet adjustment of the appeal which either made upon his sympathy or his humor. A flower, a tree, a burst of music, a country market man hoist upon his wagon of cabbage—all these by turns caught and engaged his attention, however little they might interrupt the flow of his talk.

He was utterly incapable of being "lionized." Time and again, under the trees in the court of the hotel, did I hear him enter upon some pleasant story, lighted up with that rare turn of his eye and by his deft expressions; when, as chance acquaintances grouped around him, as is the way of watering-places, and eager listeners multiplied, his hilarity and spirit took a chill from the increasing auditory, and drawing abruptly to a close, he would sidle away with a friend, and be gone. . . .

I saw Mr. Irving afterwards repeatedly in New York, and passed two delightful days at Sunnyside. I can never forget a drive with him on a crisp autumn morning through Sleepy Hollow and all the notable localities of his neighborhood, in the course of which he called my attention, in the most unaffected and incidental way, to those which had been specially illustrated by his pen, and with a rare humor recounted to me some of his boyish adventures among the old Dutch farmers of that region.

Most of all it is impossible for me to forget the rare kindliness of his manner, his friendly suggestions, and the beaming expression of his eye. I met it last at the little stile from which I strolled away to the railway station. When I saw the kind face again, it was in the coffin at the little church where he attended services. But the eyes were closed, and the wonderful radiance of expression gone. It seemed to me that death never took away more from a living face. It was but a cold shadow lying there of the man who had taught a nation to love him.

GLIMPSES OF "DREAM-LIFE"

By Ik Marvel

With original illustrations by Corwin K. Linson.

Pshaw!—said my Aunt Tabithy—have you not done with dreaming?

My Aunt Tabithy, though an excellent and most notable person, loves occasionally a quiet bit of satire. And when I told her that I was sharpening my pen for a new story of those dreamy fancies, and half-experiences, which lie grouped along the journeying hours of my solitary life, she smiled as if in derision.



"PSHAW! SAID MY AUNT TABITHY"

It is very idle to get angry with a good-natured old lady: I did better than this: I made her listen to me.

Exhausted, do you say, Aunt Tabithy? Is life then exhausted, is hope gone out, is fancy dead?

No, no, Aunt Tabithy—this life of musing does not exhaust so easily. It is like the springs on the farm-land, that are fed with all the showers and the dews of the year, and that from the narrow fissures of the rock send up streams continually. Dream-land will never be exhausted until we enter on the land of dreams; and until, in "shuffling off this mortal coil," thought will become fact and all facts will be only thought.



"ISAAC, YOU ARE A SAD FELLOW"

It was warm weather, and my aunt was dozing. "What is this all to be about?" said she, recovering her knitting-needle.

"About love, and toil, and duty, and sorrow," said I.

My aunt finished the needle she was upon—smoothed the stocking-leg over her knee, and went on to ask me in a very bantering way, if my stock of youthful loves was not nearly exhausted.

A better man than myself—if he had only a fair share of vanity—would have been nettled at this; and I replied somewhat tartly, that I had never professed to write my expe-

riences. Life after all is but a bundle of hints, each suggesting actual and positive development, but rarely reaching it. And as I recall these hints, and in fancy, trace them to their issues, I am as truly dealing with life, as if my life had dealt them all to me.

This is what I would be doing in the present book;—I would catch up here and there the shreds of feeling, which the brambles and roughnesses of the world have left tangling on my heart, and weave them out into those soft and perfect tissues, which—if the world had been only a little less rough—might now perhaps enclose my heart altogether.



"MY AUNT WAS DOZING"

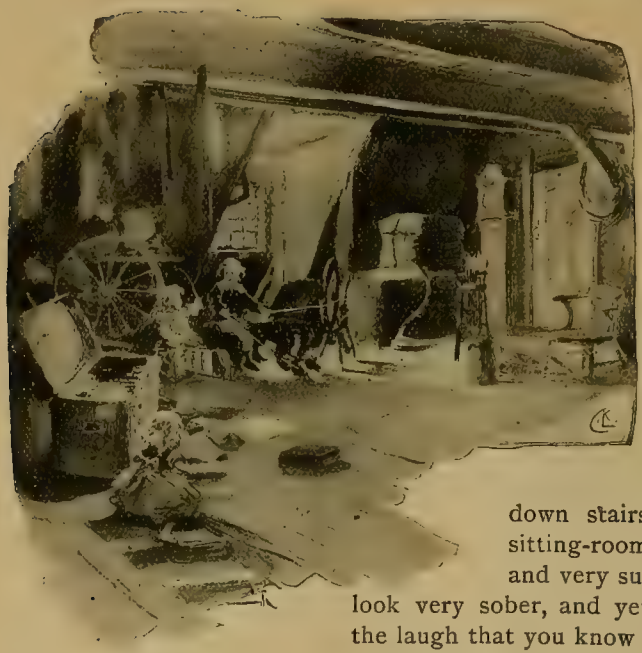
"Ah," said my Aunt Tabithy, as she smoothed the stocking-leg again, with a sigh—"there is after all but one youth-time; and if you put down its memories once, you can find no second growth."

My Aunt Tabithy was wrong. There is as much growth in the thoughts and feelings that run behind us, as in those that run before us. You may make a rich, full picture of your childhood to-day; but let the hour go by, and the darkness stoop to your pillow with its million shapes of the past, and my word for it, you shall have some flash of childhood lighten upon you that was unknown to your busiest thought of the morning.

I know no nobler forage-ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the look-out for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret, drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly—giving now and then one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent;—for you have a



"THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE"



"A PERFECT FIELD OF CHIVALRY"

great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

Old family garrets have their stock, as I said, of cast-away clothes, of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on; buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fulness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped head-gear and old-fashioned brocade petticoat caught up with pins; and in such guise, to steal cautiously down stairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room—half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun;—trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make. And your mother tries to look harshly at little Nelly for putting on her grandmother's best bonnet; but Nelly's laughing eyes forbid it utterly, and the mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower of kisses.

After this, you go marching, very stately, into the nursery; and utterly amaze the old nurse; and make a deal of wonderment for the staring, half-frightened baby, who drops his rattle, and makes a bob at you, as if he would jump into your waistcoat pocket.



"TRICKED OUT"

You have looked admiringly many a day upon the tall fellows who play at the door of Dr. Bidlow's school; you have looked with reverence. Dr. Bidlow seems to you to belong to a race of giants; and yet he is a spare, thin man, with a hooked nose, a large, flat, gold watch-key, a crack in his voice, a wig, and very dirty wristbands.



"THERE IS AFTER ALL BUT ONE YOUTH-TIME"

You, however, come very little under his control; you enter upon the proud life in the small-boys' department—under the dominion of the English master. He is a dif-

ferent personage from Dr. Bidlow: he is a dapper, little man, who twinkles his eye in a peculiar fashion, and steps very springily around behind the benches, glancing now and then at the books—cautioning one scholar about his dog's ears, and startling another from a doze by a very loud and odious snap of his forefinger upon the boy's head.

There are some tall trees that overshadow an angle of the schoolhouse; and the larger scholars play surprising gymnastic tricks upon their lower limbs.



"LONG, WEARY DAYS OF CONFINEMENT"



"OLD BID"

In time, however, you get to performing some modest experiments yourself upon the very lowest limbs,—taking care to avoid the observation of the larger boys, who else might laugh at you: you especially avoid the notice of one stout fellow in pea-green breeches, who is a sort of "bully" among the small boys.

One day you are well in the tops of the trees, and being dared by the boys below, you venture higher—higher than any boy has gone before. You feel very proud, so you advance cautiously out upon the limb: it bends and sways fearfully with your weight: presently it cracks: you try to return, but it is too late; then comes a sense of dizziness—a succession of quick blows, and a dull, heavy crash!

After this, come those long, weary days of confinement, when you lie still, through all the hours of noon, looking out upon the cheerful sunshine, only through the windows of your little room. Yet it seems a grand thing to have the whole household attendant upon you; and when you groan with pain, you are sure of meeting sad, sympathizing looks.



"STARTLING ANOTHER FROM A DOZE"

To visit, is a great thing in the boy-calendar:—to go away on a visit in a coach, with a trunk, and a great-

coat, and an umbrella:—this is large! As you journey on, after bidding your friends adieu, and as you see fences and houses to which you have not been used, you think them very odd indeed; but it occurs to you, that the geographies speak of very various national characteristics, and you are greatly gratified with this opportunity of verifying your study.



"AND EAT A DINNER IN A TAVERN"

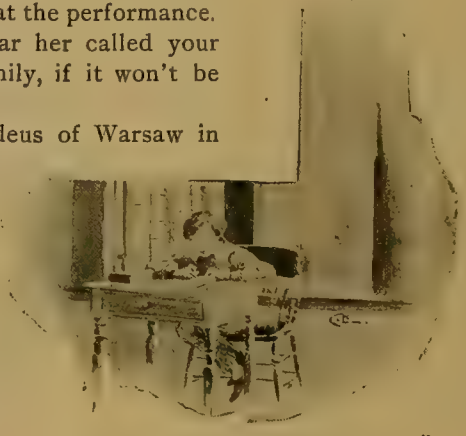
Your old aunt, whom you visit, you think wears a very queer cap, being altogether different from that of the old nurse, or of Mrs. Boyne,—Madge's mother. As for acquaintances, you fall in the very first day with a tall boy next door, called Nat, which seems an extraordinary name. Besides, he has traveled; and as he sits with you on the summer nights under the linden trees, he tells you gorgeous stories of the things he has seen. He has made the voyage to London; and he talks about the ship (a real ship) and starboard and larboard, and the spanker, in a way quite surprising; and he takes the stern oar in the little skiff, when you row off in the cove abreast of the town, in a most seaman-like way.



"AWAY ON A VISIT IN A COACH"

Besides Nat, there is a girl lives over the opposite side of the way, named Jenny, with an eye as black as a coal. She has any quantity of toys, and she has an odd old uncle, who sometimes makes you stand up together, and then marries you after his fashion,—much to the amusement of a grown-up housemaid, whenever she gets a peep at the performance. And it makes you somewhat proud to hear her called your wife; and you wonder to yourself, dreamily, if it won't be true some day or other.

Jenny is romantic, and talks of Thaddeus of Warsaw in a very touching manner, and promises to lend you the book. She folds billets in a lover's fashion, and practices love-knots upon her bonnet strings. She looks out of the corners of her eyes very often, and sighs. She is frequently by herself, and pulls flowers to pieces.



"IT IS RATHER A PRETTY NAME TO WRITE"

All this time, for you are making your visit a very long one, so that autumn has come, and the nights are grow-

ing cool, and Jenny and yourself are transferring your little coquetries to the chimney-corner ; — poor Charlie lies sick at home. Boyhood, thank Heaven, does not suffer severely from sympathy when the object is remote.



"THE DOCTOR LIFTS YOU IN HIS ARMS"

It is on a frosty, bleak evening, when you are playing with Nat, that the letter reaches you which says Charlie is growing worse, and that you must come to your home. It is quite dark when you reach home, but you see the bright reflection of a fire within, and presently at the open door Nelly clapping her hands for welcome. But there are sad faces when you enter. Your mother folds you to her heart; but at your first noisy outburst of joy, puts her finger on her lip, and whispers poor Charlie's name. The Doctor you see, too, slipping softly out of the bed-room door with glasses in his hand; and—you hardly know how—your spirits grow sad, and your heart gravitates to the heavy air of all about you.

You drop to sleep after that day's fatigue, with singular and perplexed fancies haunting you; and when you wake up with a shudder in the middle of the night, you get up stealthily and creep down stairs; the bed-room door stands open, a little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, with her head upon her hand—though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back toward you, and looks very solemn as he takes out his watch. He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand; and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin ! over the edge of the bed.



"WHO SOMETIMES MAKES YOU STAND UP TOGETHER"

He shakes his head mournfully at your mother; and she springs forward, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth.

"Is he asleep, Doctor?" she says, in a tone you do not know.

"Dear Madam, he will never waken in this world."

There is no cry—only a bowing

down of your mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Charlie!—and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

The Doctor lifts you in his arms, that you may see—that pale head,—those blue eyes all sunken,—that flaxen hair gone,—those white lips pinched and hard!—Never, never, will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death!



"LISTENING ATTENTIVELY TO SOME GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT"

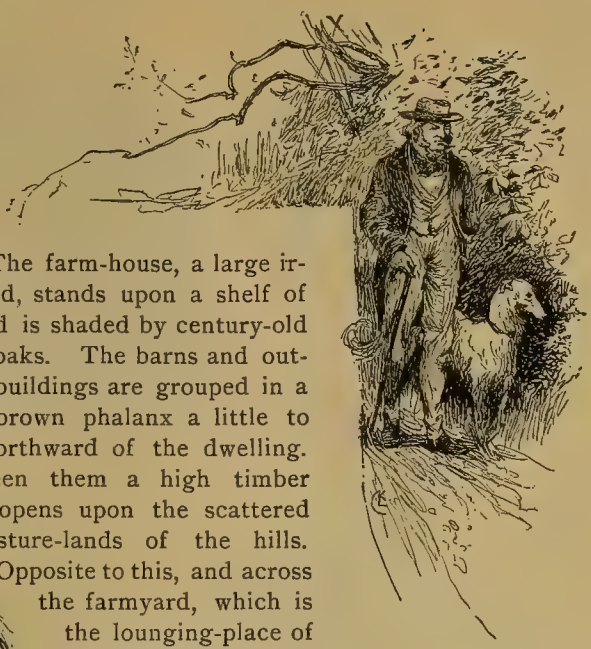


Frank has a grandfather living in the country, a good specimen of the old-fashioned New England farmer. He is a Justice of the Peace, and many are the country courts that you peep upon, with Frank, from the door of the great dining-room. You watch curiously the old gentleman, sitting in his big arm-chair, with his spectacles in their silver case at his elbow, and his snuff-box in hand, listening attentively to some grievous complaint; you see him ponder deeply—with a pinch of snuff to aid his judgment,—and you listen with intense admiration, as he gives a loud, preparatory "Ahem," and clears away the intricacies of the case with a sweep of that strong practical sense which distinguishes the New England farmer,—getting at the very hinge of the matter, without any consciousness

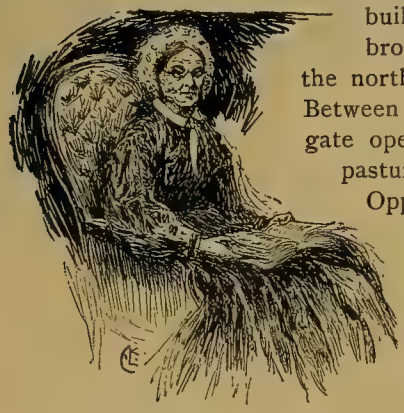


"SOME OF BIDLOW'S BOYS"

of his own precision, and satisfying the defendant by the clearness of his talk, as much as by the leniency of his judgment. He farms some fifteen hundred acres,—"suitably divided," as the old-school agriculturists say, into "wood-land, pasture, and tillage." The farm-house, a large irregularly built mansion of wood, stands upon a shelf of the hills looking southward, and is shaded by century-old oaks. The barns and outbuildings are grouped in a brown phalanx a little to the northward of the dwelling. Between them a high timber gate opens upon the scattered pasture-lands of the hills. Opposite to this, and across the farmyard, which is the lounging-place of scores of red-necked turkeys, and of matronly hens, clucking to their callow brood, another gate of similar pretensions opens upon the wide meadow-land.



"A SQUIRE"



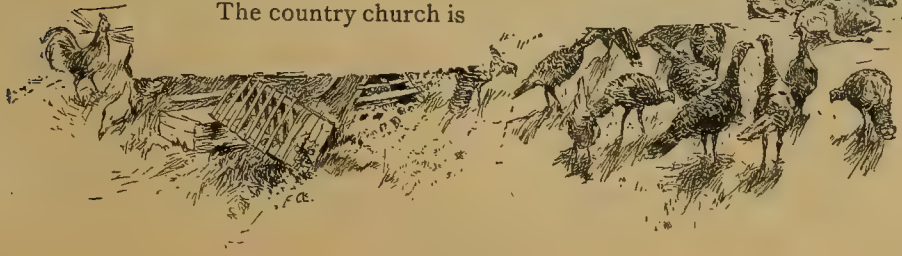
"SOME TIDY OLD LADY IN BLACK"

So it is, that as you lie there upon the sunny greensward, at the old Squire's door, you muse upon the time when some rich-lying land, with huge granaries and cozy old mansion sleeping under the trees, shall be yours;—when the brooks shall water your meadows, and come laughing down your pasture-lands;—when the clouds shall shed their spring fragrance upon your lawns, and the daisies bless your paths. You will then be a Squire, with your cane, your lean-limbed hound, your stocking-leg of specie, and your snuff-box. You will be the happy and respected husband of some tidy old lady in black and spectacles,—a little phthisicky, like Frank's grandmother,—and an accomplished cook of stewed pears, and Johnny-cakes!





The country church is

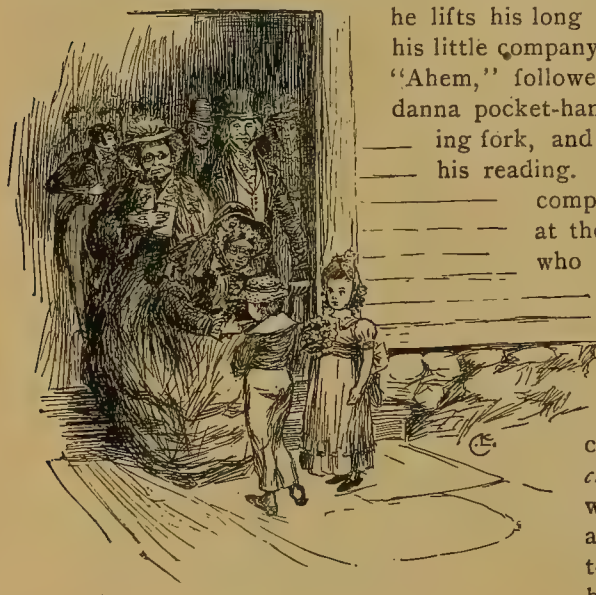


a square old building of wood, without paint or decoration, and of that genuine, Puritanic stamp, which is now fast giving way to Greek porticos, and to cockney towers. The unpainted pews are ranged in square forms, and by age have gained the color of those fragmentary wrecks of cigar-boxes, which you see upon the top shelves in the bar-rooms of country taverns. The minister's desk is lofty, and has once been honored with a coating of paint;—as well as the huge sounding-board, which, to your great amazement, protrudes from the wall, at a very dangerous angle of inclination, over the speaker's head.



THE CHOIR

The singing has a charm for you. There is a long, thin-faced, flax-haired man, who carries a tuning-fork in his waistcoat pocket, and who leads the choir. His position is in the very front rank of gallery benches, facing the desk; and by the time the old clergyman has read two verses of the psalm, the country chorister turns around to his little group of aids—consisting of the blacksmith, a carroty headed school-master, two women in snuff-colored silks, and a girl in a pink bonnet, somewhat inclined to frivolity,—to announce the tune.


"FAT OLD LADIES IN IRON SPECTACLES"

This being done in an authoritative manner, he lifts his long music-book,—glances again at his little company, clears his throat by a powerful "Ahem," followed by a powerful use of a bandanna pocket-handkerchief,—draws out his tuning fork, and waits for the parson to close his reading. He now reviews once more his company,—throws a reproving glance at the young woman in the pink hat, who at the moment is biting off a stout bunch of fennel,—lifts his music-book, thumps upon the rail with his fork, listens keenly, gives a slight "Ahem," falls into the cadence,—swells into a strong *crescendo*,—catches at the first word of the line, as if he were afraid it might get away,—turns to his company,—lifts his music-book with spirit,—gives it a



THE DEACON

powerful slap with the disengaged hand, and, with a majestic toss of the head, soars away, with half the women below straggling on in his wake, into some such brave old melody as—LITCHFIELD!

Being a visitor, and in the Squire's pew, you are naturally an object of considerable attention to the girls about your age; as well as to a great many fat old ladies in iron spectacles, who mortify you excessively by patting you under the chin after church; and insist upon mistaking you for Frank; and force upon you very dry cookies, spiced with caraway seeds.

The farmers you have a high respect for;—particularly for one weazen-faced old gentleman in a brown surtout, who brings his whip into church with him, who sings in a very strong voice, and who drives a span of gray colts. Another townsman, who attracts your attention is a stout deacon, who before entering always steps around the corner of the church and puts his hat upon the ground to adjust his wig in a quiet way. He then marches up the broad aisle in a stately manner, and plants his hat, and a big pair of



"IN TONES OF TENDER ADMONITION"



"THE OLD MEN GATHER ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE BUILDING"

buckskin mittens, on the little table under the desk. When he is fairly seated in his corner of the pew, with his elbow upon the top-rail—almost the only man who can comfortably reach it,—you observe that he spreads his brawny fingers over his scalp, in an exceedingly cautious manner; and you innocently think again, that it is very hypocritical in a deacon to be pretending to lean upon his hand when he is only keeping his wig straight.



After the morning service, they have an "hour's intermission," as the preacher calls it; during which the old men gather on a sunny side of the building, and, after shaking hands all around, and asking after the "folks" at home, they enjoy a quiet talk about the crops, branching off, now and then, it may be, into politics.



"THE FIRELIGHT GLIMMERS UPON THE WALLS OF YOUR HOME"

Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home upon the great sea of life, —what joys, what opportunities, what affections, are slipping from him.

But *now*, you are there. The fire-light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home, like the Vestal fire of old upon the figures of adoring virgins, or like the flame of Hebrew sacrifice, whose incense bore hearts to heaven. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wonted corner by the chimney-side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Little Nelly leans upon his knee, looking up for some reply to her girlish questionings. Opposite, sits your mother; her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued;—her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition, of the days that are to come.



The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock is ticking on the mantel. The great table in the middle of the room, with its books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery, and of story.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON is one of the group of men of whom their countrymen should be most proud. He has taken a noble part in the battles on behalf of freedom, which the last half-century has seen, and everywhere has borne himself with a nobility, a devotion and a courage worthy of all praise. The man who was driven from his church because he preached the freedom of the slaves, who sat with Parker and Phillips under indictment for murder for their part in attempting to rescue a fugitive slave, who was colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves mustered into the army of the United States, who bravely fought and patiently suffered for the cause of the Union; surely this man, if he had no other claims upon our respect and attention, should hold a high place in the hearts of his fellows.

Colonel Higginson is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in 1847, when he was twenty-four years old, became pastor of a Congregational Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Here his anti-slavery preaching allowed him to remain but three years. From 1852 until 1858 he was pastor of a free church in Worcester, after which he left the ministry and devoted himself to literature. During all this time his activity in the anti-slavery agitation was frequently getting him into trouble, and, with his friends who participated in the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, he was discharged from custody only through a flaw in the indictment. He took part in the organization of the bands of free-state, emigrants to Kansas, and was personally acquainted with John Brown. With his regiment of colored troops, he took possession of Jacksonville, Florida; but was wounded in 1863 and was compelled to resign from the army. He has been an earnest advocate of equal suffrage for men and women and of the higher education for both sexes. He has served in his State Legislature and as a member of the State Board of Education.

Colonel Higginson's contributions to literature consist largely of volumes of essays that originally appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" or other periodicals, and historical and biographical work. Some of his best known books are "Atlantic Essays;" "Young Folk's History of the United States;" "Young Folk's Book of American Explorers;" "Short Stories of American Authors;" "A Larger History of the United States;" "The Monarch of Dreams;" and "Brief Biographies of European Statesmen." Besides these, he has translated his "Young Folk's History of the United States" into German and French for publication in those languages, and

has also published a number of English translations of modern and ancient classics. Colonel Higginson is one of our most popular writers, particularly upon American history, and his service to the cause of American letters has been no less distinguished than his share in the great victory which made our country in truth the land of the free.

"A PURITAN SUNDAY MORNING."*

FROM "ATLANTIC ESSAYS."

IT is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance—not yet so far removed but a stout wooden gate at the end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this little place to-day but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of the numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a Preparatory Lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the great Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge village, a drum is sounding its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour—a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice-meeting-house, town-house, schoolhouse, watch-house, all in one. So important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than half a mile from it. And yet the people ride to "meeting," short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from behind her husband; and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passageway. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy match-lock musket; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon; and he is girded with his bandolier, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

* * * * * * * *

O the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long; for, indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each—one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for Church and Kingdom, and a fourth with thanksgiving—each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say—but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles—"Now, my hearers, we will take another glass."

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HAMILTON W. MABIE.

THE MODERN CRITIC.

IN the modern school of literary critics, whose best representatives are Coleridge, Carlyle, Arnold, Lowell and Stedman, Hamilton W. Mabie has a prominent place. His aim has been, as is the aim of all great criticism, not only to give an estimate of a man's work, but to show the man's soul. He was born at Cold Springs, on the banks of the Hudson, of a family of culture. He was prepared for college under a private tutor, and graduated at Williams College in the Class of '67—a class which numbered many men of fame.

From boyhood Maybie has been a great reader, and he is familiar with the classics of all literatures, as well as a student of contemporaneous literature.

After a course of law at Columbia University his literary tendencies drew him into his natural field and away from a profession uncongenial to him. In 1879 he took a position on the staff of the "Christian Union," which under its new name, the "Outlook," under the joint editorship of Mabie and Lyman Abbott, has taken a prominent place among the foremost religious journals of the world. "My Study Fire," which expresses our author's ideas of the function of literature, and the attitude and spirit of the literary man, first appeared as a series of articles in this religious journal.

In the last few years Mr. Mabie has taken a prominent place on the platform on literary and educational subjects, though he scrupulously keeps his public speaking subordinate to his writing. His addresses are marked with elegance, grace, and all the fruits of culture, and they show a profound study of the problems of life and spirit. He has a beautiful home at Summit, New Jersey, an enviable site for a writer, with the multitudinous charms of nature without and the gathered wisdom of the world's great thinkers within.

He is a man of robust life, of clear, healthy mind and of high faith. He has declared that "Skepticism is the root of all evil in us and in our arts. We do not believe enough in God, in ourselves, and in the divine laws under which we live. Great art involves great faith—a clear, resolute, victorious insight into and grasp of things, a belief real enough in

'The mighty hopes which make us men'

to inspire and sustain heroic tasks," a declaration quite typical of all his thought.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Illustrated from original photographs by Conrad Baer.

At the end of February the observer begins to see the faint forerunners of spring. The willow shows signs of renewing its freshness, and the long stretch of cold, with brilliant or steely skies, is interrupted by days full of an indescribable softness. It is almost pathetic to note with what joy the spirit of man takes cognizance of these first hints of the color, the bloom and the warmth slowly creeping up to the southern horizon-line. For we are children of the sun, and, much as we love our hearthstones, we are never quite at home unless we have the freedom of the out-of-door world. Winter finds its great charm in the ingathering of the memories of the summer that is gone and in the anticipation of the summer that is at hand. Half the cheer of the blazing log lies in the air of the woods which it brings into the narrow room.

To be out of doors is the normal condition of the natural man. At some period of our ancestral life, so dim in our thought but so potential in our temper, disposition and physique, we have all lived, so to speak, in the open air; and although city-born and city-bred, we turn to the country with an instinctive feeling that we belong there. There are a few cockneys to whom the sound of Bow Bells is



ON THE FARM IN CANADA



THE OLD WELL-CURB

sweeter than the note of the bluebird, the resonant clarion of chanticleer or the far-off bleating of sheep; but to the immense majority of men these noises are like sounds that were familiar in childhood. I have sometimes thought that the deepest charm of the country lies in the fact that it was the home and play-ground of the childhood of the race, and, however long some of us have been departed from it, it stirs within us rare memories and associations which are imperishable. The lowing of cattle coming home at nightfall; the bleating of sheep on the hillside pastures; the crowing of the cock, are older than any human speech which now exists. They were ancient sounds before our oldest histories were written. I know of nothing sweeter to the man who comes out of the heat and noise and dust of the city in midsummer than to be awakened on the first morning by that irregular tinkle of bells which accompanies the early processions of the cows. One may never have come nearer a farm than his great-grandfather, but that sound makes him feel as if he were at home after some long and arduous absence.

And one has but to put into his pocket a few of those clever newspapers which satirize society people in spirited and well-drawn lines, and carry them into the country, to discover that the picturesque flees the city and loves the country; so far, that is, as people are concerned. There is certainly something wrong with



IMMIGRANT WOMEN HOEING POTATOES



WAITING FOR MILKING-TIME

our modern dress; it is impossible to discover anything suggestive or poetic in it, or to make any thing artistic out of it. Well-dressed individual men and women are often attractive to the eye; but when this is true it is because the charm of the person survives the monotonous uniformity of good clothes. Nothing can make the evening dress in which man extinguishes his personality either significant or artistic; but the man in overalls and shirt-sleeves is often a strikingly picturesque figure. Country life as a whole is steeped in the picturesque, in spite of the machines which so largely take the place of the old-time hand labor. One must go to the fields to find the poetry of human occupation; the man in the street is often interesting but he rarely stirs the imagination; the man in the fields constantly sets the imagination loose. What elemental strength and meaning are expressed in those peasant-figures of Millet? They belong to the world in which they toil; they disclose their identity with it; they express something of its meaning in their vigorous or bent forms.

The entire life of the field is poetic in the true sense; from the hour when the last snow begins to melt to the hour when the last sheaf of grain goes creaking through the bars. The sower, moving across the open furrows, has a kind of antique picturesqueness; he seems to have stepped out of that ancient frieze with which the earliest habits encircled the oldest days. He expresses freedom, virility, personality in every movement; the eye follows him with a deepening impression that here is something native and original: a man in first-hand relations with his world. The reaper who follows him



AFTER WORK

when sun and cloud have done their share, is not less striking and effective; and when the sheaves lie in rows or piles on the freshly cut stubble, the slow-moving, noisily creaking wagon, constantly pausing to take on its ripe load, seems a fit accessory in the staging of this pastoral drama. The fact that this poetry of motion is bound to toil so arduous and exacting that it often becomes a kind of relentless drudgery, is full of significance to those who believe that beauty is not esoteric, but the affluence of universal life in its normal relations and occupations.



A WINTER EVENING ON THE FARM

The sights and sounds of the farm are not only full of interest, but that interest is deepened by their constant recurrence. The horses at the trough; the sheep beside the stream as placid as themselves, or on the green uplands; the cows stolidly biding the coming of afternoon under the trees, or standing knee-deep in the cool brooks; the clucking of hens and their bustling leisure; the going out of the workers, with implements, seed, machines, wagons, and their return at sunset; the stir of the morning, the hush of the evening; what a world of homely, wholesome life is revealed in these old-time doings and happenings of the seasons and the life on the farm.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

But the farm is often only a unit of measurement, a term of individual possession; there is something greater; there is the country. Beyond the fields there is the landscape, and above them there is the sky; and every farm fits into these wider relations and is part of the larger whole. The woods, cool and silent; the spring hidden from the sun by overhanging trees and from strange feet

by moss-grown rocks; the brook where it runs noiselessly in a shadow so deep at noon that one bathes his eyes in it after the glare of the world; the old mill, deserted by man but loyally served by the stream that flows through the decaying sluice and over the wheel that turns no more; the quiet hilltop, above which the whole country sleeps on summer afternoons;—these are all simply extensions of the farm. The boys know them on holidays; the older people are drawn to



CHURNING IN THE BARN

for they are, one and all, places of silence and solitude.

The fever of this our life, and the tumult of it, vanish on the invisible boundaries of these ancient sanctuaries of nature. It is not difficult to understand the charm of these places for tired and worn souls; for it is to such places that exhausted men and women invariably turn. No one with a rich intellectual and spiritual nature, can keep in perfect health without a good deal of



A SUNNY PLAY-GROUND

them in those infrequent hours when the pressure of work is lightened; the man who is getting city sights and sounds out of head and heart knows and loves them. The very thought of them brings refreshment and repose;



THE OLD MILL

solitude and silence. We come to know ourselves and the world in the deeper ways only when we are apart from the rush of things. It is only when traffic ceases and the dust is laid that the landscape becomes clear and complete to the pedestrian. The quiet of the woods, the cool note of the mountain streams, the silence of the summits, represent, not the luxuries and pleasures of a rich life, but its necessities. To the townsman these outlying provinces of the farm are even more important than are the well-tilled acres.



AFTER A WET SNOW-STORM

Some day some man or woman will write a luminous book on the education of country life; the training of the eye, the ear, the hand, the unconscious enrichment of the senses and of the mind which are effected by its sights and sounds. There has never been in the long history of education, a better school for the open-minded, imaginative boy or girl than the farm. Every day sets its tasks, every task teaches its lessons; and nature stands looking over the student's shoulder and quietly whispering some of her deepest secrets to her fortunate child.



MAPLE-SUGAR TIME

For surely it is a great piece of good fortune to grow up in a wise, generous home in the country; to be young with all manner of four-footed beasts and fowls of the air, and grow up with them; to stumble over the roots of trees when one is beginning to walk; to hear the brooks chatter before one knows how to chatter himself; to awake in the stir of the morning, when the whole world seems to be going to work, and to fall asleep when the world comes trooping home, dusty and tired.

To see and hear these outdoor sights and sounds is to be born into vital relations with man's natural background and to come unconsciously into possession of



THE BLACK SHEEP

some of the greatest truths which life has to teach. It is also to be born on intimate terms with bluebirds and cherries!

"If you want to know where the biggest cherries are to be found," said Goethe, "consult the boys and the blackbirds." There is a natural affinity between the two, and the boy who does not grow up in natural relationship with birds and trees suffers a loss of privilege which can never be entirely made up. For it is a great deal easier to make the acquaintance of nature in childhood than in those later years which bring "the philosophic mind," but which leave the senses untrained for that instinctive observation which enables the boy to see without knowing that he sees.



THE MILL-POND

John Burroughs has given us a charming description of the joys of boyhood on a farm, and has perhaps unconsciously betrayed the secret of his own extraordinary familiarity with the out-of-doors world. No knowledge is quite so much a part of ourselves as that which we gain without conscious effort; which we breathe in with the morning air of life.

The Hindoos have an idiomatic word or phrase for a walk before breakfast, which may be translated, "eating the morning air."



NOON IN THE SHEEP-LOT

The boy on the farm sees nature before breakfast, when senses and mind and heart are on the alert, when experience has not brought sophistication with it, and when sensation still keeps its pristine freshness.

The healthy boy is one great appetite for sights and sounds, and nothing escapes him. He knows every path

through the woods, every pool in the brook, every cavern in the hills, every sequestered hollow where the noise of the world is softened into the silence of rustling leaves and murmuring streams. One of the most erudite of American scholars, whose large learning has not smothered the instincts of his youth, declares that he is never entirely happy until he stands barefooted in the old fields.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS

Nature's true lovers perceive this, and demand that the companion whom he takes into the wilderness with him shall be of the right sort; one who, as Burroughs says, will not "stand between you and that which you seek."



PICKING DAISIES

"I want for companion," he continues, "a dog or a boy, or a person who has the virtues of dogs and boys—transparency, good-nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees, and growths, and the inarticulate forces of nature. With him you are alone and yet you have company; you are free; you feel no disturbing element; the influences of nature stream through and around him; he is a good conductor of the subtle fluid.

"The quality or qualification I refer to belongs to most persons who spend their lives in the open air—to soldiers, hunters, fishers, laborers, and to artists and poets of the right sort."

There is something incommunicable in such a fellowship with nature, which dates back to the time when the boy found in her his chosen playmate, and which still keeps up the old game of hide and seek even when his methods have become scientific and the result of his search is a contribution to knowledge.



MAKING FRIENDS

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

POET AND CRITIC; AUTHOR OF "THE VICRTORIAN POETS."

DURING the year 1859, two poems were published in the New York *Tribune* which made genuine sensations. They were so unlike in subject and treatment that no one would have guessed they emanated from the same brain and were penned by the same hand. The first, entitled "The Diamond Wedding," was a humorous thrust of ridicule at the "parade" made in the papers over the lavish and expensive jewels and other gifts presented by a wealthy Cuban to his bride—a young lady of New York. This poem, when published, called forth a challenge from the irate father of the lady; but, fortunately, a duel was somehow averted.

The other poem, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," recounted the incident of that stern old abolitionist boldly marching with a few men into Virginia and capturing the town of Harper's Ferry. There was no American poet who might not have felt proud of this production. Bayard Taylor was so pleased with the genius manifested in both these poems that he sought the author's acquaintance and introduced him to R. H. Stoddard, who in turn, after examining a collection of his verses, recommended them for publication to Charles Scribner, who issued them the next year (1860) under the title of "Poems, Lyric and Idylic."—Thus was Mr. Stedman introduced into the literary world.

Edmund Clarence Stedman is a native of Connecticut. He was born in the city of Hartford on the eighth day of October, 1833,—and comes of a good family of some poetic reputation. Rev. Aaron Cleveland, one of his ancestors, is said to have been a poet. Arthur Cleveland Cox, well known as a religious writer of verse, was his cousin. His mother was herself a poet, and also the author of the tragedy "Bianco Caprello." When Stedman was two years of age he was sent to live with his grand-uncle, James Stedman, a jurist and scholar, who looked carefully after the early education of his nephew. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Yale College, where he was among the foremost in English composition and Greek. But it is said that for some disobedience of the discipline of the institution, he fell under the censure of the college management and left without graduating. The University afterward, however, enrolled him among the alumni of 1853 with the degree of Master of Arts.

Upon leaving Yale, at the age of nineteen, Stedman took the management of a newspaper at Norwich, and the next year married a Connecticut girl and became owner of the Winsted *Herald*, when he was only twenty-one. Under his manage-

ment, this paper soon rose to be one of the most important of the political papers of the State. Three years later we find him writing on the "New York Tribune," where he obtained a foot-hold in literature, as we have already indicated by the publication of the two poems above mentioned.

When the "World" was started, in the winter of 1860, Mr. Stedman engaged with that journal and was editor of it when the news came over the wires that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. He wrote a poem on the occasion which was, perhaps, the first poem inspired by the war between the states. Soon after this Mr. Stedman went to Washington as the army correspondent of the "World." He was at the first battle of Bull's Run and published a long and graphic letter in the "World" about the defeat of the Union troops which he witnessed. This letter was the talk of the town for days and altogether has been pronounced the best single letter written during the whole war.

Before the close of the war, Mr. Stedman resigned his position as editor and entered the office of Attorney General Bates at Washington; but in January, 1864, he returned with his family to New York and published his second volume of poems entitled, "Alice of Monmouth, An Idyl of the Great War, and Other Poems," which may be described as a little poetic novel. The opening scene is laid in Monmouth County, New Jersey; the later ones on the battle fields of Virginia.

The titles and dates of Mr. Stedman's other books are as follows: "The Blameless Prince, and other Poems" (1869); "Poetical Works" (1873); "Victorian Poets" (1875); "Hawthorne and Other Poems" (1877); "Lyrics and Idyls, with Other Poems" (1879); the "Poems of Austin Dobson," with an introduction (1880); "Poets of America" (1886), and with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, he edited "A Library of American Literature" (11 vols., 1888--1890).

Many people entertain the notion that a man cannot be at one and the same time, a poet and a man of business. This is a mistake. Fitz Green Hallack was for many years a competent clerk of John Jacob Astor; Charles Sprague was for forty years teller and cashier in a Boston bank; Samuel Rodgers, the English poet, was all his life a successful banker; Charles Follen Adams, the humorous and dialectic poet, is a prosperous merchant in Boston; and Edmund Clarence Stedman has been for many years the head of a firm of stock brokers with a suit of offices in Exchange Place, New York, dealing in government securities and railway stocks and bonds, and also petroleum, in which fortunes were at one time made and lost with great rapidity. Nevertheless, Mr. Stedman, the stock-broker and banker is still Mr. Stedman, the poet. The most of his splendid verses have been produced while he was depending for a living upon journalistic work or upon some business for support. Mr. Stedman also illustrates the fact, as Edgar Allen Poe had done before him, that a poet may be a practical critic. And why not? If poets are not the best critics of poetry, musicians are not the best critics of music, architects are not the best critics of architecture and painters of painting. Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" is, perhaps, the most important contribution of all our American writers to the critical literature on the English Poets.

The home-life of Mr. Stedman is described as being an ideally happy one. One of his poems entitled "Laura, My Darling," addressed to his wife, gives us a delightful glimpse into the heart and home of the poet.

BETROTHED ANEW.

"The sunshine of the outer world beautifully illustrates the sunshine of the heart in the 'Betrothed Anew' of Edmund Clarence Stedman."—*Morris.*

THE sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And, hark! the songsters come and go,
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife!
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forebode decay?
The days of love are born again;
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

THE DOOR-STEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall,
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So slightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

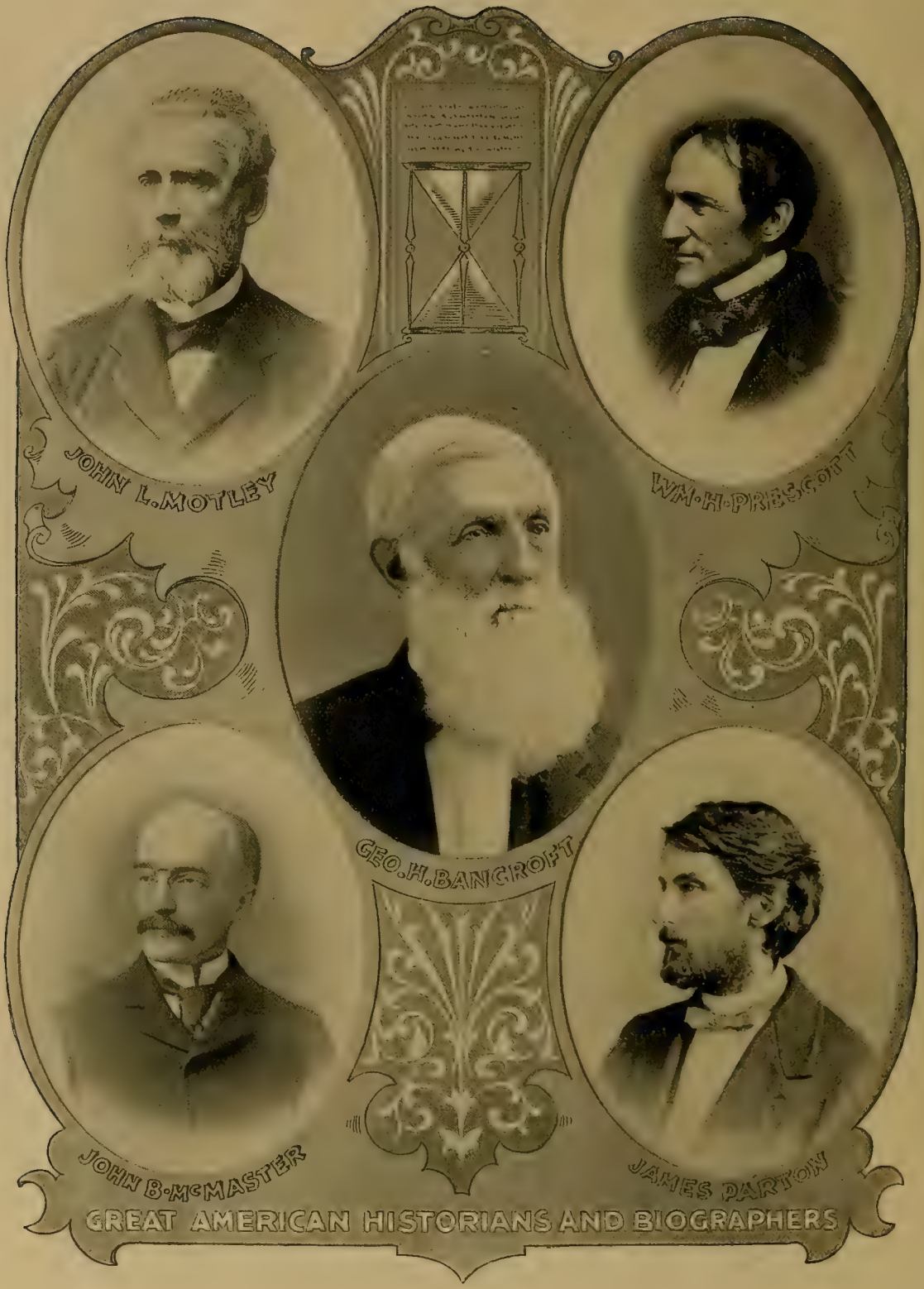
To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended:
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over!


JOHN L. MOTLEY
WM. H. PRESCOTT
GEO. H. BANCROFT
JOHN B. McMASTER
JAMES PARTON
GREAT AMERICAN HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS

GEORGE BANCROFT.

"THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN HISTORIAN."

THE chief historians who have added lustre to American literature during the nineteenth century are Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, McMaster and John Fiske; and, when we add to these James Parton, the American biographer, we present an array of talent and scholarship on which any nation might look with patriotic pride. They have been excelled by the historians of no other nation of our time, if, indeed—taken from a national standpoint—they have not produced the best historical literature of the present century.

Though Prescott is the oldest, George Bancroft, in the estimation of the great majority, stands first, perhaps, among all the American historians. This eminent writer was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in October, 1800, the same month and year in which Macauley, the great English historian, first saw the light, and,—after living one of the most laborious public and literary lives in the history of the world,—died at the ripe old age of ninety-one years (1891). His father, the Reverend Aaron Bancroft, was a minister of the Congregational Church in Worcester for more than a half century and had the highest reputation as a theologian of learning and piety.

At the early age of thirteen, George Bancroft entered Harvard College from which he graduated at the age of seventeen with the highest honors of his class. His first inclinations were to study theology; but in 1818, he went to Germany where he spent two years in the study of history and philology, and it was there that he obtained his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During the next two years, he visited in succession, Berlin, Heidelberg, Rome, Paris, and London, returning home in 1822, the most accomplished scholar for his age which our country, at that time, had produced.

Soon after his return to the United States, Mr. Bancroft was appointed to the chair of Greek in Harvard College and those who had the benefit of his instruction spoke of his zeal, faithfulness and varied learning as a teacher. He afterward established, in conjunction with Joseph G. Cogswell, a school of high classical character at Northhampton, Massachusetts. While engaged here, he prepared a number of Latin text books for schools, which were far in advance of anything then used in the country. In the meantime, he had given some attention to politics and had been engaged for several years, incidentally, upon his "History of the United States."

In 1828 Mr. Bancroft joined the Democratic Party, having formerly been a Whig, and began to take an active interest in politics, where his great historic learning and broad statesmanship placed him quickly on the high road to political preferment. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1830, but declined, as he was then so much engaged upon his "History of the United States" that he was unwilling to turn aside, at least until the first volume was issued, which appeared in 1834. The first and second and third volumes of this work, comprising the Colonial history of the country, were received with great satisfaction by the public on both sides of the Atlantic, being in brilliancy of style, picturesque sketches of character and incidents, compass of learning and generally fair reasoning far in advance of anything that had been written on the subject.

"Bancroft, the Historian," was now the recognition he was accorded, and his fame began to spread. He was made Collector of the Port of Boston in 1838 by President Van Buren, which position he held until 1841. In 1844 he ran as Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated. During 1845 and 1846 he served his country as Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and while in this office he planned and established the Naval Academy at Annapolis and issued the orders by which California was annexed to the United States. In 1846 President Polk further honored the historian by appointing him Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, where he represented the United States until 1849. The first three volumes of Mr. Bancroft's histories had preceded him to England. "The London Monthly Review" spoke in the highest terms of his quality as a historian, praising the sustained accuracy and dignity of his style, referring to him as a philosopher, a legislator, and a historian. He was also honored with the degree of D. C. L., by Oxford University in 1849, and was enrolled as a member of many learned societies.

Thus laden with honors, he returned this same year to his country, made New York his place of residence, and resumed, with renewed energy, the prosecution of his historical labors. The fourth volume of his "History of the United States" appeared in 1852, and the next year the fifth volume was published, which was succeeded by the sixth and seventh, the latter appearing in 1858, bringing the history of our country down into the stirring scenes of the Revolution.

President Andrew Johnson made Mr. Bancroft United States Minister to Russia in 1867, and he was our national representative at the North German Confederation in 1868. General Grant appointed him as our Minister to the German Empire from 1871 to 1874, during which time he enjoyed the closest friendship of Prince Bismarck. Bismarck declares that Bancroft was the foremost representative of American grit that he had ever met. "Think," said he to Minister Phelps many years afterwards, "of a Secretary of the Navy, a literary man by profession, taking it upon himself to issue orders for the occupation of a vast foreign territory as Bancroft did in the case of California. Again he caused the earliest seizure of Texas by the United States troops, while temporarily holding the portfolio of Minister of War. Only a really great man would undertake such responsibilities."

Bancroft's "History of the United States" was completed in 1874; but the last and final revised edition of it was published in 1885, fifty-one years after the first volume had been issued. This great work comprises ten volumes and comes down

only to the close of the Revolution. It is a monumental work within itself—a fit monument to the greatest of American historians. The patriotism and eloquence of its author are manifest in nearly every page, and the work has been criticised as a Fourth-of-July oration in ten volumes. It is generally regarded as a standard history of America up to the time of the Constitution.

Other works of Mr. Bancroft are "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promises of the Human Race" (1854); "Literary and Historical Miscellanies" (1855), and "A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America, Wounded in the House of its Guardians" (1886), written when the author was eighty-six years of age.

Mr. Bancroft was an orator as well as a historian and politician, one of the best-known of his addresses being the famous oration on Lincoln, delivered before Congress in 1866. During the latter part of his life he had a winter home in Washington, where the national archives and the Library of Congress were always at his hand, and a summer home at Newport, where he had a wonderful garden of roses, which was a great attraction. Rose-growing and horseback riding were his recreations, and the erect and striking form of the historian, with his long gray beard, mounted on a fine horse, was for years a familiar figure at Newport and on the streets of Washington.

It is beautiful to contemplate so long and useful a life as that of George Bancroft. When the old historian was nearly ninety years of age, he journeyed all the way from his northern home to Nashville, Tennessee, to make certain investigations, for historical data, among the private papers of President Polk. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure of witnessing the meeting between him and the venerable wife of James K. Polk at the old mansion which stands near the Capitol. It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see this grand old woman, who had been the first lady of the land forty-five years before, conducting this venerable historian, who had been her husband's Secretary of War, about the premises. President Polk's library with all the papers piled upon the table had remained just as he had left it, and into its sacred precincts Mr. Bancroft was admitted, with perfect liberty to select and take away whatever would be of service in his historical labors. What he did with these papers is unknown to the writer. Perhaps his death occurred too soon after to render them of practical service; but that the old historian died in the harness may well be supposed from the following extract taken from a letter written when he was more than eighty years of age: "I was trained to look upon life here as a season for labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I wait without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

The beckoning hand appeared several years later—in 1891—and he passed quietly "over the river," only nine years in advance of the death of the century with which he was born, having spent altogether one of the busiest, one of the most honorable, one of the most useful and *the very longest life of all the celebrities in American literature.* His fame is secure. His works will live after him—a proud and lasting monument.

CHARACTER OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the State was thus connecting by the closest bonds the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst one of those clear minds which sometimes bless the world by their power of receiving moral truth in its purest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious" gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute-book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle; the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards,—those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects,—he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines; and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system on which Massachusetts was founded; and, gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede everything which honesty permitted, he always asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unbending benevolence.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

On the 28th day of November, 1773, the ship Dartmouth appeared in Boston Harbor, with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea. The ship was owned by Mr. Rotch, a Quaker merchant. In a few days after, two more tea-ships arrived. They were all put under strict guard by the citizens, acting under the lead of a committee of correspondence, of which Samuel Adams was the controlling spirit. The people of the neighboring towns were organized in a similar manner, and sustained the spirit of Boston. The purpose of the citizens was to have the tea sent back without being landed; but the collector and comptroller refused to give the ships a clearance unless the teas were landed, and Governor Hutchinson also refused his permit, without which they could not pass the "Castle," as the fort at the entrance of Boston Harbor was called. The ships were also liable to seizure if the teas were not landed on the twentieth day after their arrival, and the 16th day of December was the eighteenth day after.

THE morning of Thursday, the 16th of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston,—a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile, and poverty, and death, rather than submission. At ten o'clock, the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom-house, and apply to

the Governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage to London."

The Governor had stolen away to his country-house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had done, to abstain wholly from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed. On this question, Samuel Adams and Young* addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervent feeling; passionately devoted to the liberty of his country; still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and, being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation: "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." Thus spoke the younger Quincy. "Now that the hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted; when, at a quarter before six, Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant, a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea—being the whole quantity that had been imported—were emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was distinctly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the Castle. After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

CHIVALRY AND PURITANISM.

HISTORIANS have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans, from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans, of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amuse-

* Dr. Thomas Young, a physician, and afterwards an army-surgeon, was a zealous patriot, and a leading speaker and writer of the time.

ment, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

THE POSITION OF THE PURITANS.

TO the colonists the maintenance of their unity seemed essential to their cordial resistance to English attempts at oppression. And why, said they, should we not insist upon this union? We have come to the outside of the world for the privilege of living by ourselves: why should we open our asylum to those in whom we can repose no confidence? The world cannot call this persecution. We have been banished to the wilderness: is it an injustice to exclude our oppressors, and those whom we dread as their allies, from the place which is to shelter us from their intolerance? Is it a great cruelty to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friend? Will any man complain at being driven from among banished men, with whom he has no fellowship? of being refused admittance to a gloomy place of exile? The wide continent of America invited colonization; they claimed their own narrow domains for "the brethren." Their religion was their life: they welcomed none but its adherents; they could not tolerate the scoffer, the infidel, or the dissenter; and the presence of the whole people was required in their congregation. Such was the system inflexibly established and regarded as the only adequate guarantee of the rising liberties of Massachusetts.

JAMES PARTON.

WRITER OF BIOGRAPHY.

THERE can be no higher public service than that of the man who gives to his fellows, and particularly to the rising generation, good biographies of noble men. If this be true, then James Parton must be ranked among those who have done most for Americans, for the series of books which began many years ago with a life of Horace Greeley and which ended, only two months before the author's death with the biography of Andrew Jackson, has made the heroes of American history real live men for thousands of readers, has stirred the patriotism and aroused the ambition of many a boyish student, and has won for himself the respect and esteem which belong to literary achievements.

The ancestry of James Parton was French; his family having emigrated to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

He was born in Canterbury, England, in 1822, and could just remember walking across the fields, in black clothes, at his father's funeral. The solemn memory which thus took a strong hold upon his mind, was, perhaps, partly responsible for his dislike for ecclesiastical forms and particularly for the practice of formal "mourning." His mother brought her little family to New York a year after her husband's death, and James was educated in the schools of that city and at White Plains, New York. At the latter place he was in a boarding school where so much attention was paid to religion that nearly every boy who passed through it was a member of the church. He seems to have found something repellent in the manner of presenting Christianity, and although he became a teacher in the school and later held for some years a similar position in Philadelphia, he sympathized less and less with it until he came avowedly to give up all belief in supernatural religion. He was a very successful teacher and took great delight in his work and would probably have devoted his life to the schoolroom, had he not found himself unable to continue the custom of opening the sessions of school with prayer and on this account been compelled to give up his position. Returning to New York he became associated with N. P. Willis in conducting the "Home Journal" and thus began his career as a literary man. While so employed he remarked one day to a New York publisher, that a most interesting book could be made of the career of Horace Greeley, then at the summit of his power and fame as an editor.

The suggestion resulted in his being commissioned to prepare such a biography, the publisher advancing the funds which enabled Mr. Parton to spend several

months in collecting materials among the people in New Hampshire and Vermont, who had known Mr. Greeley in his early life. The book made a great sensation and at once gave its author high standing in the literary world. He began to contribute to a number of leading periodicals on political and literary topics, and soon appeared as a public lecturer and found himself one of the most notable men of the day.

Mr. Parton was married in 1856 to Mrs. Sara Payson Willis Eldredge, whose brother, the poet, N. P. Willis, was his former associate. Mrs. Willis was a popular contributor to "The New York Ledger" and other papers, under the pen-name of "Fanny Fern," and Mr. Parton was soon engaged in similar work, and later became a member of the editorial staff of the "Ledger" and closely associated with Mr. Robert Bonner. This was of the greatest advantage to him, as it furnished a steady income, while allowing him leisure in which to devote himself to the more serious works which were his real contribution to literature and upon which his fame rests. His next book was "The Life and Times of Aaron Burr," which was prepared from original sources, and which made Burr a somewhat less offensive character than he was at that time generally thought to be. He next prepared a "Life of Andrew Jackson," which finally met with great success, but which, being published at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion and being subscribed for largely in the South, involved both author and publisher in considerable immediate loss. For twenty years he labored upon a "Life of Voltaire," giving to the study of the great European Liberal of the last century all the time and energy he could spare from the contributions which he must regularly supply to the "Ledger" and "The Youth's Companion." The "Life of Voltaire" was his only biography of a European character, and while he thought it his best work, and while it is a wonderful picture, not only of the life and character of the great Frenchman, but of manners and morals in Europe in the eighteenth century, the public interest in its subject was not so great, and its success by no means so complete as that which greeted his American biographies. He was greatly interested in the robust character of Gen. Benjamin Butler, and his next book was the story of the administration of the city of New Orleans, by him. He then offered to the public the first comprehensive study of the "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" that had appeared. This is, by many, thought to be his best book. It was followed by a "Life of Jefferson," and later by three books drawn from his contributions to periodicals, "Famous Americans of Recent Times," "Noted Women of Europe and America," and "Captains of Industry." His last work was a volume upon "Andrew Jackson" for the "Great Commanders" series.

After the death of "Fanny Fern" Mr. Parton took up his residence in Newburyport, Massachusetts, with Miss Eldredge, his wife's daughter, who was charged with the care of an orphaned niece. This child had for several years been a member of his family, and had closely engaged his affection. The relations thus established resulted presently in the marriage of Mr. Parton to Miss Eldredge, a union, which, until his death in 1892, filled his life with joy and happiness. Mr. Parton took an active interest in the social life about him, joining frankly in every village enterprise and gradually acquiring very great influence in the community.

OLD VIRGINIA.

WHEN John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco seed in Jamestown, in 1612, good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money-making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship-load of Negroes in the James to be so welcome. The planter could have but one object,—to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence the price was ever on the decline, dropping first from shillings to pence, and then going down the scale of pence, until it remained for some years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia and three pence in London. In Virginia it often fell below two pence; as, during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to six and seven pence.

Old Virginia is a pathetic chapter in political economy. OLD Virginia, indeed! She reached decrepitude while contemporary communities were enjoying the first vigor of youth; while New York was executing the task which Virginia's George Washington had suggested and foretold, that of connecting the waters of the great West with the sea; while New England was careering gayly over the ocean, following the whale to his most distant retreat, and feeding belligerent nations with her superabundance. One little century of seeming prosperity; three generations of spendthrifts; then the lawyer and sheriff! Nothing was invested, nothing saved for the future. There were no manufactures, no commerce, no towns, no internal trade, no great middle class. As fast as that virgin richness of soil could be converted into tobacco, and sold in the London docks, the proceeds were spent in vast, ugly mansions, heavy furniture, costly apparel, Madeira wine, fine horses, huge coaches, and more slaves. The planters lived as though virgin soil were revenue, not capital. They tried to maintain in Virginia the lordly style of English grandees, WITHOUT any Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield or London docks to pay for it. Their short-lived prosperity consisted of three elements,—virgin soil, low-priced slaves, high-priced tobacco. The virgin soil was rapidly exhausted; the price of negroes was always on the increase; and the price of tobacco was always tending downward. Their sole chance of founding a staple commonwealth was to invest the proceeds of their tobacco in something that would absorb their labor and yield them profit when the soil would no longer produce tobacco.

But their laborers were ignorant slaves, the possession of whom destroyed their energy, swelled their pride, and dulled their understandings. Virginia's case was hopeless from the day on which that Dutch ship landed the first twenty slaves; and, when the time of reckoning came, the people had nothing to show for their long occupation of one of the finest estates in the world, except great hordes of negroes, breeding with the rapidity of rabbits; upon whose annual increase Virginia subsisted, until the most glorious and beneficial of all wars set the white race free and gave Virginia her second opportunity.

All this was nobody's fault. It was a combination of circumstances against which the unenlightened human nature of that period could not possibly have made head.

Few men saw anything wrong in slavery. No man knew much about the laws that control the prosperity of States. No man understood the science of agriculture. Every one with whom those proud and thoughtless planters dealt plundered them, and the mother country discouraged every attempt of the colonists to manufacture their own supplies. There were so many charges upon tobacco, in its course from the planters packing-house to the consumer's pipe, that it was no very uncommon thing, in dull years, for the planter to receive from his agent in London, in return for his hogsheads of tobacco, not a pleasant sum of money, nor even a box of clothes, but a bill of charges which the price of the tobacco had not covered. One of the hardships of which the clergy complained was, that they did not "dare" to send their tobacco to London, for fear of being brought into debt by it, but had to sell it on the spot to speculators much below the London price. The old Virginia laws and records so abound in tobacco informa-

tion that we can follow a hogshead of tobacco from its native plantation on the James to the shop of the tobacconist in London.

In the absence of farm vehicles—many planters who kept a coach had no wagon—each hogshead was attached to a pair of shafts with a horse between them, and "rolled" to a shed on the bank of the stream. When a ship arrived in the river from London, it anchored opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it, continuing its upward course until the hold was empty. Then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking from each its hogsheads of tobacco, and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. The rivers of Virginia, particularly the James and the Potomac, are wide and shallow, with a deep channel far from either shore, so that the transfer of the tobacco from the shore to the ship, in the general absence of landings, was troublesome and costly. To this day, as readers remember, the piers on the James present to the wondering passenger from the North a stretch of pine planks from an eighth to half a mile long. The ship is full at length, drops down past Newport News, salutes the fort upon Old Point Comfort, and glides out between the capes into the ocean.

* * * * * * * *

How little the planters foresaw the desolation of their Province is affectingly attested by many of the relics of their brief affluence. They built their parish churches to last centuries, like the churches to which they were accustomed "at home." In neighborhoods where now a congregation of fifty persons could not be collected, there are ruins of churches that were evidently built for the accommodation of numerous and wealthy communities; a forest, in some instances, has grown up all around them, making it difficult to get near the imperishable walls. Sometimes the wooden roof has fallen in, and one huge tree, rooted among the monumental slabs of the middle aisle, has filled all the interior. Other old churches long stood solitary in old fields, the roof sound, but the door standing open, in which the beasts found nightly shelter, and into which the passing horseman rode and sat on his horse before the altar till the storm passed. Others have been used by farmers as wagon-houses, by fishermen to hang their seines in, by gatherers of turpentine as storehouses. One was a distillery, and another was a barn. A poor drunken wretch reeled for shelter into an abandoned church of Chesterfield County—the county of the first Jeffersons—and he died in a drunken sleep at the foot of the reading-desk, where he lay undiscovered until his face was devoured by rats. An ancient font was found doing duty as a tavern punch-bowl; and a tombstone, which served as the floor of an oven, used to print memorial words upon loaves of bread. Fragments of richly-colored altar-pieces, fine pulpit-cloths, and pieces of old carving used to be preserved in farm-houses and shown to visitors. When the late Bishop Meade began his rounds, forty years ago, elderly people would bring to him sets of communion-plate and single vessels which had once belonged to the parish church, long deserted, and beg him to take charge of them.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

HISTORIAN OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN CONFLICT.

TO FRANCIS PARKMAN, as much as to any one man, we owe the revival of interest in American history. His story of "The Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," The Old Régime in Canada," "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." "A Half-Century of Conflict," "Montcalm and Wolf," and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," form a connected account of the rise and fall of the French power in America. They may well be described as one work, almost as one book. It was a great design formed when he was still a Harvard student, and held so tenaciously that no trials or disappointments could discourage him and no mountain of labor be too great for his untiring powers.

He was born in Boston in 1823, and was so fortunate as to inherit wealth which not only set him free to devote himself to his vocation, but enabled him to command an amount and kind of assistance absolutely essential to his peculiar work, and in his peculiar circumstances, and which could be secured only by large expenditure. He had traveled a year abroad before he graduated in 1844 and had made himself master of the French language and familiar with French history and institutions. By repeated summer journeys into the wilderness of northern New England, he had acquainted himself with the conditions of pioneer life and, to some extent of Indian warfare. He pursued the study of law for two years, but it may well be supposed that these studies yielded larger results in a knowledge of the history of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and of the facts in that history bearing upon the great conflict in the new world, than in any definite grasp of the intricacies of the law itself.

In the spring of 1846, he joined his cousin, Quincy A. Shaw, in the hazardous experiment of spending the summer with the Dacotah Indians, then living in an entirely savage condition east of the Rocky mountains. The two young men carried out their undertaking at the continuous risk of their lives, but it supplied Parkman with a minute knowledge of Indian thoughts and Indian ways which equipped him, as probably no other man was ever equipped, for writing the history in which Indians were among the chief actors. But the cost was very great. While among the Indians he was attacked by serious illness and it was one of the savage customs of his Indian companions that he who confessed sickness was to be immediately tomahawked. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to fight off his disease as best he could and make what show was pos-

sible, of health and vigor. He succeeded, but the strain was so great that it left him apparently disabled. His physicians assured him that he could not live, and for three years he was compelled to suspend all intellectual work and live a life as absolutely quiet as was possible. The remainder of his life was devoted to the books which we have named. For the greater portion of this fifty years he could not use his eyes for more than five continuous minutes, and he was compelled to exercise the greatest care not to bring on final collapse by exceeding the few hours per day which he could safely devote to mental labor. Every one of his books was dictated to a relative, who cared for every detail of its preparation for the press. In gathering the materials for his histories he visited Europe seven times, and constantly employed a number of experts in copying important documents for his use. He very early became master of everything that had been printed which bore upon his subject, and realized that his main dependence must be upon manuscripts—private letters, public documents, official reports—scattered through public and private libraries in Europe and America, often unknown and frequently almost inaccessible. An interesting example of his persistency is in his continuing to search for fifteen years for a volume of letters from Montcalm in Canada, which Montcalm had requested to have burned, but which Parkman believed to exist, and which was finally discovered in a private collection of manuscripts.

The Massachusetts Historical Society possesses an oaken cabinet in which are stored some two hundred folio volumes of manuscript copies of important documents, the gift of Mr. Parkman; to Harvard College he gave a most interesting collection of fac-simile maps.

Mr. Parkman was not a recluse, but on the contrary delighted in society, and indulged his liking as far as was possible with a due regard to saving his strength for his beloved work. He took the most lively interest in public affairs, and for a number of years was one of the corporation of Harvard University.

An interesting side of Mr. Parkman's life was his interest in horticulture. He became the owner in 1854 of a property on the shore of Jamaica Pond, and in this beautiful place devoted himself in the intervals of literary labor, and during the several periods of two or three years when he was absolutely compelled to abstain, to the culture of flowers. He made long continued and careful experiments in hybridizing lillies and other flowers and produced a number of new varieties one of which, a magnificent lilly was given his name by the English horticulturist who undertook to put the beautiful plant upon the market. He published "The Book of Roses," held a professorship in the Bussey Institution, and was in 1886 president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. But his principal workshop was a plain, comfortable room at the top of his sister's house on Beacon Hill, in Boston, where with an open fire and convenient bookshelves and the willing help of friends and relatives he completed his task in 1892. It was at his suburban home which had supplied occupation and entertainment when driven from his work and whose beauties were so largely his own creation, that, two years later, he passed away.

This, in brief, is the life of the man who has made, La Salle, and Montcalm live again for delighted thousands of nineteenth century readers. The study of our nation's history is coming to take its proper position in our colleges and schools, our libraries are compelled to set apart more and more shelf-room for books which tell

the story of the making of America and of our national life. There is no chapter in all this history more vivid, more full of action, more crowded with the conflict between high and ignoble purpose, nor one which bears a more important relation to our national development than that which tells how the Frenchman came, how he made friends with the Indian, how he contended for empire and was defeated. And no one of these chapters has been written with more absolute fidelity to the actual facts in their proper relation. It is written in a style whose grace and elegance of diction, clearness and dignity of expression, completeness and accuracy of statement bring back the Indian and the Frenchman, the priest and the *voyageur* and make them live and move before our eyes. It was a field unoccupied, a period of history interesting, inviting, and complete in itself. Few historians have embraced such an opportunity, of still fewer can it be said that their work is so well done that it need never be done again.

He was half a century at his work, untiringly; as has been well said, "Nowhere can we find a better illustration of the French critic's definition of a great life—a thought conceived in youth and realized in later years."

THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

THE four northern colonies were known collectively as New England; Massachusetts may serve as a type of all. It was a mosaic of little village republics, firmly cemented together, and formed into a single body politic through representatives sent to the "General Court," at Boston. Its government, originally theocratic, now tended towards democracy, ballasted as yet by strong traditions of respect for established worth and ability, as well as by the influence of certain families prominent in affairs for generations. Yet there were no distinct class-lines, and popular power, like popular education, was widely diffused.

Practically Massachusetts was almost independent of the Mother Country. Its people were purely English, of good yeoman stock, with an abundant leaven drawn from the best of the Puritan gentry; but their original character had been somewhat modified by changed conditions of life. A harsh and exacting creed, with its stiff formalism, and its prohibition of wholesome recreation; excess in the pursuit of gain —the only resource left to energies robbed of their natural play; the struggle for existence on a hard and barren soil; and the isolation of a narrow village life —joined to produce in the meaner sorts qualities which were unpleasant, and sometimes repulsive.

Puritanism was not an unmixed blessing. Its view of human nature was dark, and its attitude was one of repression. It strove to crush out not only what is evil, but much that is innocent and salutary. Human nature so treated will take its revenge, and for every vice that it loses find another instead. Nevertheless, while New England Puritanism bore its peculiar crop of faults, it also produced many sound and good fruits. An uncommon vigor, joined to the hardy virtues of a masculine race, marked the New England type. The sinews, it is true, were hardened at the expense of blood and flesh—and this literally as well as figuratively; but the staple of character was a sturdy conscientiousness, an understanding courage, partiotism, public sagacity and a strong good sense.

The New England Colonies abounded in high examples of public and private virtue, though not always under prepossessing forms. There were few New Englanders, however personally modest, who could divest themselves of the notion that they belonged to a people in an especial manner the object of divine approval; and thus self-righteousness—along with certain other traits—failed to commend the Puritan colonies to the favor of their fellows. Then, as now, New England was best known to her neighbors by her worst side.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.*

(FROM MONTCALM AND WOLFE, 1884.)

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate.—"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

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Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the entrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the headquarters of Vaudreuil, which was much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those on the right were in motion already, and doubtless by the Governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

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Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected to see a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe; the close ranks of English infantry, stretched a silent wall of red, and the wild array of Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance, Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said the Governor had detained them lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to route on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defence. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstandings, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declared that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the Governor was not the man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a-half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own forces might have been strengthened

* By Permission of Little, Brown & Co.

by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age. "He rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him is shown by the following incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing by his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was toward ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grapeshot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill-ordered at best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot.

Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded; the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as blood-hounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the Grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run, see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!"

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man, "tell him to march Webb's Regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured: "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

HISTORIAN OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND PERU.

IT MAY well be doubted whether any other historian was ever so loved both by those who knew him personally and by those who counted themselves fortunate in knowing him through his books as was William H. Prescott. Indeed that love promises to be perennial, for "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru" continue to be the delight of the intelligent schoolboy and bid fair to maintain their hold upon public interest in succeeding generations.

Prescott was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, having been born in that city on the 4th of May, 1796. His father was a lawyer, and he inherited from him literary tastes, love of learning and great mental vigor. He was accidentally struck, while a Junior at Harvard, by a piece of hard bread, thrown by a fellow student, and the blow deprived him forever of the use of his left eye, gave him many months of tedious suffering in darkened rooms, and resulted in such serious damage to the other eye as to make it of little and constantly decreasing use to him. He had intended to be a lawyer, but this accident made another choice necessary. He deliberately resolved upon a literary career and prepared himself for it in the most thorough and painstaking way imaginable. A memorandum dated October, 1821, lays out a course of study which one might think unnecessary for a graduate of Harvard College, but which he undertook for the purpose of perfecting his style, and with what degree of success the universal admiration of his works well testifies. It was as follows:

"1. Principles of Grammar, correct writing, etc.
2. Compendious history of North America.
3. Fine prose-writers of English.
4. Latin classics one hour a day."

This course, omitting the American history, he faithfully pursued for about a year, when he took up the study of French and, later, of German. His study of Spanish and consequently his choice of the topics of his great works came about almost accidentally. He had found the study of German very difficult, so much so that he was in despair. His friend George Ticknor had delivered to the Senior Class at Harvard a series of lectures on Spanish literature, and, to divert and entertain him during a period of discouragement and of suffering from his eyes, proposed to read the lectures to him. He was so delighted with the subject that he immediately began the study of the language with the result that the remainder of his life was

devoted to Spanish subjects. Prescott had married, in 1820, to Miss Susan Amory, the daughter of a cultivated and successful Boston merchant, and of the marriage he said, near the close of his life, "contrary to the assertion of a French philosopher who says that the most fortunate husband finds reason to regret his condition at least once in twenty-four hours,—I may truly say that I have found no such day in the quarter of a century that Providence has spared us to each other." Mrs. Prescott was devoted to her husband, and until his death in 1859, was his continual support, adviser and assistant.

The account of his method of composition is told in one of his letters: "In the Christmas of 1837 my first work, 'The History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' was given to the world. I obtained the services of a reader who knew no language but his own, (English). I taught him to pronounce Castilian in a manner suited, I sus-



MR. PRESCOTT'S HOUSE AT PEPPERETT, MASS.

pect, more to *my* ear than to that of a Spaniard, and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble (Spanish) history. I cannot even now call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary. But in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement, and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos, I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English. My reader's office required the more patience; he had not even this result to cheer him in his labor. I now felt that the great difficulty could be overcome, and I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied,

as far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the results of my reading drawn from different and often contradictory accounts. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along, and when I had read enough for a chapter (from thirty to forty, and sometimes fifty pages in length), I had a mass of memoranda in my own language, which would easily bring before me in one view, the fruit of my researches. These notes were carefully read to me, and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection, I ran over the whole of any intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated at least half a dozen times, so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly for it was an effort of memory rather than composition.

Writing presented me a difficulty even greater than reading. Thierry, the famous blind historian of the Norman conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation; but I usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing-case made for the blind which I procured in London, forty years since. It consists of a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by brass wires, as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he cannot see, on the white page below. This treadmill operation has its defects; and I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of writing-paper below, that my labor had all been thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing-case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years."

Prescott's writings were successful from the first. Translations of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" appeared within a few years in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian, and it is surely no wonder that the author took up with a good heart the preparation of a "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and then a "History of the Conquest of Peru," both of which were received with the same appreciation that had rewarded his first published work.

He had spent some time abroad before his marriage, partly in the hope of benefitting his eyesight. In 1850 he again visited England and spent some time on the continent. He wrote a number of miscellaneous articles for magazines and reviews, and published in 1855, two, and in 1858 the third volume of his uncompleted "History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain." This, had he lived to complete it, would doubtless have been his greatest work. It was received with such favor that six months after the publication of the first two volumes, eight thousand copies had been sold and the sales of his other works had been so stimulated as to bring the total up to thirty thousand volumes during that time, which yielded the author the substantial royalty of seventeen thousand dollars.

A slight stroke of paralysis had already enfeebled him, and a second terminated his life on the 28th of January, 1859. His wife, one daughter, and two sons survived him.

Few men have combined so many engaging qualities. His blindness had made no change in his appearance, and he was thought to be one of the handsomest men of his time. His cheerfulness of disposition was so great that at the time of his most intense suffering he addressed those who cared for him with such brightness and consideration that one might have thought their positions reversed. The personal friends who were won by his grace of manner and by the sterling worth of his character have nearly all passed away, but the hope that he early expressed, "to produce something which posterity would not willingly let die," was most abundantly realized.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TEZCUCO.

(FROM HISTORY OF CONQUEST OF MEXICO, 1843.)

THE first measure of Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to his dominions, was a general amnesty. It was his maxim "that a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him." In the present instance he was averse even to punish, and not only freely pardoned his rebel nobles, but conferred on some, who had most deeply offended, posts of honor and confidence. Such conduct was doubtless politic, especially as their alienation was owing probably, much more to fear of the usurper than to any disaffection towards himself. But there are some acts of policy which a magnanimous spirit only can execute.

The restored monarch next set about repairing the damages sustained under the late misrule, and reviving, or rather remodelling, the various departments of government. He framed a concise, but comprehensive, code of laws, so well suited, it was thought, to the exigencies of the times, that it was adopted as their own by the two other members of the triple alliance. It was written in blood, and entitled the author to be called the Draco rather than "the Solon of Anahuac," as he is fondly styled by his admirers. Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement. It is only with increasing civilization that the legislator studies to economize human suffering, even for the guilty; to devise penalties not so much by way of punishment for the past as of reformation for the future.

He divided the burden of the government among a number of departments, as the council of war, the council of finance, the council of justice. This last was a court of supreme authority, both in civil and criminal matters, receiving appeals from the lower tribunals of the provinces, which were obliged to make a full report, every four months, or eighty days, of their own proceedings to this higher judicature. In all these bodies, a certain number of citizens were allowed to have seats with the nobles and professional dignitaries. There was, however, another body, a council of state, for aiding the king in the dispatch of business, and advising him in matters of importance, which was drawn altogether from the highest order of chiefs. It consisted of fourteen members; and they had seats provided for them at the royal table. Lastly, there was an extraordinary tribunal, called the council of music, but which differing from the import of its name, was devoted to the encouragement of science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history or any other science, were required to be submitted to its judgment, before they could be made public. This censorial power was of some moment, at least with regard to the historical department, where the wilful perversion of truth was made a capital offence by the bloody code of Nezahualcoyotl. Yet a Tezcucan author must have been a bungler, who could not elude a conviction under the cloudy veil of hieroglyphics. This body, which was drawn from the best instructed persons in the kingdom, with little regard to rank, had supervision of all the productions of art, and the nicer fabrics. It decided on the qualifications of the professors in the various branches of science, on the fidelity of their instructions to their pupils, the deficiency of which was severely punished, and it instituted examinations of these latter. In short, it was a general board of

education for the country. On stated days, historical compositions, and poems treating of moral or traditional topics, were recited before it by their authors. Seats were provided for the three crowned heads of the empire, who deliberated with the other members on the respective merits of the pieces, and distributed prizes of value to the successful competitors.

The influence of this academy must have been most propitious to the capital, which became the nursery not only of such sciences as could be compassed by the scholarship of the period, but of various useful and ornamental arts. Its historians, orators, and poets were celebrated throughout the country. Its archives, for which accommodations were provided in the royal palaces, were stored with the records of primitive ages. Its idiom, more polished than the Mexican, was, indeed, the purest of all the Nahuatlac dialects, and continued, long after the Conquest, to be that in which the best productions of the native races were composed. Tezcuco claimed the glory of being the Athens of the Western world.

Among the most illustrious of her bards was the emperor himself,—for the Tezcucan writers claim this title for their chief, as head of the imperial alliance. He doubtless appeared as a competitor before that very academy where he so often sat as a critic. Many of his odes descended to a late generation, and are still preserved, perhaps, in some of the dusty repositories of Mexico or Spain. The historian Ixtlilxochitl has left a translation, in Castilian, of one of the poems of his royal ancestor. It is not easy to render his version into corresponding English rhyme, without the perfume of the original escaping in this double filtration. They remind one of the rich breathings of Spanish-Arab poetry, in which an ardent imagination is tempered by a not unpleasing and moral melancholy. But, though sufficiently florid in diction, they are generally free from the meretricious ornaments and hyperbole with which the minstrelsy of the East is usually tainted. They turn on the vanities and mutability of human life,—a topic very natural for a monarch who had himself experienced the strangest mutations of fortune. There is mingled in the lament of the Tezcucan bard, however, an Epicurean philosophy, which seeks relief from the fears of the future in the joys of the present. "Banish care," he says: "if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest of life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons, and the sons of thy nobles, shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollection. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens, to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish."

But the hours of the Tezcucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the Muse, nor in the sober contemplations of philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprang up in places since deserted or dwindled into miserable villages.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD.

(FROM "HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU," 1847.)

THE wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca, his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures, except what were employed in his obse-

quies, his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he had left them, and his mansions, save one, were closed up forever. The new sovereign was to provide himself with everything new for his royal state. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a time to reanimate his body on earth; and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception.

When an Inca died, or, to use his own language, "was called home to the mansions of his father, the Sun," his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The bowels were taken from the body and deposited in the temple of Tampu, about five leagues from the capital. A quantity of his plate and jewels was buried with them, and a number of his attendants and favorite concubines, amounting sometimes, it is said, to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb. Some of them showed the natural repugnance to the sacrifice occasionally manifested by the victims of a similar superstition in India. But these were probably the menials and more humble attendants; since the women have been known, in more than one instance, to lay violent hands on themselves, when restrained from testifying their fidelity by this act of conjugal martyrdom. This melancholy ceremony was followed by a general mourning throughout the empire. At stated intervals, for a year, the people assembled to renew the expressions of their sorrow; processions were made, displaying the banner of the departed monarch; bards and minstrels were appointed to chronicle his achievements, and their songs continued to be rehearsed at high festivals in the presence of the reigning monarch, thus stimulating the living by the glorious example of the dead.

The body of the deceased Inca was skilfully embalmed, and removed to the great temple of the Sun at Cuzco. There the Peruvian sovereign, on entering the awful sanctuary, might behold the effigies of his royal ancestors, ranged in opposite files, the men on the right, and their queens on the left of the great luminary which blazed in refulgent gold on the walls of the temple. The bodies, clothed in the princely attire which they had been accustomed to wear, were placed on chairs of gold, and sat with their heads inclined downward, their hands placidly crossed over their bosoms, their countenances exhibiting their natural dusky hue—less liable to change than the fresher coloring of an European complexion—and their hair of raven black, or silvered over with age, according to the period at which they died! It seemed like a company of solemn worshippers fixed in devotion, so true were the forms and lineaments to life. The Peruvians were as successful as the Egyptians in the miserable attempt to perpetuate the existence of the body beyond the limits assigned by nature.

They cherished a still stranger illusion in the attentions which they continued to pay to those insensible remains, as if they were instinct with life. One of the houses belonging to the deceased Inca was kept open and occupied by his guard and attendants with all the state appropriate to royalty. On certain festivals the revered bodies of the sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court; and entertainments were provided in the names of their masters, which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures, and "such a display," says an ancient chronicler, "was there in the great square of Cuzco, on this occasion, of gold and silverplate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed." The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests partook of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided!

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

HISTORIAN AND DIPLOMATIST.

MOTLEY'S history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is, in some important respects, America's greatest contribution to historical literature. Its author was the son of a New England merchant of literary tastes, and inherited through both parents some of the best blood of New England. He was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, now a part of Boston, April 15, 1814. He was a delicate boy, but vigorous, vivacious, fond of outdoor sports and intellectual contests. He was a boyish friend of Wendell Phillips, and was early associated with many of that group of New England scholars who have done so much for American literature during the past half-century. Motley was educated at good schools near Boston, and entered Harvard at what would now seem the ridiculously early age of thirteen. He cared too much for general and voluminous reading to do thorough work in the prescribed college course, but his wit, his brilliant mind and his impulsive generosity made him a general favorite. After graduating from Harvard he studied in Germany, becoming acquainted at Göttingen with Bismarck, between whom and himself there sprang up an intimate friendship which was renewed at every opportunity throughout his life. Bismarck said of him that "The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." He was married in 1837 to Mary, sister of Park Benjamin, a most attractive and beautiful woman, and two years later he published an historical novel called "Morton's Hope." Neither this book nor another called "Merry Mount" proved a success, and both Motley and his friends were convinced that his real field of work was that of the historian. His first attempt in this direction was an essay published in the "North American Review" on the "Polity of the Puritans," which not only demonstrated his skill and ability but gave expression to his intense love of liberty and to his lofty patriotism.

An interesting episode in Motley's life was his election in 1849 to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He does not seem to have been well adapted for a legislator and never sought a re-election. The incident which he most vividly remembered in this connection was his careful preparation of a report from the Committee on Education, of which he was chairman, proposing measures which he had convinced himself were for the best, and the apparent ease with which a country member, Geo. S. Boutwell, who afterwards distinguished himself in the field of

national politics, demolished his arguments, and convinced everybody, including the author of the report of the opposite view.

Mr. Motley began the collection of materials for his "History of Holland" about 1846. He devoted ten years to its preparation, making careful researches at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague and Brussels. When finally he had brought it to a conclusion he did not find it easy to make satisfactory arrangements for its publication. The leading house in London declined it, and it was finally published at the expense of the author. It was another and most marked example of the occasional lack of insight on the part of the wisest and best trained publishers, for the book which had gone begging to be printed was received everywhere with acclamations. Guizot, perhaps the foremost historian of modern times, personally supervised the translation into French, and wrote the introduction. The book had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic, and Mr. Motley was at once recognized as a great historian. Mr. Froude has very justly said that this history is as "complete as industry and genius can make it," and "one which will take its place among the finest stories in this or any other language." Motley lived for the next two years in Boston, taking much interest in the "Atlantic Monthly," though he was too much engaged with historical study to contribute very frequently to its columns. In 1858 he returned to England, where he lived for most of his remaining life, visiting America only three times, and making on each occasion a comparatively short stay. He found residence abroad more convenient for historical research. His position in English society was an enviable one, and his daughters were all married to Englishmen, one of them to Sir William Vernon Harcourt. This residence in England, however, did not wean his heart from America or its institutions or make him any less an ardent patriot, and perhaps he never rendered his country a more signal service than when, on finding that the higher classes in England sympathized with the South, he addressed two letters to the London "Times," which did much to bring about a change of sentiment, and which remained as monuments to his loyalty and to his ability as an advocate.

Mr. Motley had been appointed Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg in 1841, but had found the climate too rigorous and had continued at his post only a few months before tendering his resignation. He was now to undertake a more serious task in diplomacy. President Lincoln appointed him, in 1861, Minister to Austria. He was so absorbed in the great struggle going on in his own country that he gave up for the time the historical studies which made so large a part of his ordinary life, and "lived only in the varying fortunes of the day, his profound faith and enthusiasm sustaining him and lifting him above the natural influence of a by no means sanguine temperament." He continued Minister to Austria, performing the difficult service of that office with discretion and with credit until 1867, when, in consequence of a letter received by President Johnson from some obscure source, inquiries were made which Mr. Motley considered insulting, and he at once tendered his resignation.

He had published in 1860 two volumes of his "History of the United Netherlands," and they had been received with all the favor that had greeted his former great work. The American war had delayed the completion of the book, but in 1868 he published the other two volumes. An article from the "Edinburgh Review" discussing the first two volumes says: "Mr. Motley combines as an his-

torian two qualifications seldom found united—to a great capacity for historical research he adds much power of pictorial representation."

This is the secret of his great success. Men who excel in the use of language are too often unwilling to undertake the drudgery which research entails, while those who are able and willing to read voluminous correspondence and con over numberless dispatches in order to establish some historical fact, are frequently unable to clothe the fact in words which will so illumine and illustrate the truth as to make it really live in the mind of the reader. That Motley possessed both of these abilities along with those others which made him to a very wide circle in both Europe and America a much loved man, is sufficient reason for the place that has been given him in the history of men of letters.

Probably, at the request of Senator, Sumner Mr. Motley was in 1869 appointed Minister to England. The position was in many respects most agreeable to him. It gave him a post of great influence in a society in which he was known and admired, and opened possibilities of high service to the country which he loved with an ardor that amounted to enthusiasm. The Alabama claims were being urged upon the British Government, and the difficulties and responsibilities were very great. He was suddenly recalled in 1870 under circumstances that wounded him so deeply that it may be said he never recovered from the cruel surprise. The most probable explanation of President Grant's course seems to be that it was the outcome of his difficulty with Mr. Sumner over his San Domingo policy, and that Mr. Motley's tastes and the pursuits to which he had devoted his life made him a man with whom the President could not in any large measure sympathize. When, therefore, the President found his favorite measure defeated largely by the influence of Mr. Sumner, he ceased to have cause to retain Mr. Sumner's friend in so responsible a post. The whole matter looks, at this distance, discreditable, but it was probably the system of political favoritism then in vogue rather than either the President or his Secretary of State that was to blame.

Mr. Motley had intended to devote his last years to a "History of the Thirty Years' War," but before undertaking it he wrote "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War," which has been recognized as the most classical of his productions. It was his last work. Even before the death of Mrs. Motley in 1874, he was in somewhat feeble health, and while he did not abandon literary labor, he gave up at this time any hope of being able to engage in protracted effort. He spent a part of the year 1875 in Boston, returning to his daughter's residence in Devonshire, where he died in 1877. Dean Stanley spoke of him as "one of the brightest lights of the Western Hemisphere, the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits; the brilliant, the indefatigable historian." A distinguished countryman of his own had once introduced him to an audience as one "whose name belongs to no single country and to no single age: as a statesman and diplomatist and patriot, be belongs to America; as a scholar, to the world of letters; as a historian, all ages will claim him in the future."

BISMARCK.*

GLIMPSES OF NOTED PEOPLE FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L. EDITED BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, 1889.

WHEN I called, Bismarck was at dinner, so I left my card and said I would come back in half an hour. As soon as my card had been carried to him (as I learned afterwards) he sent a servant after me to the hotel, but I had gone another way. When I came back I was received with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character and of very powerful mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought *him*. He did not seek it, or any other office. The stand which he took in the Assembly from conviction, on the occasion of the outbreak of 1848, marked him at once to all parties as one of the leading characters of Prussia. Of course, I don't now go into the rights and wrongs of the matter, but I listened with great interest, as you may suppose, to his detailed history of the revolutionary events of that year, and his share in them, which he narrated to me in a long conversation which we had last night. He wanted me to stay entirely in his house, but as he has his wife's father and mother with him, and as I saw that it was necessary to put up a bed in a room where there was none, I decidedly begged off. I breakfasted there this morning, and am to dine there, with a party, to-day. To-morrow, I suppose, I shall dine there *en famille*. I am only afraid that the landlord here will turn me into the streets for being such a poor *consommateur* for him, and all I can do is to order vast quantities of seltzer water.

The principal change in Bismarck is that he has grown stouter, but, being over six feet, this is an improvement. His voice and manner are singularly unchanged. His wife I like very much indeed; very friendly, intelligent and perfectly unaffected, and treats me like an old friend. In short, I can't better describe the couple than by saying that they are as unlike M. and Mme. de —— as it is possible to be.

In the summer of 1851 he told me that the Minister, Manteuffel, asked him one day abruptly if he would accept the post of Ambassador at Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one to him as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen Governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, yes, without another word. The King, the same day, sent for him, and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, "Ja." His Majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no queries or conditions, when Bismarck replied that anything the King felt strong enough to propose to him he felt strong enough to accept. I only write these details that you may have an idea of the man. Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honor, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any court, and I have no doubt that he is destined to be Prime Minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians, stands in his way. . . .

Well, he accepted the post, and wrote to his wife next day, who was preparing for a summer's residence in a small house on the sea-coast, that he could not come because he was already Minister in Frankfort. The result, as he said, was three days of tears on her part. He had previously been leading the life of a plain country 'squire, with a moderate income, had never held any position in the government or in diplomacy, and had hardly ever been to court. He went into the office with a holy horror of the mysterious nothings of diplomacy, but soon found how little there was in the whole "galimatias." Of course, my politics are very different from his, although not so antipodal as you might suppose, but I can talk with him as frankly as I could with you, and I am glad of an opportunity of hearing the other side put by a man whose talents and character I esteem, and who so well knows *le dessous des cartes*.

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THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.*

MEANTIME, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful; infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants, fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out,—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe,—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surtender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." . . .

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The

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tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale on the night of the 1st and 2d of October came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. . . . On it went, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; as they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. . . . On again the fleet of Boisot still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

(FROM "RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.")

ON Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in a very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown, such as had been worn by the "Beggars" in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals with the motto, "*Fidèle jusqu' à la besace;*" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide-slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport, which the Prince directed his secretary to make out for him. . . .

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little, square vestibule, which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the court-yard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half-way up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired.

The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

JOHN FISKE.

DISTINGUISHED LECTURER AND HISTORIAN.

IT may be doubted whether even Macaulay exhibited more precocious ability than did the man who for thirty years has held a foremost place among the philosophers and historians of our country. The boy who read Cæsar and Rollin and Josephus at seven, who translated Greek at twelve by the aid of a dictionary which gave only the Latin equivalents of Greek words, who at seventeen had read the whole of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust, Suetonius, and much of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, and Juvenal, and at the same time knew his mathematics up to and including much of the work of the sophomore year in college, could read the Greek of Plato and Herodotus at sight, kept a diary in Spanish, and read German, French, Italian and Portuguese easily, surely this was one of the boys remarkable in the history of the world. Not only was John Fiske able to work for twelve hours a day and for twelve months in the year at his studies, but in spite of this strenuous application he was able to maintain vigorous health and to enter with enthusiasm into outdoor life.

Mr. Fiske was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1842. His original name was Edmund Fiske Green, but when his widowed mother became the wife of Edwin W. Stoughton, he took the name of one of his maternal ancestors and was henceforth known as John Fiske. Until he entered Harvard in 1860 he was an inmate of his grandmother's home in Middletown, Connecticut. But since that time he has lived almost continuously in Cambridge. After being graduated from Harvard College he spent two years in the law school and opened an office in Boston. He never devoted much attention to the practice of law, however, and used his office mainly as a convenient literary workshop. He had been married while in the law school, and from the first his family depended for support upon his diligence and success as a writer.

His literary work has taken two main directions, his most noted books being studies in evolutionary philosophy and treatises upon special features of American history. For a number of years he was connected with the faculty at Harvard, as lecturer or instructor, and he was for seven years Assistant Librarian, but since 1879 he has only been associated with the University as a member of its Board of Overseers. Thirty-five lectures on the Doctrine of Evolution, delivered at Harvard in 1871, were afterwards expanded and published under the title of "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy." Two of his most notable papers are "The Destiny of Man"

and "The Idea of God," but Mr. Fiske is best known for the fresh and vigorous, delightful and philosophical way in which he has written of American history. His principal books in this department are "The Beginnings of New England;" "The American Revolution;" "The Discovery of America," and "The Critical Period of American History." He has written somewhat for young people, notably "The War of Independence," and perhaps has conferred no greater favor on his youthful countrymen than in the preparation of two school books, "Civil Government in the United States" and "A History of the United States." Certainly there could be no more delightful innovation than the way in which he introduces his young student to the philosophy of government. He tells a lively story of the siege and final surrender of a mediæval town, and how the citizen delegated to make the capitulation, a lean, lank, half-starved stuttering fellow, replied to the question of why they had rebelled, with the significant phrase, "Tut-tut-tut-too much taxes."

The boy who reads this at the opening of his text-book is not likely to imagine that his subject is a dry and uninteresting one, and is ready to accept the author's definition of government as the power that lays taxes. These books of Mr. Fiske's, with his numerous contributions to periodicals and his lectures before large audiences in many cities, have done more than perhaps is due to any other one man to make the study of American history popular, and to spread among our people sound ideas on the theory of our government. With his vigorous health and wonderful activity it would seem that very much more is still to be expected from a man who has already done so much, and it is entirely safe to predict that the name of John Fiske will stand in the literary history of this time as one of the most remarkable, most fertile, and most useful men of his age.

LAND DISCOVERED.*

FROM "THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA."

BY September 25th, the Admiral's chief difficulty had come to be the impatience of his crews at not finding land. On that day there was a mirage, or some such illusion, which Columbus and all hands supposed to be a coast in front of them, and hymns of praise were sung, but at dawn next day they were cruelly undeceived. Flights of strange birds and other signs of land kept raising hopes which were presently dashed again, and the men passed through alternately hot and cold fits of exultation and dejection. Such mockery seemed to show that they were entering a realm of enchantment. Somebody, perhaps one of the released jail-birds, hinted that if a stealthy thrust should happen some night to push the Admiral overboard, it could be plausibly said that he had slipped and fallen while star-gazing. His situation grew daily more perilous, and the fact that he was an Italian commanding Spaniards did not help him. Perhaps what saved him was their vague belief in his superior knowledge; they may have felt that they should need him in going back. . . . . .

At daybreak the boats were lowered and Columbus, with a large part of his company, went ashore. Upon every side were trees of unknown kinds, and the landscape seemed exceedingly beautiful. Confident that they must have attained the object for which they set sail, the crews were wild with exultation. Their heads were dazed with fancies of princely fortunes close at hand. The officers embraced Columbus or kissed his hands, while the sailors threw themselves at his feet, craving pardon and favor.

These proceedings were watched with unutterable amazement and awe by a multitude of men, women and children of cinnamon hue, different from any

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kind of people the Spaniards had ever seen. All were stark naked and most of them were more or less greased and painted. They thought that the ships were sea-monsters and the white men supernatural creatures descended from the sky. At first they fled in terror as these formidable beings came ashore, but presently, as they found themselves unmolested, curiosity began to overcome fear, and they slowly approached the Spaniards, stopping at every few paces to prostrate themselves in adoration. After a time, as the Spaniards received them with encouraging nods and smiles, they waxed bold enough to come close to the visitors and pass their hands over them, doubtless to make sure that all this marvel was reality and not a mere vision. Experiences in Africa had revealed the eagerness of barbarians to trade off their possessions for trinkets, and now the Spaniards began exchanging glass beads and hawks' bells for cotton yarn, tame parrots, and small gold ornaments.

Some sort of conversation in dumb show went on, and Columbus naturally interpreted everything in such wise as to fit his theories. Whether the natives understood him or not when he asked them where they got their gold, at any rate they pointed to the south, and thus confirmed Columbus in his suspicion that he had come to some island a little to the north of the opulent Cipango. He soon found that it was a small island, and he understood the name of it to be Guanahani. He took formal possession of it for Castile, just as the discoverers of the Cape Verde islands and the Guinea coasts had taken possession of those places for Portugal; and he gave it a Christian name, San Salvador.

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.*

FROM "THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY."

THE Federal Convention did wisely in withholding its debates from the knowledge of the people. It was felt that discussion would be more untrammeled, and that its result ought to go before the country as the collective and unanimous voice of the convention.

There was likely to be wrangling enough among themselves; but should their scheme be unfolded, bit by bit, before its parts could be viewed in their mutual relations, popular excitement would become intense, there might be riots, and an end would be put to that attitude of mental repose so necessary for the constructive work that was to be done. It was thought best that the scheme should be put forth as a completed whole, and that for several years, even, until the new system of government should have had a fair trial, the traces of the individual theories and preferences concerned in its formation should not be revealed.

For it was generally assumed that a system of government new in some important respects would be proposed by the convention, and while the people awaited the result the wildest speculations and rumors were current. A few hoped, and many feared, that some scheme of monarchy would be established. Such surmises found their way across the ocean, and hopes were expressed in England that, should a king be chosen, it might be a younger son of George III. It was even hinted, with alarm, that, through gratitude to our recent allies, we might be persuaded to offer the crown to some member of the royal family of France. No such thoughts were entertained, however, by any person present in the convention. Some of the delegates came with the design of simply amending the articles of confederation by taking away from the States the power of regulating commerce, and intrusting this power to Congress. Others felt that if the work were not done thoroughly now another chance might never be offered; and these men thought it necessary to abolish the confederation and establish a federal republic, in which the general government should act directly upon the people. The difficult problem was how to frame a plan of this sort which people could be made to understand and adopt. At the very outset some of the delegates began to exhibit symptoms of that peculiar kind of moral cowardice which is wont to afflict free governments, and of which American history furnishes many instructive examples. It was suggested that palliatives and half-

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measures would be far more likely to find favor with the people than any thoroughgoing reform, when Washington suddenly interposed with a brief but immortal speech, which ought to be blazoned in letters of gold and posted on the wall of every American assembly that shall meet to nominate a candidate, or declare a policy, or pass a law, so long as the weakness of human nature endures. Rising from his President's chair, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, he exclaimed in tones unwontedly solemn with suppressed emotion: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

This outburst of noble eloquence carried conviction to every one, and henceforth we do not hear that any attempt was avowedly made to avoid the issues as they came up. It was a most wholesome tonic. It braced up the convention to high resolves, and impressed upon all the delegates that they were in a situation where faltering and trifling were both wicked and dangerous. From that moment the mood in which they worked caught something from the glorious spirit of Washington. There was need of such high purpose, for two plans were presently laid before the meeting, which, for a moment, brought out one of the chief elements of antagonism existing between the States, and which at first seemed irreconcilable. It was the happy compromise which united and harmonized these two plans that smoothed the further work of the convention, and made it possible for a stable and powerful government to be constructed.

JOHN BACH McMASTER.

HISTORIAN OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN BACH McMASTER is one of the few men who excel in widely different fields. To be a teacher of English grammar, a college instructor in civil engineering, to do the work of a specialist in the United States Coast Survey, to write a monumental history and to build up a great department in a leading university, surely this is a sufficiently long catalogue for a man forty-five years old. The father of Prof. McMaster was, at the beginning of the Civil War, a banker and planter at New Orleans. The son, however, grew up in the Northern metropolis, and was graduated at the College of the City of New York at the age of twenty, in 1872. After a year devoted to teaching grammar in that institution he took up the study of civil engineering, and began, in the autumn of 1873, the work of preparing his "History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War."

He was appointed, in 1877, Instructor in Civil Engineering at Princeton, and became, in 1883, Professor of American History in the University of Pennsylvania. Besides the four volumes of his "History" already published, he has written a "Life of Benjamin Franklin" for the "Men of Letters Series," and has been a frequent contributor upon historical topics to the leading periodicals. His "History" is not a story of political intrigue, of the petty jealousies of neighboring communities, of our quarrels with each other or with the Indians, but tells in a clear and strikingly pictorial manner the story of the people themselves, of how they lived and dressed, what they ate, what were their pleasures, their social customs, how they worshipped, how they grew to be a mighty nation and became the people that we are. It is a wonderful story, and not only is every page filled with living interest, but any chapter might well be a monument to the painstaking accuracy, the devoted labor, the historical insight, and the literary skill of the author. But if Prof. McMaster has been in love with his work as a historian he has none the less been devoted to his office as an instructor of youth. During the years in which he has filled a chair in the University of Pennsylvania, the department of history of the United States has assumed such proportions that it may fairly claim to outrank any similar department in any other institution in the country. In this way and as a lecturer before bodies of teachers, Prof. McMaster has held a foremost place in the movement which has demanded, and successfully demanded, that in the lower schools greater attention shall be paid to the history and institutions of our

own country, and which is bringing about a more intelligent patriotism and a widespread interest in the way in which we govern ourselves. The boy who applies for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, if he imagines that the history of his country consists of a list of dates of explorations, battles, and of presidents, and of the names of generals and politicians, will be astonished when he is asked to draw a map showing how the United States obtained the various portions of its territory, to tell what were the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, and to outline the relations between the President and the two houses of Congress in our government. But the trembling applicant will find his blundering answers leniently judged, and when he looks back from the eminence of his graduation day upon this time of trial, he will agree that the view of history taken by Prof. McMaster is the true one, and that no man has done more than he to bring the intelligent people of our time to that opinion.

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN IN 1784.*

(FROM "A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.")

THERE can, however, be no doubt that a wonderful amelioration has taken place since that day in the condition of the poor. Their houses were meaner, their food was coarser, their clothing was of commoner stuff; their wages were, despite the depreciation that has gone on in the value of money, lower by one-half than at present. A man who performed what would be called unskilled labor, who sawed wood, dug ditches, who mended roads, who mixed mortar, who carried boards to the carpenter and bricks to the mason, or helped to cut hay in harvest-time, usually received as the fruit of his daily toil two shillings. Sometimes when the laborers were few he was paid more, and became the envy of his fellows if at the end of a week he took home to his family fifteen shillings, a sum now greatly exceeded by four dollars. Yet all authorities agree that in 1784 the hire of workmen was twice as great as in 1774.

On such a pittance it was only by the strictest economy that a mechanic kept his children from starvation and himself from jail. In the low and dingy rooms which he called his home were wanting many articles of adornment and of use now to be found in the dwelling of the poorest of his class. Sand sprinkled on the floor did duty as a carpet. There was no glass on his table, there was no china in his cupboard, there were no prints on his wall. What a stove was he did not know, coal he had never seen, matches he had never heard of. Over a fire of fragments of barrels and boxes, which he lit with the sparks struck from a flint, or with live coals brought from a neighbor's hearth, his wife cooked up a rude meal and served it in pewter dishes.

He rarely tasted fresh meat as often as once in a week, and paid for it a much higher price than his posterity. Everything, indeed, which ranked as a staple of life was very costly. Corn stood at three shillings the bushel, wheat at eight and six pence, an assize of bread was four pence, a pound of salt pork was ten pence. Many other commodities now to be seen on the tables of the poor were either quite unknown or far beyond the reach of his scanty purse. Unenviable is the lot of that man who cannot, in the height of the season, when the wharfs and markets are heaped with baskets and crates of fruit, spare three cents for a pound of grapes, or five cents for as many peaches, or, when Sunday comes round, indulge his family with watermelons or cantaloupes. One hundred years ago the wretched fox-grape was the only kind that found its way to market, and was the luxury of the rich. Among the fruits and vegetables of which no one had then even heard are cantaloupes, many varieties of peaches and pears, tomatoes and rhubarb, sweet corn, the cauliflower, the eggplant, head lettuce, and okra. On the window benches of every tenement-house may be seen growing geraniums and verbenas, flowers not known a century ago. In truth, the best-kept gardens were then rank with hollyhocks and sunflowers, roses and

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snowballs, lilacs, pinks, tulips, and, above all, the Jerusalem cherry, a plant once much admired, but now scarcely seen.

If the food of an artisan would now be thought coarse, his clothes would be thought abominable. A pair of yellow buckskin or leathern breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket, a rusty felt hat cocked up at the corners, shoes of neats-skin set off with huge buckles of brass, and a leathern apron, comprised his scanty wardrobe. The leather he smeared with grease to keep it soft and flexible. His sons followed in his footsteps, and were apprenticed to neighboring tradesmen. His daughter went out to service. She performed, indeed, all the duties at present exacted from women of her class; but with them were coupled many others rendered useless by the great improvement that has taken place in the conveniences of life.

She mended the clothes, she did up the ruffs, she ran on errands from one end of the town to the other, she milked the cows, made the butter, walked ten blocks for a pail of water, spun flax for the family linen, and, when the year was up, received ten pounds for her wages. Yet, small as was her pay, she had, before bestowing herself in marriage upon the footman or the gardener, laid away in her stocking enough guineas and joes to buy a few chairs, a table, and a bed.

"THE MINISTER IN NEW ENGLAND."*

(FROM "A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.")

HIGH as the doctors stood in the good graces of their fellow-men, the ministers formed a yet more respected class of New England society. In no other section of the country had religion so firm a hold on the affections of the people. Nowhere else were men so truly devout, and the ministers held in such high esteem. It had, indeed, from the days of the founders of the colony been the fashion among New Englanders to look to the pastor with profound reverence, not unmingled with awe. He was not to them as other men were. He was the just man made perfect; the oracle of divine will; the sure guide to truth. The heedless one who absented himself from the preaching on a Sabbath was hunted up by the tithing-man, was admonished severely, and, if he still persisted in his evil ways, was fined, exposed in the stocks, or imprisoned in the cage. To sit patiently on the rough board seats while the preacher turned his hour-glass for the third time, and with his voice husky from shouting, and the sweat pouring in streams down his face, went on for an hour more, was a delectable privilege. In such a community the authority of the reverend man was almost supreme. To speak disrespectfully concerning him, to jeer at his sermons, or to laugh at his odd ways, was sure to bring down on the offender a heavy fine. His advice was often sought on matters of State, nor did he hesitate to give, unasked, his opinion on what he considered the arbitrary acts of the high functionaries of the province. In the years immediately preceding the war the power of the minister in matters of government and politics had been greatly impaired by the rise of that class of laymen in the foremost ranks of which stood Otis and Hancock and Samuel Adams. Yet his spiritunl influence was as great as ever. He was still a member of the most learned and respected class in a community by no means ignorant. He was a divine, and came of a family of divines. Not a few of the preachers who witnessed the Revolution could trace descent through an unbroken line of ministers, stretching back from son to father for three generations, to some canting, psalm-singing Puritan who bore arms with distinction on the great day at Naseby, or had prayed at the head of Oliver's troops, and had, at the restoration, when the old soldiers of the protector were turning their swords into reaping-hooks and their pikes into pruning-knives, come over to New England to seek that liberty of worship not to be found at home. Such a man had usually received an education at Harvard or at Yale, and would in these days be thought a scholar of high attainments.

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ROBT. J. BURDETTE
"JOSH BILLINGS"
"MARK TWAIN"
CHAS. FOLEN ADAMS
"YAWCOB STRAUSS"
"BILL NYE"
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
OUR NATIONAL HUMORISTS

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

THE "WIDOW BEDOTT" AND "WIDOW SPRIGGINS."

IT was back in the early forties in "Neal's Gazette" that the "Widow Bedott Table Talk" series of articles began to attract attention, and the question arose, Who is the Widow Bedott? for no one knew at that time that Mrs. Whitcher was the real author behind this *nom-de-plume*. James Neal himself—the well-known author of "Charcoal Sketches" and publisher of the magazine above referred to—was so struck with the originality and clearness of the first of the series when submitted that he sought a correspondence with the author, thinking it was a man, and addressed her as "My dear Bedott." Mrs. Whitcher often insisted that she must cease to write, as her humorous sketches were not relished by some of her neighbors whom they touched, but Mr. Neal would not hear to it. In a letter of September 10, 1846, he wrote: "It is a theory of mine that those gifted with truly humorous genius like yourself are more useful as moralists, philosophers and teachers than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are not aware of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom." Further on he adds: "I would add that Mr. Godey called on me to inquire as to the authorship of the "Bedott Papers," wishing evidently to obtain you for a correspondent to the "Ladies' Book."

For richness of humor and masterly handling of the Yankee dialect, certainly, the "Widow Bedott" and the "Widow Spriggins" occupy a unique space in humorous literature, and the influence she has exercised on modern humorists is more in evidence than most readers are aware of. Her husband, "Hezekiah Bedott," is a character who will live alongside of "Josiah Allen" as one of the prominent heroes of the humorous literature of our country. In fact, no reader of both these authors will fail to suspect that Miss Marietta Holley used "Hezekiah" as a model for her "Josiah;" while the redoubtable widow herself was enough similiar to "Samantha Allen" to have been her natural, as she, perhaps, was her literary, grandmother. Nor was Miss Holley alone in following her lead. Ever since the invention of "Hezekiah Bedott" by Mrs. Whitcher, an imaginary person of some sort, behind whom the author might conceal his own identity, has seemed to be a necessity to our humorists, as witness the *noms-de-plume* of "Artemus Ward," "Josh Billings," "Mark Twain," etc., under which our greatest American humorists have written.

Mrs. Whitcher was the daughter of Mr. Lewis Berry, and was born at Whitesboro,

New York, 1811, and died there in 1852. As a child she was unusually precocious. Before she learned her letters, even before she was four years old, she was making little rhymes and funny stories, some of which are preserved by her relatives. Her education was obtained in the village school of Whitesboro, and she began to contribute at an early age stories and little poems to the papers. After she had won considerable literary fame she was married, in 1847, to the Rev. Benjamin W. Whitcher, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Elmira, New York, where she resided with her husband for a period of three years, continuing to contribute her humorous papers to the magazine, and taking as her models her acquaintances at Elmira, as she had been accustomed to do at Whitesboro. The people of Elmira, however, were not so ready to be victimized, and turned against her such shafts of persecution and even insult for her ludicrous pictures of them as to destroy her happiness and her husband's usefulness as a minister to an extent that they were compelled to leave Elmira, and they removed to Whitesboro in 1850, where, as stated above, she died two years later.

Mrs. Whitcher was something of an artist as well as a writer and illustrated certain of her sketches with her own hands. During her life none of her works were published except in magazines and periodicals, but after her death these contributions were collected and published in book form; the first entitled "The Widow Bedott Papers," appearing in 1855, with an introduction by Alice B. Neal. In 1857 came "The Widow Spriggins, Mary Allen and Other Sketches," edited by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whitcher with a memoir of the author. We publish in connection with this sketch the poem "Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles" and also her own humorous comments on some of her poetry, about her husband Hezekiah, which she wrote to a friend, pausing as the various stanzas suggest, to throw in amusing side lights on neighborhood character and gossip.

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

(FROM THE "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.")

OREVEREND sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction, are
Sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cheer you up,
If't wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

THE WIDOW'S POETRY ABOUT HEZEKIAH AND HER COMMENTS ON THE SAME.

(FROM "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.")

YES,—he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jenkins says (she 'twas Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his mem'ry, nobody wouldn't think I dident set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it; it ginerally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up my feelin's; but I'll try. It begins as follers:—

He never jawed in all his life,
  He never was onkind,—
And (tho' I say it that was his wife)
  Such men you seldom find.

(That's as true as the Scripturs; I never knowed him to say a harsh word.)

I never changed my single lot,—
  I thought 'twould be a sin—

(Though widder Jinkins says it's because I never had a chance.) Now 'tain't for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they wos a mind to; why, this poitry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three years after husband died. I guess the ginerality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Majors Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"—seein' he couldent get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get,—but I goes on to say—

I never changed my single lot,
  I thought 'twould be a sin,—
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
  I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
  His anger dident last,
But vanished like tobacker smoke
  Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
  The wife of such a man,
Tell the men that's after me
  To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jot,
  He called the doctor in—

That's a fact,—he used to be scairt to death if anything ailed me. Now only jest think,—widder Jinkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that she guessed the deacon dident set no great store by me, or he wouldent went off to confrence meetin', when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldent git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin', and when *he* wa'n't there, who was ther', pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband dident do it? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all come onto Deacon Bedott,—and he was always ready and willin' to do his duty, you know; as long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldent scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back.

He had a wonderful gift, and he wa'n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin,—so you see 'twas from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jinkins may say to the contrary. But where was I? Oh!—

If I was sick a single jot,
  He called the doctor in—
I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott
  I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
  That felt for all mankind,—
It made him feel amazin' bad
  To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—

That's as true as the Scripturs,—but if you'll believe it, Betsy, Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house how't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin! did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and

she never knowed how to speak the truth—besides she always had a partikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, for I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story, I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is etarnally runnin' me down. See,—where had I got to? Oh, I remember now,—

Whisky and rum he tasted not,—
He thought it was a sin,—
I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin.

But now he's dead! the thought is killin',
My grief I can't control—
He never left a single shillin'
His widder to console.

But that wa'n't his fault—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he dident lay up nothin'—however, it dident give him no great oneasiness,—he never cared much for airthly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back,—begrudged folks their vittals when they come to his house! did you ever! why, he was the hull-souldest man I ever see in all my born days. If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbors' husbands. He was a dretful mean man, used to git drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper,—used to swear like all possest when he got mad,—and I've heard my husband say (and he wa'n't a man that ever said anything that wa'n't true),—I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I? Oh! "His widder to console,"—ther ain't but one more verse, 'tain't a very lengthy poim. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he,—"What did you stop so soon for?"—but Miss Jinkins told the Crosby's *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun,—she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poitry o' hern,—I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on't,—said I never cared tuppence for the deacon. What an everlastin' lie! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on't.

I conclude as follers:—

I'll never change my single lot,—
I think 'twould be a sin,—
The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
Don't intend to git married agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcomes me so when I say that poitry—O-o-o-o-o-o!

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

(ARTEMUS WARD).

ARTEMUS WARD first revealed to the world that humor is a characteristic trait of the Yankee, and he was the first to succeed in producing a type of comic literature distinctively American, purely the product of his original genius.

It is impossible to analyze his jokes or to tell why they are irresistibly funny, but it would be generally admitted that his best things are as much creations of genius as masterpieces of art are.

He was one of the kindest and most generous of men; he used his keen wit to smite evil customs and to satirize immoral deeds, and he went through his short life enjoying above everything to make people laugh and to laugh himself, but with all his play of wit there was a tinge of melancholy in his nature and a tendency to do the most unexpected things, a tendency which he never tried to control. He was born in Waterford, Maine, in 1834, and he came honestly by a view of humor from his father's side. He had only a most meagre school education, and at fourteen he set himself to learn the printer's trade, becoming one of the best typesetters in the country.

He drifted from place to place and finally became one of the staff of the "Commercial" at Toledo, Ohio, where he first displayed his peculiar richness of humor in his news reports. In 1857 he became local editor of the "Plain-Dealer" in Cleveland, and it was here his sketches were first signed Artemus Ward, a name which he took from a peculiar character who called on him once in his Cleveland office. He is described at this time as being in striking degree gawky and slouchy, with yellowish, straight hair, a loose swaggering gait, and strangely ill-fitting clothes, though as his popularity and position rose he took on more cultivated manners and grew very particular regarding his dress.

His first attempts at lecturing were not marked with success and he was forced to explain his jokes to his audiences to make the desired laugh come, but he soon attracted attention and multitudes flocked to hear the "grate showman," with his "moral wax figgers." In 1863 he crossed the continent and on this trip he collected material for his most humorous lectures and for the best of his chapters.

The Mormons furnished him with the material for his most telling lecture, and it was a mark of his genius that he was irresistibly drawn to Utah to study this peculiar type of American society.

He went to England in 1866, where, though in failing health, ending in premature death, he created almost a sensation and had flattering successes. The "Mormons" never failed to fill a hall and always carried his audiences by storm.

Some of his most brilliant articles were written for "Punch," and the American humorist was recognized as a typical genius; but he was a dying man while he was making his London audiences laugh at his spontaneous wit, and his life came to an end at Southampton, January 23, 1867.

He provided in his will for the establishment of an asylum for printers and for the education of their orphan children, an action which revealed, as many acts of his life had done, the kindly human spirit of the humorist.

His published books, which owe much of their charm to his characteristic spelling, are as follows: "Artemus Ward, His Book," and "Artemus Ward, His Travels" (1865), "Artemus Ward in London" (1867), "Artemus Ward's Lecture, as delivered in Egyptian Hall, London," edited by T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston (1869), and "Artemus Ward, His Works Complete," with biographical sketch by Melville D. Landon (1875).

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

"MR. SHAKER," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein' sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect," sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, includin' trimmin's?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and, thinkin' I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no livin' ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin' water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin' and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' galls as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I spose female gosts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin' enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forget Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Skaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am willing to be Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course, so that the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections have you? to a innersent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they said, and I—yayed.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

I'VE been lingerin' by the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of literatoor, you may publicate.

I told my wife Betsey, when I left home, that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the roses as groses, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birth-place of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birth-place, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin' it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager; "Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin' I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and, after talking to him a spell in a sarkastic stile, I let him went.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shakesperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continner investigatin' Shakespeare's career, we shall not in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark coming from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin' there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorous career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."

HENRY WHEELER SHAW.

("JOSH BILLINGS.")

IT is astonishing what effect is produced by peculiarities of form or manner. It may be true that the writings of Thomas Carlyle owe much of their force and vigor to his disregard for grammatical rules and his peculiar arrangement of words and sentences; but one of the most surprising instances of this kind is in the fact that the "Essay on the Mule, by Josh Billings," received no attention whatever, while the same contribution transformed into the "Essa on the Muel, bi Josh Billings," was eagerly copied by almost every paper in the country. Josh Billings once said that "Chaucer was a great poit, but he couldn't spel," and apparently it was Mr. Shaw's likeness, in this respect, to the author of "Canterbury Tales" which won him much of his fame.

He was the son of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, born in 1818, and entered Hamilton College; but being captivated by stories of Western life and adventure, abandoned college to seek his fortune in the West. The fortune was slow in coming, and he worked as a laborer on steamboats on the Ohio, and as a farmer, and finally drifted back to Poughkeepsie, New York, as an auctioneer. Here he wrote his first contribution to a periodical, "The Essa on the Muel," which has been above mentioned.

The popularity of the revised form of this classic of poor spelling induced him to publish "Josh Billings' Farmers' Allminax," which continued for ten years, having during a part of the time a circulation of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand copies per annum. In 1863 Mr. Shaw entered the lecture-field. His lectures being a series of pithy sayings without care or order, delivered in an apparently awkward manner. The quaintness and drollery of his discourse won very great popularity. For twenty years he was a regular contributor of "The New York Weekly," and it is said that the articles which appeared in "The Century Magazine," under the signature of "Uncle Esek," were his. His published books are "Josh Billings, His Sayings;" "Josh Billings on Ice;" "Everybody's Friend;" "Josh Billings' Complete Works," and "Josh Billings' Spice Box."

Mr. Shaw died in Monterey, California, in 1885.

JOSH BILLING'S ADVERTISEMENT.

(FROM "JOSH BILLINGS, HIS WORKS." 1876.)

I KAN sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining eighty-five acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dallianse ov moss-tufted medder; streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty tew the low musik ov the kricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening sephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun is ov Parian marble; the porch iz a single diamond, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and quirts in evry apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy of the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs ov Akilles, and its hennery waz bilt expressly for the birds of paradice; while sombre in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught ov the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze—here skulptors hav cut, here painters hav robbed the scene ov dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher diskovered the stun which made him the alkimist ov natur. Next, northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke, John Smith, while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown and the Duchess, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blue brest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night dansing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B.—This angel goes with the place.)

MANIFEST DESTINY.

MANIFESS destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifess destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselfs in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almost gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting as near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a leetle old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov most tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until yu see it. Thare is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov

rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense onla for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it was a locomotiff machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. i thought i had it onse; it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine; the magazine man wrote me next day az follers:

"*Dear Sur:* You may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

LETTERS TO FARMERS.

BELOVED FARMERS: Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce.; she is also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at half-past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandles, and grease yure boots. Wait pashuntly for dabrake. When day duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too mutch sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git rich on a farm, unless yu rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

The happyest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer!—What iz a merchant?—What iz a doktor?—What iz a minister?—I answer, nothing!

A farmer is the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two kords of kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew. JOSH BILLINGS.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

(MARK TWAIN).

MARK TWAIN has a world wide reputation as the great American humorist, a reputation which has been steadily growing at home and abroad since the publication of "Innocents Abroad" in 1869, and he is undoubtedly one of the most popular authors in the United States. The story of his life is the record of a career which could have been possible in no other country in the world.

He was born in Florida in 1835, though most of his boyhood was passed at Hanibal, Mo., where he attended the village school until he was thirteen, which was his only opportunity for educational training. At this early age he was apprenticed to a printer and worked at this trade in St. Louis, Cincinnatti, Philadelphia and New York. During his boyhood his great ambition, his one yearning, had been to become one day a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. He realized this ambition in 1851 and the experiences of this pilot life are told in his "Life on the Mississippi." His pen-name was suggested by the expression used in Mississippi navigation where in sounding a depth of two fathoms, the leadsman calls out, "Mark Twain!"

After serving in 1861 in Nevada as private secretary to his brother who was at this time secretary of the Territory, he became city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," and here his literary labors began, and the pseudonym now so familiar was first used.

In 1865, he was reporter on the staff of the San Francisco "Morning Call," though his newspaper work was interspersed with unsuccessful attempts at gold digging and a six months' trip to Hawaii.

This was followed by a lecture trip through California and Nevada, which gave unmistakable evidence that he had the "gift" of humor.

His fame, however, was really made by the publication of "Innocents Abroad" (Hartford, 1869), 125,000 copies of which were sold in three years. This book is a brilliant, humorous account of the travels, experiences and opinions of a party of tourists to the Mediterranean, Egypt, Palestine, France and Italy.

His next literary work of note was the publication of "Roughing It" (Hartford, 1872), which shook the sides of readers all over the United States. This contained inimitable sketches of the rough border life and personal experiences in California, Nevada and Utah. In fact all Mark Twain's literary work which bears the stamp of permanent worth and merit is personal and autobiographical. He is never so successful in works that are purely of an imaginative character.

In 1873, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, he produced a story entitled the "Gilded Age" which was dramatized and had a marked success on the stage. His other well-known works are: "Sketches Old and New;" "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876), a story of boy life in Missouri and one of his best productions, "Punch, Brothers, Punch" (1878); "A Tramp Abroad" (1880), containing some of his most humorous and successful descriptions of personal experiences on a trip through Germany and Switzerland; "The Stolen White Elephant" (1882); "Prince and the Pauper" (1882); "Life on the Mississippi" (1883); "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1885), a sequel to "Tom Sawyer;" "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" and Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (1896).

In 1884, he established in New York City the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., which issued in the following year the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, the profits from which publication to the amount of $350,000 were paid to Mrs. Grant in accordance with an agreement previously signed with General Grant.

By the unfortunate failure of this company in 1895, Mark Twain found himself a poor man and morally, though not legally, responsible for large sums due the creditors. Like Sir Walter Scott, he resolved to wipe out the last dollar of the debt and at once entered upon a lecturing trip around the world, which effort is proving financially a success. He is also at work upon a new book soon to be published. His home is at Hartford, Connecticut, where he has lived in delightful friendship and intercourse with Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe and other literary characters of that city. His writings have been translated into German and they have met with large sales both in England and on the continent.

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.

WELL, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut,—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off 'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box,

and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a feller,—a stranger in the camp he was,—came across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't,—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experience, and may be you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right, that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait. So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump;" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l gave a heave and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use,—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there an't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

(FROM "THE GILDED AGE" OF CLEMENS AND WARNER.)

A DEEP coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what *is* it, Uncle Dan'l!"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready—let these po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de old niggah if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin,' we knows by the way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But, good Lord, dese chil'en don' b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' yo' knows, yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many onery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole————"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well, now, dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah! Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon?* Don't I *know* it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow!* CHOW! an' a goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' fer 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"*No* sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You might take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob *coase* dey was; but *dey* did'nt know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd been gals dey'd missed dey long haah (hair), maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"*I* dont know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a saying what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should *I* know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides don't it call 'em de *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no notice when dey *do* read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two*."

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay, dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear everywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat means business, honey. He comin' now like he forgot sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gone to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin!"

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

THE BABIES.

From a speech of Mark Twain at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 14, 1879.

TOAST:—"The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if *he* didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute,—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family head-quarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction—and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No,—you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you,—you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right,—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin,"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark—with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself! Oh, you were under good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too,—for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,—"Go on!"—what did you do? You simply *went* on, till you disappeared in the last ditch.

MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY.

("JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.")

THE poetic declaration that "genius unbidden rises to the top" is fully verified in the now famous "Josiah Allen's Wife." Miss Holley commenced to write at an early age both verses and sketches, but was so timid that she jealously hid them away from every eye until she had accumulated quite a collection of manuscript. This most famous humorist among women was born in a country place near Adams, New York, where she still lives, and where five generations of her ancestors have resided. Her first appearance in print was in a newspaper published in Adams. The editor of the paper, it is said, praised her article, and she was also encouraged by Charles J. Peterson, for whom she wrote later. She wrote also for "The Independent" and other journals. Most of her early articles were poems, and were widely copied both in America and Europe.

Miss Holley's first pen-name was "Jemyme." It was not until she wrote a dialectic sketch for "Peterson's Magazine" that she began to sign her name as "Josiah Allen's Wife." This sketch brought her into prominence, and Elija Bliss, President of The American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, it is said, against the protests of his company, published "Josiah Allen's Wife" in book form, and encouraged her to write another book, which he issued under the name of "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's" (1872). Since this Miss Holley's fame has steadily increased, and she has issued a book every few years. "Samantha at the Centennial" appeared in 1877, describing the experiences of herself and Josiah at that great international exhibition. It is extremely humorous and added to her already great fame. "My Wayward Pardner" appeared in 1880. In 1882 she published "Miss Richards' Boy," a book of stories, but not written in dialect. All of the above works were issued by her Hartford publisher, as was also her illustrated poem entitled "The Mormon Wife." In 1885 "Sweet Cicely, or Josiah Allen's Wife as a Politician," appeared in New York. In 1887 her famous book, "Samantha at Saratoga," was issued in Philadelphia, for the manuscript of which she was paid $10,000 in cash, in addition to which sum she also received a considerable amount from the "Ladies' Home Journal" for parts of the work published in serial form in that magazine. Nearly a quarter of a million copies of her "Samantha at Saratoga" have already been sold. During the same year she issued a book of poems in New York, and further popularized her *nom-de-plume* by "Samantha Among the Brethren" in 1891. In 1893 "Samantha on the Race Problem" created con-

siderable amusement by the mixture of grotesque humor and philosophy on this much discussed and serious problem, the illustrations in the work adding no small quota to its popularity. In 1894 appeared "Samantha at the World's Fair" in which the experiences of herself and her partner, Josiah, are even more amusing than those at the Centennial in 1876.

Through all of Miss Holley's works there runs a vein of homely philosophy and practical common sense. It is in a most delightfully good-humored manner that she takes off the foibles and follies of "racin' after fashion." Her humor is remarkably wholesome, and while it is not remiss in laughter-provoking quality, is always clear, and above all things pure. Her books have been widely circulated both in America and in Europe, and some of them have been translated into other languages.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.*

Josiah Allen has a violent attack of political fever and his wife being greatly exercised over it finally concludes to visit Washington, and take the advice of the President on the disturbing question. This interview with the President is a fair example of the author's style.

AND so we wended our way down the broad, beautiful streets towards the White House. Handsomer streets I never see. I had thought Jonesville streets wus middlin' handsome and roomy. Why, two double wagons can go by each other with perfect safety, right in front of the grocery-stores, where there is lots of boxes too; and wimmen can be a-walkin' there too at the same time, hefty ones.

But, good land! loads of hay could pass each other here, and droves of dromedaries, and camels, and not touch each other, and then there would be lots of room for men and wimmen, and for wagons to rumble, and perioguers to float up and down—if perioguers could sail on dry land.

Roomier, handsomer, well-shadeder streets I never want to see, nor don't expect to. Why Jonesville streets are like tape compared with 'em; and Loontown and Toad Holler, they are like thread, No. 50 (allegory).

Bub Smith wus well acquainted with the President's hired man, so he let us in without parlay.

I don't believe in talkin' big as a general thing. But think'es I, Here I be, a-holdin' up the dignity of Jonesville: and here I be, on a deep, heart-searchin' errent to the Nation. So I said, in words and axents a good deal like them I have read of in "Children of the Abbey" and "Charlotte Temple,"—

"Is the President of the United States within?"

He said he was, but said sunthin' about his not receiving calls in the mornings.

But I says in a very polite way,—for I like to put folks at their ease, presidents or peddlers or anything,—

"It hain't no matter at all if he hain't dressed up; of course he wuzn't expectin' company. Josiah don't dress up mornin's."

And then he says something about "he didn't know but he was engaged."

Says I, "That hain't no news to me, nor the Nation. We have been a-hearin' that for three years, right along. And if he is engaged, it hain't no good reason why he shouldn't speak to other wimmen, —good, honorable married ones too."

"Well," says he, finally, "I will take up your card."

"No, you won't!" says I, firmly. "I am a Methodist! I guess I can start off on a short tower without takin' a pack of cards with me. And if I had 'em right here in my pocket, or a set of dominoes, I shouldn't expect to take up the time of the President of the United States a-playin' games at this time of the day." Says I, in deep tones, "I am a-carrien' errents to the President that the world knows not of."

He blushed up red; he was ashamed; and he said "he would see if I could be admitted."

* From "Sweet Cicely." Permission of Funk & Wagnalls.

* * * * *

I was jest a-thinkin' this when the hired man came back, and said,—

"The President would receive me."

"Wall," says I, calmly, "I am ready to be received."

So I follered him; and he led the way into a beautiful room, kinder round, and red-colored, with lots of elegant pictures and lookin'-glasses and books.

* * * * *

He then shook hands with me, and I with him. I, too, am a perfect lady. And then he drawed up a chair for me with his own hands (hands that grip holt of the same hellum that G. W. had gripped holt of. O soul! be calm when I think on't), and asked me to set down; and consequently I sot.

I leaned my umberell in a easy, careless position against a adjacent chair, adjusted my long green veil in long, graceful folds,—I hain't vain, but I like to look well,—and then I at once told him of my errents. I told him—

"I had brought three errents to him from Jonesville,—one for myself, and two for Dorlesky Burpy."

He bowed, but didn't say nothin': he looked tired. Josiah always looks tired in the mornin' when he has got his milkin' and barn-chores done, so it didn't surprise me. And havin' calculated to tackle him on my own errent first, consequently I tackled him.

I told him how deep my love and devotion to my pardner wuz.

And he said "he had heard of it."

And I says, "I s'pose so. I s'pose such things will spread, bein' a sort of a rarity. I'd heard that it had got out, 'way beyend Loontown, and all round."

"Yes," he said, "it was spoke of a good deal."

"Wall," says I, "the cast-iron love and devotion I feel for that man don't show off the brightest in hours of joy and peace. It towers up strongest in dangers and troubles." And then I went on to tell him how Josiah wanted to come there as a senator, and what a dangerous place I had always heard Washington wuz, and how I had felt it was impossible for me to lay down on my goose-feather pillow at home, in peace and safety, while my pardner was a-grapplin' with dangers of which I did not know the exact size and heft. Then, says I, solemnly, "I ask you, not as a politician, but as a human bein', would you dast to let Josiah come?"

The President didn't act surprised a mite. And finally he told me, what I had always mistrusted, but never knew, that Josiah had wrote to him all his political views and aspirations, and offered his help to the government. And says he, "I think I know all about the man."

"Then," says I, "you see he is a good deal like other men."

And he said, sort o' dreamily, "that he was."

And then again silence rained. He was a-thinkin', I knew, on all the deep dangers that hedged in Josiah Allen and America if he come. And a-musin' on all the probable dangers of the Plan. And a-thinkin' it over how to do jest right in the matter,—right by Josiah, right by the nation, right by me.

Finally the suspense of the moment wore onto me too deep to bear, and I says, in almost harrowin' tones of anxiety and suspense,—

"Would it be safe for my pardner to come to Washington? Would it be safe for Josiah, safe for the nation?" Says I, in deeper, mournfuller tones,—

"Would you—would you dast to let him come?"

Pity and good feelin' then seemed to overpower for a moment the statesman and courteous diplomat.

And he said, in gentle, gracious tones, "If I tell you just what I think, I would not like to say it officially, but would say it in confidence, as from an Allen to an Allen."

"Says I, "It shan't go no further."

And so I would warn everybody that it must *not* be told.

Then says he, "I will tell you. I wouldn't dast."

Says I, "That settles it. If human efforts can avail, Josiah Allen will not be United States Senator." And says I, "You have only confirmed my fears. I knew, feelin' as he felt, that it wuzn't safe for Josiah or the nation to have him come."

Agin he reminded me that it was told to me in confidence, and agin I want to say that it *must* be kep'.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."

THE humorous and dialectic literature of America owes more to Charles Follen Adams perhaps than to any other contributor who has not made literature a business or depended upon his pen for his livelihood. There is not a pretentious book of humorous readings or popular selections of late years which has not enriched its pages from this pleasingly funny man who delineates the German-American character and imitates its dialect with an art that is so true to nature as to be well-nigh perfection. "The Puzzled Dutchman;" "Mine Vamily;" "Mine Moder-in-Law;" "Der Vater Mill;" "Der Drummer," and, above all, "Dot Leedle Yawcob Strauss," have become classics of their kind and will not soon suffer their author to be forgotten.

Charles Follen Adams was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 21, 1842, where he received a common school education, leaving school at fifteen years of age to take a position in a business house in Boston. This place he occupied until August, 1862, when he enlisted, at the age of twenty, in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and saw service in a number of hard-fought battles. At Gettysburg, in 1863, he was wounded and held a prisoner for three days until the Union forces recaptured the town. After the close of the war he resumed business, and succeeded in placing himself at the head of a large business house in Boston, where he has continued to reside.

It was not until 1870 that Mr. Adams wrote his first poem, and it was two years later that his first dialectic effort, "The Puzzled Dutchman," appeared and made his name known. From that time he begun to contribute "as the spirit moved him" to the local papers, "Oliver Optic's Magazine," and, now and then, to "Scribner's." In 1876 he became a regular contributor to the "Detroit Free Press," his "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" being published in that paper in June, 1876. For many years all his productions were published in that journal, and did much to enhance its growing popularity as a humorous paper.

As a genial, companionable man in business and social circles, Mr. Adams has as great distinction among his friends as he holds in the literary world as a humorist. His house is one of marked hospitality where the fortunate guest always finds a cordial welcome.

DER DRUMMER.*

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefér schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt avay?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I get "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his *route*,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der drummer.

HANS AND FRITZ.*

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;"
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I half dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
"Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you see,
I alvays remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

YAWCOB STRAUSS.*

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see,
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

*Special Permission of the Author.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
  Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese.—
  Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit.—
  Mine cracious dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
  He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
  Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
  Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
  Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
  So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.*

THERE vas many qveer dings in dis land of der free,
  I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
  As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps
  Mitout der least bit off a cause;
Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee shaps
  Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vhite man so vicked as dot!
  Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas hot,
  Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
Und dhen in dher vinter vhen Katrine vas sick
  Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made righdt avay oup dot fire so quick?
  Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellers I been
  Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboudt me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
  Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
  (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
Ef he goes for dot shap like some dousand off bricks,
  Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
  Dot vomen vas boss off der house;
But, dehn, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she came
  She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
  Und firevood to shplit oup und saw
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
  Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS.†

(SEQUEL TO "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.")

MAYBE dot you don'd rememper,
  Eighdeen—dwendy years ago,
How I dold aboudt mine Yawcob—
  Dot young rashkell, don't you know,
Who got schicken-box und measles;
  Filled mine bipe mit Limburg sheeze;
Cut mine cane oup indo dhrum-schticks,
  Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
  Und dot son off mine, py shings!
Now vas taller as hees fader,
  Und vas oup to all sooch dhings
Like shimnasdic dricks und pase pall;
  Und der oder day he say
Dot he boxes mit "adthledics,"
  Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.

Times vas deeferent, now, I dold you,
  As vhen he vas been a lad;
Dhen Katrine she make hees drowsers
  Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad;
Dhey vas cut so full und baggy,
  Dot id dook more as a fool
To find oudt eef he vas going,
  Or vas coming home vrom school.

* Copyright, Harper & Bros. † Copyright, Lee & Shepard

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
Off mine clothes to make a suit
For dot poy—der times vas schanged;
"Der leg vas on der oder boot;"
For vhen hees drowsers dhey gets dhin,
Und sort off "schlazy" roundt der knee,
Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
Und she cuts dhem down for me.

Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
Gife me von electric shock,
Vhen he say he vants fife-hundord
To invesht in railroadt schtock.
Dhen I dell him id vas beddher
Dot he leaf der schtocks alone,
Or some fellar dot vas schmardter
Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,
Und say he get "schwiped" und fooled,
Dhen he say he haf a "pointer"
Vrom soom frendts off Sage und Gould;
Und dot he vas on "rock bottom;"
Had der "inside drack" on "Atch—"
Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
Und I coom oup to der scratch.

Dhen in bolities he dabbles,
Und all qvesdions, great und schmall,
Make no deeferent to dot Yawcob—
For dot poy he knows id all.
Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
Must be laid oup on der shelf,
Und der governors und mayors
Should pe young men—like himself.

Vell! I vish I vas dransborted
To dhose days of long ago,
Vhen dot schafer beat der milk-ban,
Und schkydoodled droo der schnow.
I could schtand der mumbs und measles,
Und der ruckshuns in der house;
Budt mine presendt dribulations
Vas too mooch for Meester Strauss.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.*

The copy for this selection was forwarded to us by the author himself with the notation on the side, "My First Dialect Poem."

I'M a broken-hearted Deutscher,
Vots villed mit crief unt shame.
I dells you vot der drouble ish—
I does n't know my name.

You dinks it ferry vunny, eh?
Ven you der story hear,
You vill not wonder den so mooch,
It vas so shtrange und queer.

Mein mudder had dwo liddle dwins—
Dey vas me und mein brudder;
Ve lookt so very mooch alike
No von knew vich from toder.

Von of der poys was Yawcob
Und Hans der oder's name;
But den it made no different—
Ve both got called der same.

Vell, von of us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dat is so;
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mein mudder she don't know.

Und so I am in droubles;
I gan't git droo mein hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's living,
Or Yawcob vot is tead.

DER OAK AND DER VINE.†

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke;
"A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

* Copyright, Lee & Shepard.
† From "Dialect Ballads." Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
  Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
  Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
  Mit glothes oudt on der lines;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
  Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
  Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
  Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
  Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
  Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here below,"
  Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd vant,
  I dink id means, inshted;
Und ven der years keep rolling on,
  Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
  Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
  Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
  To helb run life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
  In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Twas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
  Should alvays gling togeddher.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

(BILL NYE.)

AMONG those who have shaken the sides of the fun-loving citizens of the United States and many in the old world with genuine wit and droll humor, our familiar and purely American "Bill Nye" must be numbered.

Edgar Wilson Nye was a born "funny man" whose humor was as irrepressible as his disposition to breathe air. The very face of the man, while far from being homely, as is frequently judged from comic pictures of him, was enough to provoke the risibility of the most sedate and unsmiling citizens in any community. When Mr. Nye walked out on the platform to exhibit in his plain manner a few samples of his "Baled Hay," or offer what he was pleased to term a few "Remarks," or to narrate one or more of the tales told by those famous creatures of his imagination known as "The Forty Liars,"—before a word was uttered an infectious smile often grew into a roaring laugh.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born at Shirley, Maine, 1850. His parents removed to Wisconsin, and thence to Wyoming Territory when he was but a boy, and he grew up amid the hardships and humorous aspects of frontier life, which he has so amusingly woven into the warp and the woof of his early "yarns." Mr. Nye studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876; but practiced his profession only one year. Afterwards he reported for the newspapers, and, in 1878, began to write regularly a weekly humorous letter for the Sunday papers in the West. This he continued to do for several years, receiving good compensation therefor, and his reputation as a humorous writer grew steadily and rapidly.

In 1884, Mr. Nye came to New York and organized the Nye Trust, or Syndicate, through which a weekly letter from him should simultaneously appear in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. This increased his fame; and during the later years of his life he was engaged much of his time on the lecture platform, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with other prominent authors. He and the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, did considerable touring together and were enthusiastically welcomed wherever they went, the people invariably turning out in large numbers to enjoy a feast of fun and good feeling which this pair of prominent and typical Westerners never failed to treat them to.

Among the most humorous of Mr. Nye's recent writings were his famous letters from Buck's Shoals, North Carolina, where, in his imagination, he established himself as a southern farmer, and dealt out his rural philosophy and comments on cur-

rent events to the delight, not only of the farmers—many of whom imagined that he was really one of them—but of every class of readers throughout the country.

In 1894 Mr. Nye turned his attention to another branch of humor, and brought out "Bill Nye's History of the United States." The drollery and humor of this work is unsurpassed—the interest and delight of the reader being greatly enhanced by the fact that he followed the chronological thread of the real historic narrative on which he pours the sidelights of his side-splitting humor. The success of this book was so great that Mr. Nye was preparing to go abroad to write humorous histories of England and other European countries when he suddenly died in 1896, in the 47th year of his age.

After his death Mrs. Nye went abroad, stopping in Berlin for the education of her children. The royalty on "Bill Nye's" books brings an ample support for his family.

THE WILD COW.

(CLIPPING FROM NEWSPAPER.)

WHEN I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering water-melons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a common-place remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offence anywhere. I said, "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

MR. WHISK'S TRUE LOVE.

SO she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little cunning ear with the end of his moustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubtest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross." He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business. I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great coarse thing.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEW YORK.

FROM "BILL NYE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1894."

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THE author will now refer to the discovery of the Hudson River and the town of New York via Fort Lee and the 125th Street Ferry.

New York was afterwards sold for twenty-four dollars,—the whole island. When I think of this I go into my family gallery, which I also use as a swear room, and tell those ancestors of mine what I think of them. Where were they when New York was sold for twenty-four dollars? Were they having their portraits painted by Landseer, or their disposition taken by Jeffreys, or having their Little Lord Fauntleroy clothes made?

Do not encourage them to believe that they will escape me in future years. Some of them died unregenerate, and are now, I am told, in a country where they may possibly be damned; and I will attend to the others personally.



Twenty-four dollars for New York! Why, my Croton-water tax on one house and lot with fifty feet four and one-fourth inches front is fifty-nine dollars and no questions asked. Why, you can't get a voter for that now.

Henry—or Hendrik—Hudson was an English navigator, of whose birth and early history nothing is known definitely, hence his name is never mentioned in many of the best homes of New York.

In 1607 he made a voyage in search of the North West Passage. In one of his voyages he discovered Cape Cod, and later on the Hudson River.

This was one hundred and seventeen years after Columbus discovered America; which shows that the discovering business was not pushed as it should have been by those who had it in charge.

Hudson went up the river as far as Albany, but, finding no one there whom he knew, he hastened back as far as 209th Street West, and anchored.

He discovered Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait, and made other journeys by water, though aquatting was then in its infancy. Afterwards his sailors became mutinous, and set Hendrik and his son, with seven infirm sailors, afloat.

Ah! Whom have we here?

It is Hendrik Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River.

Here he has just landed at the foot of 209th Street, New York, where he offered the Indians liquor, but they refused.

How 209th. Street has changed!

The artist has been fortunate in getting the expression of the Indians in the act of refusing. Mr. Hudson's great reputation lies in the fact that he dis-

covered the river which bears his name; but the thinking mind will at once regard the discovery of an Indian who does not drink as far more wonderful.

Some historians say that this special delegation was swept away afterwards by a pestilence, whilst others, commenting on the incident, maintain that Hudson lied.

It is the only historical question regarding America not fully settled by this book.

Nothing more was heard by him till he turned up in a thinking part in "Rip Van Winkle."

Many claims regarding the discovery of various parts of the United States had been previously made. The Cabots had discovered Labrador; the Spaniards the southern part of the United States; the Norsemen had discovered Minneapolis; and Columbus had discovered San Salvador and had gone home to meet a ninety-day note due in Palos for the use of the Pinta, which he had hired by the hour.

But we are speaking of the discovery of New York.

About this time a solitary horseman might have been seen at West 209th Street, clothed in a little brief authority, and looking out to the west as he petulantly spoke in the Tammany dialect, then in the language of the blank-verse Indian. He began: "Another day of anxiety has passed, and yet we have not been discovered! The Great Spirit tells me in the thunder of the surf and the roaring cataract of the Harlem that within a week we will be discovered for the first time."

As he stands there aboard of his horse one sees that he is a chief in every respect, and in life's great drama would naturally occupy the middle of the stage. It was at this moment that Hudson slipped down the river from Albany past Fort Lee, and, dropping a nickle in the slot at 125th Street, weighed his anchor at that place. As soon as he had landed and discovered the city, he was approached by the chief, who said: "We gates. I am on the committee to show you our little town. I suppose you have a power of attorney, of course, for discovering us?"

"Yes," said Hudson. "As Columbus used to say when he discovered San Salvador, 'I do it by the right vested in me by my sovereigns.' 'That oversizes my pile by a sovereign and a half,' says one of the natives; and so, if you have not heard it, there is a good thing for one of your dinner-speeches here."

"Very good," said the chief, as they jogged downtown on a swift Sixth Avenue elevated train towards the wigwams on 14th Street, and going at the rate of four miles an hour. "We do not care especially who discovers us so long as we hold control of the city organization. How about that, Hank?"

"That will be satisfactory," said Mr. Hudson, taking a package of imported cheese and eating it, so that they could have the car to themselves.

"We will take the departments, such as Police, Street-cleaning, etc., etc., etc., while you and Columbus get your pictures on the currency and have your graves mussed up on anniversaries. We get the two-moment horses and the country châteaux on the Bronx. Sabe?"

"That is, you do not care whose portrait is on the currency," said Hudson, "so you get the currency."

Said the man, "That is the sense of the meeting."

Thus was New York discovered via Albany and Fort Lee, and five minutes after the two touched glasses, the brim of the schoppin and the Manhattan cocktail tinkled together, and New York was inaugurated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

("UNCLE REMUS.")

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has called himself "an accidental author," for while living on a plantation as a typesetter on a country newspaper he became familiar with the curious myths and animal stories of the negroes, and some time in the seventies he printed a magazine article on these folk-lore stories, giving at the same time some of the stories as illustration.

This article attracted attention and revealed to the writer the fact that the stories had a decided literary value, and his main literary work has been the elaboration of these myths.

The stories of "Uncle Remus" are, as almost everyone knows, not creations of the author's fancy, but they are genuine folk-lore tales of the negroes, and strangely enough many of these stories are found in varying forms among the American Indians, among the Indians along the Amazon and in Brazil, and they are even found in India and Siam, which fact has called out learned discussions of the origin and antiquity of the stories and the possible connection of the races.

Our author was born in Eatonton, a little village in Georgia, December 9, 1848, in very humble circumstances. He was remarkably impressed, while still very young, with the "Vicar of Wakefield," and he straightway began to compose little tales of his own.

In 1862 he went to the office of the "Countryman," a rural weekly paper in Georgia, to learn typesetting. It was edited and published on a large plantation, and the negroes of this and the adjoining plantations furnished him with the material out of which the "Uncle Remus" stories came.

While learning to set type the young apprentice occasionally tried his hand at composing, and not infrequently he slipped into the "Countryman" a little article, composed and printed, without ever having been put in manuscript form.

The publication of an article on the folk-lore of the negroes in "Lippincott's Magazine" was the beginning of his literary career, and the interest this awakened stimulated him to develop these curious animal stories.

Many of the stories were first printed as articles in the Atlanta "Constitution," and it was soon seen by students of myth-literature that these stories were very significant and important in their bearing on general mythology.

For the child they have a charm and an interest as "good stories," and they are told with rare skill and power, but for the student of ethnology they have special

value as throwing some light on the probable relation of the negroes with other races which tell similar folk-tales.

Mr. Harris has studied and pursued the profession of law, though he has now for many years been one of the editors of the Atlanta "Constitution," for which many of his contributions have been originally written.

He is also a frequent contributor both of prose and poetry to current literature, and he is the author of the following books: "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings; the Folk-lore of the Old Plantation" (New York, 1880), "Nights With Uncle Remus" (Boston, 1883), "Mingo and Other Sketches" (1883).

MR. RABBIT, MR. FOX, AND MR. BUZZARD.*

(FROM "UNCLE REMUS.")

ONE evening when the little boy whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory, had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be—

"Ole Molly Har',
W'at you doin' dar,
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless grashus, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat's de way you puttin' 'im down. Wat he gwine 'way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel the pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but twern't menny days 'fo' he wuz loping up en down de naberhood same as ever, en I dunno ef he wern't mo' sassier dan befo'.

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' mongst de nabers. Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de girls got win' un' it, en de nex' time Brer Rabbit paid um a visit, Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monstus gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did, sorter lam' like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up en say, sezee:

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss for thirty year; maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee; en den he paid um his specks, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, dez ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Brer Fox cum a callin', and w'en he gun fer to laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ups and tells im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but when he riz fer to go he up en say, sezee:

"'Ladies, I ain't 'sputing w'at you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yer whar you kin see 'im,' sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off'n his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz spectin' un him, en de do' wuz shut fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. No-

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body ans'er. Den he knock agin—blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out, mighty weak:

"'Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bit er parsley w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Dere's gwinter be a party up at Miss Meadow's,' sezee. 'All de gals'll be dere, en I promus' dat I'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit wouldn't be no party 'ceppin I fotch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down sputin' en contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle less he have a bridle for to hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up to Miss Meadows's, en den he could git down en walk de balance ob de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lipt out atter de saddle en de bridle.

Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter out-do 'im; en by de time he koam his h'ar en twis' his mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho' nuff hos, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en day amble off. Brer Fox can't see behime wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.
"'Short ain' de lef stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.
"Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise de udder foot.
"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.
"'Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit was puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off en Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap the spurrers inter Brer Fox flanks, en you better b'lieve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de girls wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en den let hit out in a cloud, en squar hisse'f back, en holler out, he did:

"'Ladies, ain't I done 'tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin' hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' or so,' sezee.

"En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle, en Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en couldn't he'p hisse'f."

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twont do fer to give out too much cloff for ter cut one pa'r pants," replied the old man sententiously.

When "Miss Sally's" little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night, he found the old man in a bad humor.

"I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns," said Uncle Remus curtly.

"But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad," said the little boy plaintively.

"Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin'? Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yallerbammer sling des 'fo' dinner? Who dat sickin' dat pinter puppy atter my pig? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mo' en one un em would er drap spang on my head!"

"Well, now, Uncle Remus, I didn't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I'll run to the house, and bring you some tea-cakes."

"Seein' um's better'n hearin' tell un em," replied the old man, the severity of his countenance relax-

ing somewhat; but the little boy darted out, and in a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

"I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stummucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en she come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle.

"Lemme see. I mos' dis'member wharbouts Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit wuz."

"The rabbit rode the Fox to Miss Meadows's and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.

"W'y co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. "Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en tied 'im to de rack, en den sot out in the peazzer wid de gals a smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' proudness dan w'at you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en dey sing, en dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time for Brer Rabbit fer to be gwine, en he tell um all good-by, en strut out to de hoss-rack same's ef he was de king er der patter-rollers, en den he mount Brer Fox en ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des rack off, he did, en keep his mouf shet, en Brer Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel monstous skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en den he tu'n loose, he did. He rip en he r'ar, en he cuss en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap' de spurrers in 'im, en dar dey had it up en down. Brer Fox fa'rly to' up de groun', he did, en he jump so high en he jump so quick, dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en roll over, he did, en dis sorter unsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got en his footses agin, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox, he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close, dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer to git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gadder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on the groun', he lit en view the premusses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on one side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee:

"'Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en I'm gwineter git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all get still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out:

"'Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin.' Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad:

"'You needn't talk less you wanter,' sezee; 'I knows youer dar, an I ain't keerin', sezee. 'I dez wanter tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

"'Wat you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler, 'cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git him?' sez de Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dar's a little hole, roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here so he could take up his stan' dar, sezee, 'I'd drive dat squir'l out,' sezee.

"'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en I'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Eox dat he'd stay, en he termin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en jine in de joke. En he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase

bimeby yer come Brer Fox gallopin' thoo de woods wid his axe on his shoulder.

"'How you speck Brer Rabbit gittin' on, Brer Buzzard?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'Oh, he in dar,' sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. 'He mighty still, dough. I speck he takin' a nap,' sezee.

"'Den I'm des in time fer te wake 'im up,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. En wid dat he fling off his coat, en spit in his han's, en grab de axe. Den he draw back en come down on de tree—pow! En eve'y time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buzzard, he step high, he did, en hollar out:

"'Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho.'

"En eve'y time a chip ud fly off, Mr. Buzzard, he'd jump, en dodge, en hole his head sideways, he would, en holler:

"'He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He in dar, sho.'

"'En Brer Fox, he lammed away at dat holler tree, he did, like a man mauling' rails, twel bimeby atter he done got de tree most' cut thoo, he stop fer ter ketch his bref, en he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' behind his back, he did, en right den en dar, widout gwine enny fudder, Brer Fox he smelt a rat. But Mr. Buzzard, he keep on holler'n:

"'He in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho. I done seed 'im.'

"Den Brer Fox, he make like he peepin' up de holler, en he say, sezee:

"'Run yer, Brer Buzzard, en look ef dis ain't Brer Rabbit's foot hanging down yer.'

"En Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did, same ez ef he were treddin' on kurkle-burrs, en he stick his head in de hole; en no sooner did he done dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his wings, en scramble roun' right smartually, he did, but 'twan no use. Brer Fox had de 'vantage er de grip, he did, en he hilt 'im right down ter de groun'. Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

"'Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. Tu'n me loose,' sezee; 'Brer Rabbit'll git out. Youer gittin' close at 'im,' sezee, 'en leb'm mo' licks'll fetch 'im,' sezee.

"'I'm nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dan I'll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day,' sezee. 'Wat you fool me fer?' sezee.

"'Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee; 'my ole 'oman waitin' for me. Brer Rabbit in dar,' sezee,

"'Dar's a bunch er his fur on dat black-be'y bush,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dat ain't de way he come,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard up'n tell Brer Fox how 'twuz, en he low'd, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz de low-downest w'atsizname w'at he ever run up wid. Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

"'Dat's needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard,' sezee. 'I lef' you yer fer ter watch dish yer hole en I lef' Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en I fines you at de hole, en Brer Rabbit ain't in dar,' sezee. 'I'm gwinter make you pay fer't. I done bin tampered wid twel plum down ter de sap sucker'll set on a log en sassy me. I'm gwinter fling you in a bresh-heap en burn you up,' sezee.

"'Ef you fling me on der fier, Brer Fox, I'll fly 'way,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, den, I'll settle yo' hash right now,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, en wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by de tail, he did, en make fer ter dash 'im 'gin de groun', but des 'bout dat time de tail fedders come out, en Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer berloons, en ez he riz, he holler back:

"'You gimme good start, Brer Fox,' sezee, en Brer Fox sot dar en watch 'im fly outer sight."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THE American people have a kindly feeling for the men who make them laugh, and in no other country does a humorist have a more appreciative public. The result has been, that in a country in which the average native has a clearly marked vein of humor, the genuine "funny man" is always sure of a hearty welcome. We have a long list of writers and lecturers who have gained a wide popularity through their mirth-provoking powers, and "Bob Burdette" holds an honorable place in this guild of "funny men."

He was born in Greensborough, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844, though he removed early in life to Peoria, Ill., where he received his education in the public schools.

He enlisted in the Civil War and served as a private from 1862 to the end of the war.

He began his journalistic career on the Peoria "Transcript," and, after periods of editorial connection with other local newspapers, he became associate editor of the Burlington "Hawkeye," Iowa. His humorous contributions to this journal were widely copied and they gave him a general reputation. His reputation as a writer had prepared the way for his success as a lecturer, and in 1877 he entered the lecture field, in which he has been eminently successful. He has lectured in nearly all the cities of the United States, and he never fails to amuse his listeners.

He is a lay preacher of the Baptist Church, and it is often a surprise to those who have heard only his humorous sayings to hear him speak with earnestness and serious persuasiveness of the deeper things of life, for he is a man of deep experiences and of pure ideals.

His most popular lectures have been those on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," "Home," and "The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man." He has published in book-form, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache and Other Hawkeyetems" (Burlington, 1877), "Hawkeyes" (1880), "Life of William Penn" (New York, 1882), a volume in the series of "Comic Biographies;" and "Innach Garden and other Comic Sketches" (1886).

He has been a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other current literature, and he has recently written a convulsive description of "How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle," which appeared in the *Wheelmen*.

He has for some years made his home at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and he enjoys a large circle of friends.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.*

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Præger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which peo- had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a 200-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands and the boy was happy.

Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fight. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It is not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into

* Copyright, R. J. Burdette.

trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bold upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in the world are those infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp.

And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."

THE famous author of "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Old-Fashioned Girls," made her beginning, as have many who have done any good or acquired fame in the world, by depending on herself. In other words, she was the architect of her own fortune, and has left behind her works that will endure to gladden the hearts of millions of boys and girls. But she has done more. She has left behind her a record of a life within itself, a benediction and inspiration to every thoughtful girl who reads it.

While Miss Alcott always considered New England her home, she was actually born in Germantown, Philadelphia, November 29, 1832. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, after his marriage in New England, accepted a position as principal of a Germantown Academy, which he occupied from 1831 to 1834, and afterwards taught a children's school at his own residence, but he was unsuccessful and he returned to Boston in 1835, when Louisa was two years old.

From this time forward, Mr. Alcott was a close friend and associate of the poet and philosopher Emerson, sharing with him his transcendental doctrines, and joining in the Brook-Farm experiment of ideal communism at Roxbury, Mass. The Brook-Farm experiment brought Mr. Alcott to utter financial ruin, and after its failure he removed to Concord, where he continued to live until his death. It was at this time that Louisa, although a mere child, formed a noble and unselfish purpose to retrieve the family fortune. When only fifteen years of age, she turned her thoughts to teaching, her first school being in a barn and attended by the children of Mr. Emerson and other neighbors. Almost at the same time she began to compose fairy stories, which were contributed to papers; but these early productions brought her little if any compensation, and she continued to devote herself to teaching, receiving her own education privately from her father. "When I was twenty-one years of age," she wrote many years later to a friend, "I took my little earnings ($20) and a few clothes, and went out to seek my fortune, though I might have sat still and been supported by rich friends. All those hard years were teaching me what I afterwards put into books, and so I made my fortune out of my seeming misfortune."

Two years after this brave start Miss Alcott's earliest book, "Fairy Tales," was published (1855). About the same time her work began to be accepted by the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines of reputation. During the winters of 1862 and '63 she volunteered her services and went to Washington and served as a nurse in the government hospitals, and her experiences here were embodied in a


EDWARD S. ELLIS
AUTHOR OF
YOUNG PIONEER SERIES
MARTHA FINLEY
AUTHOR OF
ELSIE SERIES
HORATIO ALGER JR.
AUTHOR OF
RAGGED DICK SERIES
"OLIVER OPTIC"
THE BOYS FRIEND
LOUISA M. ALCOTT
AUTHOR OF LITTLE WOMEN
SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT
GRACE GREENWOOD
POPULAR WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

series of graphic letters to her mother and sisters. These letters she revised and had printed in the "Boston Commonwealth" in the summer of 1863. They were afterwards issued in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches and Camp-Fire Stories." This was her second book, which, together with her magazine articles, opened the way to a splendid career as an author.

Being naturally fond of young people, Miss Alcott turned her attention from this time forward to writing for them. Her distinctive books for the young are entitled "Moods" (1864); "Morning Glories" (1867); "Little Women" (1868), which was her first decided success; "An Old-Fashioned Girl" (1869); "Little Men" (1871); "Work" (1873); "Eight Cousins" (1875), and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom" (1877), which perhaps ranks first among her books; "Under the Lilacs" (1878); "Jack and Jill" (1880), and "Lulu's Library" (1885). Besides these she has put forth, at different times, several volumes of short stories, among which are "Cupid and Chow-Chow," "Silver Pitchers" and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag."

From childhood Miss Alcott was under the tutelage of the Emersonian school, and was not less than her father an admirer of the "Seer of Concord." "Those Concord days," she writes, "were among the happiest of my life, for we had the charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents, to enjoy our pranks and join our excursions."

In speaking of Emerson she also wrote to a young woman a few years before her death: "Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson have done much to help me see that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character, through good books, wise people's society, and by taking an interest in all reforms that help the world, . . . believing always that a loving and just Father cares for us, sees our weakness, and is near to help if we call." Continuing she asks: "Have you read Emerson? He is called a Pantheist, or believer in nature, instead of God. He was truly a Christian and saw God in nature, finding strength and comfort in the same sweet influence of the great Mother as well as the great Father of all. I, too, believe this, and when tired, sad or tempted, find my best comfort in the woods, the sky, the healing solitude that lets my poor, weary soul find the rest, the fresh hopes, the patience which only God can give us."

The chief aim of Miss Alcott seemed to have been to make others happy. Many are the letters treasured up by young authors who often, but never in vain, sought her advice and kind assistance. To one young woman who asked her opinion on certain new books, in 1884, she wrote: "About books; yes, I've read 'Mr. Isaacs' and 'Dr. Claudius,'* and like them both. The other, "To Leeward," is not so good; 'Little Pilgrim' was pretty, but why try to paint heaven? Let it alone and prepare for it, whatever it is, sure that God knows what we need and deserve. I will send you Emerson's 'Essays.' Read those marked. I hope they will be as helpful to you as they have been to me and many others. They will bear study and I think are what you need to feed upon now." The marked essays were those on "Compensation," "Love," "Friendship," "Heroism," and "Self-Reliance."

Miss Alcott's kindness for young people grew with her advancing years. Being a maiden lady without daughters of her own, she was looked up to and delighted in being considered as a foster-mother to aspiring girls all over the land. How

* These are the books that made F. Marion Crawford famous.

many times she wrote similar sentences to this: "Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help you in any way be sure I will." This was written to one she had never seen and only four years before her death, when she was far from well.

Miss Alcott died in Boston, March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-six years, and just two days after her aged father, who was eighty-five years old, and who had depended on her many years, passed away. Though a great advocate of work for the health, she was, no doubt, a victim of overwork; for it is said she frequently devoted from twelve to fifteen hours a day to her literary labors, . . . besides looking after her business affairs and caring personally for her old father, for many years an invalid. In addition to this, she educated some of her poor relatives, and still further took the place of a mother to little Lulu, the daughter of her sister, May, who died when the child was an infant.

HOW JO MADE FRIENDS.*

(FROM "LITTLE WOMEN.")

"WHAT boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa don't know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a lot of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so."

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things, and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of "going over" was not forgotten; and, when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Laurence drive off, and then sailed out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused and took a survey. All quiet; curtains down to the lower windows; servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand, at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo; "poor boy, all alone, and sick, this dismal day! It's a shame! I'll toss up a snowball, and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened, and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded, and laughed, and flourished her broom, as she called out,—

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven,—

"Better, thank you. I've had a horrid cold, and have been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing; it's as dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much; they won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does, sometimes; but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have some one come and see you, then."

"There isn't any one I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet, and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know me," began Jo; then laughed and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice; but I'll come, if mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut that window, like a good boy, and wait till I come. . . . .

"Oh! that does me lots of good; tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa-cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elevated with her success, Jo did "tell on," all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books; and to Jo's delight she found

*Copyright, Roberts Bros.

that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours. Grandpa is out, so you needn't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don t believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summer-like, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy; and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands, and pranced, as she always did when specially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleep-Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes; and, best of all, a great, open fireplace, with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depths of a velvet chair, and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head, as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say any more, a bell rang, and Jo flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! it's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you are any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm afraid you are very tired talking to me; it was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop," said Laurie gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm as happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman, when the door opened again, and, without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as *my* grandfather, but I like him."

"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her; and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.

WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS.

THE WELL-BELOVED WRITER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PROBABLY no literary man in America has ministered to the pleasure of a greater number of our young people than William Taylor Adams, who is a native of Massachusetts and was born in Medway in 1822. He has devoted his life to young people; for more than twenty years as a teacher in the public schools of Boston, for many years a member of the school board of Dorchester, and since 1850 as a writer of stories. In his earlier life, he was the editor of a periodical known as "The Student and Schoolmate." In 1881 he began the publication of "Our Little Ones," and later "Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls." His first book was published in 1853; it was entitled "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," and had a large sale. It was followed by a collection of stories called "In Doors and Out," and in 1862 was completed "The Riverdale Series" of six volumes of stories for boys. Some of his other books are "The Boat Club;" "Woodville;" "Young America Abroad;" "Starry Flag;" "Onward and Upward;" "Yacht Club;" and "Great Western." In all he has written at least a thousand stories for newspapers, and published about a hundred volumes. Among these are two novels for older readers: "The Way of the World" and "Living Too Fast."

Mr. Adams' style is both pleasing and simple. His stories are frequently based upon scenes of history and their influence is always for good.

THE SLOOP THAT WENT TO THE BOTTOM.*

(FROM "SNUG HARBOR," 1883.)

STARBOARD your helm! hard a-starboard!" shouted Dory Dornwood, as he put the helm of the "Goldwing" to port in order to avoid a collision with a steam launch which lay dead ahead of the schooner.

"Keep off! you will sink me!" cried a young man in a sloop-boat, which lay exactly in the course of the steam launch. "That's just what I mean to do, if you don't come about," yelled a man at the wheel of the steamer. "Why didn't you stop when I called to you?"

"Keep off, or you will be into me!" screamed the skipper of the sloop, whose tones and manner indicated that he was very much terrified at the situation.

And he had reason enough to be alarmed. It was plain, from his management of his boat, that he was but an indifferent boatman; and probably he did not know what to do in the emergency. Dory had noticed

* Copyright, Lee & Shepard.

the sloop coming up the lake with the steam launch astern of her. The latter had run ahead of the sloop, and had come about, it now appeared, for the purpose of intercepting her.

When the skipper of the sloop realized the intention of the helmsman of the steamer, he put his helm to port; but he was too late. The sharp bow of the launch struck the frail craft amidships, and cut through her as though she had been made of cardboard.

The sloop filled instantly, and, a moment later, the young man in her was struggling on the surface of the water. The boat was heavily ballasted, and she went down like a lump of lead. It was soon clear to Dory that the skipper could not swim, for he screamed as though the end of all things had come.

Very likely it would have been the end of all things to him, if Dory had not come about with the "Goldwing," and stood over the place where the young man was vainly beating the water with his feet and hands. With no great difficulty the skipper of the "Goldwing," who was an aquatic bird of the first water, pulled in the victim of the catastrophe, in spite of the apparent efforts of the sufferer to prevent him from doing so.

"You had a narrow squeak that time," said Dory Dornwood, as soon as he thought the victim of the disaster was in condition to do a little talking. "It is lucky you didn't get tangled up in the rigging of your boat. She went to the bottom like a pound of carpet-tacks; and she would have carried you down in a hurry if you hadn't let go in short metre."

"I think I am remarkably fortunate in being among the living at this moment," replied the stranger, looking out over the stern of the "Goldwing." "That was the most atrocious thing a fellow ever did."

"What was?" inquired Dory, who was not quite sure what the victim meant by the remark, or whether he alluded to him or to the man in the steam launch.

"Why, running into me like that," protested the passenger, with no little indignation in his tones.

"I suppose you came up from Burlington?" said Dory, suggestively, as though he considered an explanation on the part of the stranger to be in order at the present time.

"I have just come from Burlington," answered the victim, who appeared to be disposed to say nothing more. "Do you suppose I can get that boat again?"

"I should say that the chance of getting her again was not first-rate. She went down where the water is about two hundred and fifty feet deep; and it won't be an easy thing to get hold of her," replied Dory. "If you had let him run into you between Diamond Island and Porter's Bay, where the water is not more than fifty or sixty feet deep, you could have raised her without much difficulty. I don't believe you will ever see her again."

SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT.

FAVORITE WRITER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

ONE of the earliest papers devoted especially to young children was "The Little Pilgrim," edited for a number of years under the name of "Grace Greenwood," by Mrs. Lippincott. It had a very wide popularity, and its little stories, poems, and page of puzzles brought pleasure into very many home circles. Mrs. Lippincott is the daughter of Doctor Thaddeus Clarke. She was born in Pompey, New York, in September, 1823, and lived during most of her childhood in Rochester. In 1842 she removed with her father to New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and in 1853 she was married to Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She had early begun to write verses, and, in 1844, contributed some prose articles to "The New York Mirror," adopting the name "Grace Greenwood," which she has since made famous. Besides her work upon "The Little Pilgrim," she has contributed for many years to "The Hearth and Home," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Magazine," "The New York Independent," "Times," and "Tribune," to several California journals, and to at least two English periodicals. She was one of the first women to become a newspaper correspondent, and her letters from Washington inaugurated a new feature in journalism. She has published a number of books: "Greenwood Leaves;" "History of My Pets;" "Poems;" "Recollections of My Childhood;" "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe;" "Merrie England;" "Stories from Many Lands;" "Victoria, Queen of England," and others.

Mrs. Lippincott has lived abroad a great deal, and has been made welcome in the best literary circles in England and on the continent. During the war she devoted herself to the cause of the soldiers, read and lectured to them in camps and hospitals, and won the appreciation of President Lincoln, who used to speak of her as "Grace Greenwood, the Patriot." Although devoted to her home in Washington, she has spent much time in New York City, and has lived a life whose activity and service to the public are almost unequalled among literary women.

THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB.*

(FROM "RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS," 1867.)

ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stair-way of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morn-

* Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ing hue. In an instant there is a stir and a gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-month-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude layde* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood, —"simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus?' and this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, radiant life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face,—these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land, —these ears, like dainty sea-shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely. I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity,—of painting her as *Madonna*."

"Why, Cousin Nellie is getting poetical for once, over a baby in a bath-tub!"

"Well, Sophie, isn't it a subject to inspire *real* poets, to call out and yet humble the genius of painters and sculptors? Isn't it an object for the reverence of 'a glorious human creature,'—such a pure and perfect form of physical life, such a starry little soul, fresh from the hands of God? If your Plato teaches otherwise, Cousin Annie, I'm glad I've no acquaintance with that distinguished heathen gentleman; if your Carlyle, with his 'soul above buttons' and babies, would growl, and your Emerson smile icily at the sight, away with them!"

"Why, Nellie, you goose, Carlyle is 'a man and a brother,' in spite of his 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' and no ogre. I believe he is very well disposed toward babies in general; while Emerson is as tender as he is great. Have you forgotten his 'Threnody,' in which the sob of a mortal's sorrow rises and swells into an immortal's pean? I see that baby is very lovely; I think that Louise may well be proud of her. It's a pity that she must grow up into conventionalities and all that,—perhaps become some man's plaything, or slave."

"O *don't*, sister!—'sufficient for the day is the *worriment* thereof.' But I think you and Nellie are mistaken about the *pride*. I am conscious of no such feeling in regard to my little Florence, but only of joy, gratitude, infinite tenderness, and solicitude."

Thus the young mother,—for the first time speaking, but not turning her eyes from the bath-tub.

"Ah, coz, it won't go! Young mothers are the proudest of living creatures. The sweetest and saintliest among you have a sort of subdued exultation, a meek assumption, an adorable insolence, toward the whole unmarried and childless world. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere."

"*I* have, in a bantam Biddy, parading her first brood in the hen-yard, or a youthful duck, leading her first little downy flock to the water."

"Ha, blasphemer! are you there?" cries Miss Nellie, with a bright smile, and a brighter blush. Blasphemer's other name is a tolerably good one,—Edward Norton,—though he is oftenest called "Our

Ned." He is the sole male representative of a wealthy old New England family,—the pride and darling of four pretty sisters, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," who adores him,—"a likely youth, just twenty-one," handsome, brilliant, and standing six feet high in his stockings. Yet, in spite of all these unfavorable circumstances, he is a very good sort of a fellow. He is just home from the model college of the Commonwealth, where he learned to smoke, and, I blush to say, has a cigar in hand at this moment, just as he has been summoned from the garden by his pet sister, Kate, half-wild with delight and excitement. With him comes a brother, according to the law, and after the spirit,—a young, slender, fair-haired man, but with an indescribable something of paternal importance about him. He is the other proprietor of baby, and steps forward with a laugh and a "Heh, my little water-nymph, my Iris!" and by the bath-tub kneeling, catches a moist kiss from smiling baby lips, and a sudden wilting shower on shirt-front and collar, from moister baby hands.

Young collegian pauses on the threshold, essaying to look lofty and sarcastic, for a moment. Then his eye rests on Nellie Lee's blushing face, on the red, smiling lips, the braids of gold, sprinkled with shining drops,—meets those sweet, shy eyes, and a sudden, mysterious feeling, soft and vague and tender, floods his gay young heart. He looks at baby again. "'Tis a pretty sight, upon my word! Let me throw away my cigar before I come nearer; it is incense too profane for such pure rites. Now give me a peep at Dian-the less! How the little witch revels in the water! A small Undine. Jolly, isn't it, baby? Why, Louise, I did not know that Floy was so lovely, such a perfect little creature. How fair she is? Why, her flesh, where it is not rosy, is of the pure, translucent whiteness of a water-lily."

No response to this tribute, for baby has been in the water more than long enough, and must be taken out, willy, nilly. Decidedly nilly it proves; baby proceeds to demonstrate that she is not altogether cherubic, by kicking and screaming lustily, and striking out frantically with her little, dripping hands. But Madonna wraps her in soft linen, rolls her and pats her, till she grows good and merry again, and laughs through her pretty tears.

But the brief storm has been enough to clear the nursery of all save grandmamma and Auntie Kate, who draw nearer to witness the process of drying and dressing. Tenderly the mother rubs the dainty, soft skin, till every dimple gives up its last hidden droplet; then, with many a kiss, and smile, and coo, she robes the little form in fairy-like garments of cambric, lace, flannel, soft as a moth's wing, and delicate embroidery. The small, restless feet are caught, and encased in comical little hose, and shod with Titania's own slippers. Then the light golden locks are brushed and twined into tendril-like curls, and lo! the beautiful labor of love is finished. Baby is bathed and dressed for the day.

HORATIO ALGER.

AS a writer of books at once entertaining and at the same time of a healthy and earnest character a parent cannot recommend to his boys a more wholesome author than Horatio Alger, Jr. Mr. Alger always writes with a careful regard to truth and to the right principles. His heroes captivate the imagination, but they do not inflame it, and they are generally worthy examples for the emulation of boys. At the same time he is in no sense a preacher. His books have the true juvenile flavor and charm, and, like the sugar pills of the homœopathist, carry the good medicine of morality, bravery, industry, enterprise, honor—everything that goes to make up the true manly and noble character, so subtly woven into the thread of his interesting narrative that the writer without detecting its presence receives the wholesome benefit.

Mr. Alger became famous in the publication of that undying book, "Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York." It was his first book for young people, and its success was so great that he immediately devoted himself to writing for young people, which he has since continued. It was a new field for a writer when Mr. Alger began, and his treatment of it at once caught the fancy of the boys. "Ragged Dick" first appeared in 1868, and since then it has been selling steadily until now it is estimated that over two hundred thousand copies of the series have passed into circulation. Mr. Alger possesses in an eminent degree that sympathy with boys which a writer must have to meet with success. He is able to enter into their plans, hopes, and aspirations. He knows how to look upon life as they do. He writes straight at them as one from their ranks and not down upon them as a towering fatherly adviser. A boy's heart naturally opens to a writer who understands him and makes a companion of him. This, we believe, accounts for the enormous sale of the books of this writer. We are told that about three-quarters of a million copies of his books have been sold and that all the large circulating libraries in the country have several complete sets of them, of which but few volumes are found on the shelves at one time.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born in Revere, Massachusetts, January 13, 1834. He graduated at Harvard University in 1852, after which he spent several years in teaching and newspaper work. In 1864 he was ordained as a Unitarian minister and served a Massachusetts church for two years. It was in 1866 that he took up his residence in New York and became deeply interested in the street boys and exerted what influence he could to the bettering of their condition. His experience in this work furnished him with the information out of which grew many of his later writings.

To enumerate the various volumes published by this author would be tedious. They have generally been issued in series. Several volumes complete one subject or theme. His first published book was "Bertha's Christmas Vision" (1855). Succeeding this came "Nothing to Do," a tilt at our best society, in verse (1857); "Frank's Campaign; or, What a Boy Can Do" (1864); "Helen Ford," a novel, and also a volume of poems (1866). The "Ragged Dick" series began in 1868. and comprises six volumes. Succeeding this came "Tattered Tom," first and second series, comprising eight volumes. The entire fourteen volumes above referred to are devoted to New York street life of boys. "Ragged Dick" has served as a model for many a poor boy struggling upward, while the influence of Phil the fiddler in the "Tattered Tom" series is credited with having had much to do in the abolishment of the *padrone* system. The "Campaign Series" comprised three volumes; the "Luck and Pluck Series" eight; the "Brave and Bold" four; the "Pacific Series" four; the "Atlantic Series" four; "Way to Success" four; the "New World" three; the "Victory Series" three. All of these were published prior to 1896. Since the beginning of 1896 have appeared "Frank Hunter's Peril," "The Young Salesman" and other later works, all of which have met with the usual cordial reception accorded by the boys and girls to the books of this favorite author. It is perhaps but just to say, now that Oliver Optic is gone, that Mr. Alger has attained distinction as the most popular writer of books for boys in America, and perhaps no other writer for the young has ever stimulated and encouraged earnest boys in their efforts to rise in the world or so strengthened their will to persevere in well-doing, and at the same time written stories so real that every one, young and old, delights to read them. He not only writes interesting and even thrilling stories, but what is of very great importance, they are always clean and healthy.

HOW DICK BEGAN THE DAY.*

(FROM "RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.")

"WAKE up, there, youngster," said a rough voice.

Ragged Dick opened his eyes slowly and stared stupidly in the face of the speaker, but did not offer to get up.

"Wake up, you young vagabond!" said the man a little impatiently; "I suppose you'd lay there all day if I hadn't called you."

"What time is it?" asked Dick.

Seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! I oughter've been up an hour ago. I know what 'twas made me so precious sleepy. I went to the Old Bowery last night and didn't turn in till past twelve."

"You went to the Old Bowery? Where'd you get your money?" asked the man, who was a porter in the employ of a firm doing business on Spruce Street.

"Made it on shines, in course. My guardian don't allow me no money for theatres, so I have to earn it."

"Some boys get it easier than that," said the porter, significantly.

"You don't catch me stealing, if that's what you mean," said Dick.

"Don't you ever steal, then?"

"No, and I wouldn't. Lots of boys does it, but I wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I believe there's some good in you, Dick, after all."

"Oh, I'm a rough customer," said Dick. "But I wouldn't steal. It's mean."

"I'm glad you think so, Dick," and the rough voice sounded gentler than at first. "Have you got any money to buy your breakfast?"

"No; but I'll soon have some."

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While this conversation had been going on Dick had got up. His bed-chamber had been a wooden box, half full of straw, on which the young boot-black had reposed his weary limbs and slept as soundly as if it had been a bed of down. He dumped down into the straw without taking the trouble of undressing. Getting up, too, was an equally short process. He jumped out of the box, shook himself, picked out one or two straws that had found their way into rents in his clothes, and, drawing a well-worn cap over his uncombed locks, he was all ready for the business of the day.

Dick's appearance, as he stood beside the box, was rather peculiar. His pants were torn in several places, and had apparently belonged in the first instance to a boy two sizes larger than himself. He wore a vest, all the buttons of which were gone except two, out of which peeped a shirt which looked as if it had been worn a month. To complete his costume he wore a coat too long for him, dating back, if one might judge from its general appearance, to a remote antiquity.

Washing the hands and face is usually considered proper in commencing the day; but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands. But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well-dressed he would have been decidedly good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a straightforward manner that made him a favorite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no office to open. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

"How much?" asked a gentleman on his way to his office.

"Ten cents," said Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Ten cents! Isn't that a little steep?"

"Well, you know 'taint all clear profit," said Dick, who had already set to work. "There's the *blacking* costs something, and I have to get a new brush pretty often."

"And you have a large rent, too," said the gentleman, quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat.

"Yes, sir," said Dick, always ready for a joke; "I have to pay such a big rent for my manshun up on Fifth Avenue that I can't afford to take less than ten cents a shine. I'll give you a bully shine, sir."

"Be quick about it then, for I am in a hurry. So your house is on Fifth Avenue, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick, and Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronize?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick, shrewdly.

"Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit."

"This coat once belonged to General Washington," said Dick, comically. "He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got tore some, 'cause he fit so hard. When he died he told his widder to give it to some smart young fellow that hadn't got none of his own: so she gave it to me. But if you'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

"Thank you, but I wouldn't like to deprive you of it. And did your pants come from General Washington, too?"

"No, they was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. Lewis had outgrown 'em and sent 'em to me; he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't fit.

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

"I shouldn't have any objection," said Dick.

* * * * * * * *

And now, having fairly introduced Ragged Dick to my young readers, I must refer them to the next chapter for his further adventures.

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

WRITER OF POPULAR BOOKS FOR BOYS.

EDWARD S. ELLIS is one of the most successful of the large group of men and women who have made it their principal business to provide delightful books for our young people.

Mr. Ellis is a native of northern Ohio, born in 1840, but has lived most of his life in New Jersey. At the age of seventeen, he began his successful career as a teacher and was attached for some years to the State Normal School of New Jersey, and was Trustee and Superintendent of the schools in the city of Trenton. He received the degree of A. M. from Princeton University on account of the high character of his historical text-books; but he is most widely known as a writer of books for boys. Of these, he has written about thirty and continues to issue two new ones each year, all of which are republished in London. His contributions to children's papers are so highly esteemed that the "Little Folks' Magazine," of London, pays him double the rates given to any other contributor. Mr. Ellis's School Histories have been widely used as text-books and he has also written two books on Arithmetic. He is now preparing "The Standard History of the United States."

Besides those already mentioned, the titles of which would make too long a list to be inserted here, he has written a great many miscellaneous books.

Mr. Ellis abounds in good nature and is a delightful companion, and finds in his home at Englewood, New Jersey, all that is necessary to the enjoyment of life.

THE SIGNAL FIRE.*

(FROM "STORM MOUNTAIN.")

TALBOT FROST paused on the crest of Storm Mountain and looked across the lonely Oakland Valley spread out before him.

He had traveled a clean hundred miles through the forest, swimming rapid streams, dodging Indians and Tories, and ever on the alert for his enemies, who were equally vigilant in their search for him.

He eluded them all, however, for Frost, grim and grizzled, was a veteran backwoodsman who had been a border scout for a score of years or more, and he knew all the tricks of the cunning Iroquois, whose ambition was to destroy every white person that could be reached with rifle, knife, or tomahawk.

Frost had been engaged on many duties for the leading American officers, but he was sure that to-day

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was the most important of all; for be it known that he carried, hidden in the heel of his shoe, a message in cipher from General George Washington himself.

Frost had been promised one hundred dollars in gold by the immortal leader of the American armies, if he would place the piece of cipher writing in the hands of Colonel Nick Hawley, before the evening of the tenth day of August, 1777.

To-day was the tenth, the afternoon was only half gone, and Fort Defiance, with its small garrison under the command of Hawley, was only a mile distant in Oakland Valley. The vale spread away for many leagues to the right and left, and was a couple of miles wide at the point where the small border settlement was planted, with its stockade fort and its dozen families clustered near.

"Thar's a good three hours of sunlight left," muttered the veteran, squinting one eye toward the sultry August sky, "and I orter tramp to the fort and back agin in half that time. I'll be thar purty quick, if none of the varmints trip me up, but afore leavin' this crest, I'd like to cotch the signal fire of young Roslyn from over yender."

General Washington considered the message to Colonel Hawley so important that he had sent it in duplicate; that is to say, two messengers concealed the cipher about their persons and set out by widely different routes to Fort Defiance, in Oakland Valley.

Since the distance was about the same, and it was not expected that there would be much variation in speed, it was believed that, barring accidents, the two would arrive in sight of their destination within a short time of each other.

The other messenger was Elmer Roslyn, a youth of seventeen, a native of Oakland, absent with his father in the Continental Army, those two being the only members of their family who escaped an Indian massacre that had burst upon the lovely settlement some months before.

It was agreed that whoever first reached the mountain crest should signal to the other by means of a small fire—large enough merely to send up a slight vapor that would show against the blue sky beyond.

The keen eyes of Talbot Frost roved along the rugged mountain-ridge a couple of miles distant, in search of the tell-tale signal. They followed the craggy crest a long distance to the north and south of the point where Roslyn had promised to appear, but the clear summer air was unsustained by the least semblance of smoke or vapor. The day itself was of unusual brilliancy, not the least speck of a cloud being visible in the tinted sky.

"That Elmer Roslyn is a powerful pert young chap," said the border scout to himself. "I don't think I ever seed his ekal, and he can fight in battles jes' like his father, Captain Mart, that I've heerd Gineral Washington say was one of the best officers he's got; but thar's no sense in his puttin' himself agin an old campaignor like *me*. I don't s'pose he's within twenty mile of Oakland yit, and he won't have a chance to kindle that ere signal fire afore to-morrer. So I'll start mine, and in case he should accidentally reach the mountain-top over yender afore sundown, why he'll see what a foolish younker he was to butt agin me."

Talbot Frost knew that despite the perils through which he had forced his way to this spot, the greatest danger, in all probability, lay in the brief space separating him from Fort Defiance in the middle of the valley.

It was necessary, therefore, to use great care lest the signal fire should attract the attention of unfriendly eyes.

"I'll start a small one," he said, beginning to gather some dry twigs, "just enough for Elmer to observe by sarchin'—by the great Gineral Washington!"

To explain this exclamation of the old scout, I must tell you that before applying the flint and tinder to the crumpled leaves, Talbot Frost glanced across the opposite mountain-crest, two miles away.

As he did so he detected a fine, wavy column of smoke climbing from the rocks and trees. It was so faint that it was not likely to attract notice, unless a suspicious eye happened to look toward that part of the sky.

"By gracious! It's him!" he exclaimed, closing his mouth and resuming command of himself. "That ere young Roslyn is pearter than I thought; if he keeps on at this rate by the time he reaches my years he'll be the ekal of me—*almost*. Wall, I'll have to answer him; when we meet I'll explanify that I give him up, and didn't think it was wuth while to start a blaze."

MARTHA FINLEY.

THE GIRLS' FRIEND.

MARTHA FINLEY, author of the "Elsie Books," etc., amounting in all to about one hundred volumes, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, April 26, 1828, in the house of her grandfather, Major Samuel Finley, of the Virginia Cavalry, in the War of the Revolution, and a personal friend of Washington, who, while President, appointed him "Collector of Public Monies" for the Northwestern Territory of which Ohio was then a part. In the war of 1812–14 Major Finley marched to Detroit to the assistance of General Hull, at the head of a regiment of Ohio volunteers in which his eldest son, James Brown Finley, then a lad of eighteen, was a lieutenant. On Hull's disgraceful surrender those troops were paroled and returned to their homes in Ohio. James Finley afterwards became a physician and married his mother's niece, Maria Theresa Brown. Martha was their sixth child. In the spring of 1836 Dr. Finley left Ohio for South Bend, Indiana, where he resided until his death in 1851.

Something more than a year later Martha joined a widowed sister in New York city and resided there with her for about eighteen months. It was then and there she began her literary career by writing a newspaper story and a little Sunday-school book. But she was broken down in health and half blind from astigmatism; so bad a case that the oculist who years afterward measured her eyes for glasses, told her she would have been excusable had she said she could not do anything at all. But she loved books and would manage to read and write in spite of the difficulty of so doing; and a great difficulty it was, for in the midst of a long sentence the letters would seem to be thrown into confusion, and it was necessary to look away from the book or close her eyes for an instant before they would resume their proper positions.

But orphaned and dependent upon her own exertions, she struggled on, teaching and writing, living sometimes in Philadelphia with a stepmother who was kind enough to give her a home, sometimes in Phœnixville, Pa., where she taught a little select school. It was there she began the Elsie Series which have proved her most successful venture in literature. The twenty-second volume, published in 1897, is entitled Elsie at Home. The author has again and again proposed to end the series, thinking it long enough, but public and publishers have insisted upon another and yet another volume. The books have sold so well that they have made

her a lovely home in Elkton, Maryland, whither she removed in 1876 and still resides, and to yield her a comfortable income.

But her works are not all juveniles. "Wanted a Pedigree," and most of the other works in the Finley Series are for adults, and though not so very popular as the Elsie Books, still have steady sales though nearly all have been on the market for more than twenty years.

ELSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.*

(FROM "ELSIE DINSMORE.")

THE school-room at Roselands was a very pleasant apartment. Within sat Miss Day with her pupils, six in number.

"Young ladies and gentlemen," said she, looking at her watch, "I shall leave you to your studies for an hour; at the end of which time I shall return to hear your recitations, when those who have attended properly to their duties will be permitted to ride out with me to visit the fair."

"Oh! that will be jolly!" exclaimed Arthur, a bright-eyed, mischief-loving boy of ten.

"Hush!" said Miss Day sternly; "let me hear no more such exclamations; and remember that you will not go unless your lessons are thoroughly learned. Louise and Lora," addressing two young girls of the respective ages of twelve and fourteen, "that French exercise must be perfect, and your English lessons as well. Elsie," to a little girl of eight, sitting alone at a desk near one of the windows, and bending over a slate with an appearance of great industry, "every figure of that example must be correct, your geography lesson recited perfectly, and a page in your copy-book written without a blot."

"Yes, ma'am," said the child meekly, raising a pair of large soft eyes of the darkest hazel for an instant to her teacher's face, and then dropping them again upon her slate.

"And see that none of you leave the room until I return," continued the governess. "Walter, if you miss one word of that spelling, you will have to stay at home and learn it over."

"Unless mamma interferes, as she will be pretty sure to do," muttered Arthur, as the door closed on Miss Day, and her retreating footsteps were heard passing down the hall.

For about ten minutes after her departure, all was quiet in the school-room, each seemingly completely absorbed in study. But at the end of that time Arthur sprang up, and, flinging his book across the room, exclaimed, "There! I know my lesson; and if I didn't, I shouldn't study another bit for old Day, or Night either."

"Do be quiet, Arthur," said his sister Louise; "I can't study in such a racket."

Arthur stole on tiptoe across the room, and coming up behind Elsie, tickled the back of her neck with a feather.

She started, saying in a pleading tone, "Please, Arthur, don't."

"It pleases me to do," he said, repeating the experiment.

Elsie changed her position, saying in the same gentle, persuasive tone, "O Arthur! *please* let me alone, or I never shall be able to do this example."

"What! all this time on one example! you ought to be ashamed. Why, I could have done it half a dozen times over."

"I have been over and over it," replied the little girl in a tone of despondency, "and still there are two figures that will not come right."

"How do you know they are not right, little puss?" shaking her curls as he spoke.

"Oh! please, Arthur, don't pull my hair. I have the answer—that's the way I know."

Well, then, why don't you just set the figures down. I would."

"Oh! no, indeed; that would not be honest."

"Pooh! nonsense! nobody would be the wiser, nor the poorer."

"No, but it would be just like telling a lie. But I can never get it right while you are bothering me so," said Elsie, laying her slate aside in despair. Then,

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taking out her geography, she began studying most diligently. But Arthur continued his persecutions—tickling her, pulling her hair, twitching the book out of her hand, and talking almost incessantly, making remarks, and asking questions; till at last Elsie said, as if just ready to cry, "Indeed, Arthur, if you don't let me alone, I shall never be able to get my lessons."

"Go away, then; take your book out on the veranda, and learn your lessons there," said Louise. "I'll call you when Miss Day comes."

"Oh! no, Louise, I cannot do that, because it would be disobedience," replied Elsie, taking out her writing materials.

Arthur stood over her criticising every letter she made, and finally jogged her elbow in such a way as to cause her to drop all the ink in her pen upon the paper, making quite a large blot.

"Oh!" cried the little girl, bursting into tears, "now I shall lose my ride, for Miss Day will not let me go; and I was so anxious to see all those beautiful flowers."

Arthur, who was really not very vicious, felt some compunction when he saw the mischief he had done. "Never mind, Elsie," said he, "I can fix it yet. Just let me tear out this page, and you can begin again on the next, and I'll not bother you. I'll make these two figures come right, too," he added, taking up her slate.

"Thank you, Arthur," said the little girl, smiling through her tears; "you are very kind, but it would not be honest to do either, and I had rather stay at home than be deceitful."

"Very well, miss," said he, tossing his head, and walking away, "since you won't let me help you, it is all your own fault if you have to stay at home."

Elsie finished her page, and, excepting the unfortunate blot, it all looked very neat indeed, showing plainly that it had been written with great care. She then took up her slate and patiently went over and over every figure of the troublesome example, trying to discover where her mistake had been. But much time had been lost through Arthur's teasing, and her mind was so disturbed by the accident to her writing that she tried in vain to fix it upon the business in hand; and before the two troublesome figures had been made right, the hour was past and Miss Day returned.

"Oh!" thought Elsie, "if she will only hear the others first;" but it was a vain hope. Miss Day had no sooner seated herself at her desk than she called, "Elsie, come here and say that lesson; and bring your copy-book and slate, that I may examine your work."

Elsie tremblingly obeyed.

The lesson, though a difficult one, was very tolerably recited; for Elsie, knowing Arthur's propensity for teasing, had studied it in her own room before school hours. But Miss Day handed back the books with a frown, saying, "I told you the recitation must be perfect, and it was not. There are two incorrect figures in this example," said she, laying down the slate, after glancing over its contents. Then taking up the copy-book, she exclaimed, "Careless, disobedient child! did I not caution you to be careful not to blot your book? There will be no ride for you this morning. You have failed in everything. Go to your seat. Make that example right, and do the next; learn your geography lesson over, and write another page in your copy-book; and mind, if there is a blot on it, you will get no dinner."

Weeping and sobbing, Elsie took up her books and obeyed.

During this scene Arthur stood at his desk pretending to study, but glancing every now and then at Elsie, with a conscience evidently ill at ease. She cast an imploring glance at him, as she returned to her seat; but he turned away his head, muttering, "It's all her own fault, for she wouldn't let me help her."

As he looked up again, he caught his sister Lora's eyes fixed on him with an expression of scorn and contempt. He colored violently, and dropped his upon his book.

"Miss Day," said Lora, indignantly, "I see Arthur does not mean to speak, and as I cannot bear to see such injustice, I must tell you that it is all his fault that Elsie has failed in her lessons; for she tried her very best, but he teased her incessantly, and also jogged her elbow and made her spill the ink on her book; and to her credit she was too honorable to tear out the leaf from her copy-book, or to let him make her example right; both which he very generously proposed doing after causing all the mischief."

"Is this so, Arthur?" asked Miss Day, angrily.

The boy hung his head, but made no reply.

"Very well, then," said Miss Day, "you too must stay at home."

"Surely," said Lora, in surprise, "you will not keep Elsie, since I have shown you that she was not to blame."

"Miss Lora," replied her teacher, haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am not to be dictated to by my pupils."

Lora bit her lip, but said nothing, and Miss Day went on hearing the lessons without further remark.

In the meantime the little Elsie sat at her desk, striving to conquer the feelings of anger and indignation that were swelling in her breast; for Elsie, though she possessed much of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," was not yet perfect, and often had a fierce contest with her naturally quick temper. Yet it was seldom, very seldom that word or tone or look betrayed the existence of such feelings; and it was a common remark in the family that Elsie had no spirit.

The recitations were scarcely finished when the door opened and a lady entered dressed for a ride.

"Not through yet, Miss Day?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we are just done," replied the teacher, closing the French grammar and handing it to Louise.

"Well, I hope your pupils have all done their duty this morning, and are ready to accompany us to the fair," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "But what is the matter with Elsie?"

"She has failed in all her exercises, and therefore has been told that she must remain at home," replied Miss Day with heightened color and in a tone of anger; "and as Miss Lora tells me that Master Arthur was partly the cause, I have forbidden him also to accompany us."

"Excuse me, Miss Day, for correcting you," said Lora, a little indignantly; "but I did not say *partly*, for I am sure it was *entirely* his fault."

"Hush, hush, Lora," said her mother, a little impatiently; "how can you be sure of any such thing; Miss Day, I must beg of you to excuse Arthur this once, for I have quite set my heart on taking him along. He is fond of mischief, I know, but he is only a child, and you must not be too hard upon him."

"Very well, madam," replied the governess stiffly, "you have of course the best right to control your own children."

Mrs. Dinsmore turned to leave the room.

"Mamma," asked Lora, "is not Elsie to be allowed to go too?"

"Elsie is not my child, and I have nothing to say about it. Miss Day, who knows all the circumstances, is much better able than I to judge whether or no she is deserving of punishment," replied Mrs. Dinsmore, sailing out of the room.

"You will let her go, Miss Day?" said Lora, inquiringly.

"Miss Lora," replied Miss Day, angrily, "I have already told you I was not to be dictated to. I have said Elsie must remain at home, and I shall not break my word."

"Such injustice!" muttered Lora, turning away.

Miss Day hastily quitted the room, followed by Louise and Lora, and Elsie was left alone.

MARY MAPES DODGE,

EDITOR OF "ST. NICHOLAS" MAGAZINE.

IT would be difficult to name a writer of later years who has done more to delight the children with bright and chatty sunny-day stories than this estimable woman. While her mind has all the maturity, power, good judgment and strength of our best writers, her heart seems never to have grown out of the happy realm of childhood. It is for them that she thinks, and it is for them that she writes her charming stories when she is in her happiest moods. Not that she cannot write for grown up people, for she has given them several books—very good ones too. She edited "Hearth and Home" at one time, and many a mother remembers her good advice in bright and cheerful editorials, on the art of home-making, and on the care and training of children. She is also a humorous writer of considerable ability. "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question" is one of her most amusing sketches. Mary Mapes was born in New York city, in 1838. Prof. James Mapes, the scientist, was her father. She married Mr. William Dodge, a lawyer, who lived only a few years, and it was after his death that she began to write for the "Hearth and Home" to which Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe were at that time, also, contributors.

In 1864 Mrs. Dodge's first volume entitled, "Irving Stories," for children, appeared. It met with great success, and in 1865 she issued her second volume, "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," a charming story for boys and girls. The scene was laid in Holland. The book was so popular that it was translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian and other languages and became a little classic. She wrote a number of other books, among which are "A Few Friends, and How They Amused Themselves" (1869); "Rhymes and Jingles" (1874); "Theophilus and Others;" "Along the Way," a volume of poems, and "Donald and Dorothy."

In 1873 the "St. Nicholas" Magazine for young folks was commenced and Mrs. Dodge was made its editor, which position she still retains in 1897, and its popularity and brightness have given her a permanent place in the hearts of the boys and girls for the last quarter century.

Mrs. Dodge has long been a leader in the literary and artistic circles in New York, where she has a pleasant home. She had two fine boys of her own and it is said her first stories were written for their amusement. One of her sons died in 1881. The other, a successful inventor and manufacturer, lives in Philadelphia.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.*

(FROM "DONALD AND DOROTHY.")

JUST as Donald and Dorothy were about to end the outdoor visit to the Danbys, described in our last chapter, Coachman Jack was seen in a neighboring field, trying to catch Mr. Reed's spirited mare, "Lady," that had been let out to have a run. He had already approached her without difficulty and slipped a bridle over her head, but she had started away from him, and he, feeling that she had been allowed playtime enough, was now bent on recapturing her.

Instantly a dozen Danby eyes were watching them with intense interest. Then Donald and Ben, not being able to resist the impulse, scampered over to join in the race, closely followed by Dan and Fandy. Gregory, too, would have gone, but Charity called him back.

It was a superb sight to see the spirited animal, one moment standing motionless at a safe distance from Jack, and the next, leaping about the field, mane and tail flying, and every action telling of a defiant enjoyment of freedom. Soon, two grazing horses in the same field caught her spirit; even Don's pony, at first looking soberly over a hedge in the adjoining lot, began frisking and capering about on his own account, dashing past an opening in the hedge as though it were as solid a barrier as the rest. Nor were Jack and the boys less frisky. Coaxing and shouting had failed, and now it was an open chase, in which, for a time, the mare certainly had the advantage. But what animal is proof against its appetite? Clever little Fandy had rushed to Mr. Reed's barn, and brought back in his hat a light lunch of oats for the mare, which he, at once bore into her presence, shaking it temptingly, at the same time slowly backing away from her. The little midget and his hatful succeeded, where big man and boys had failed. The mare came cautiously up and was about to put her nose into the cap, when Jack's stealthy and sudden effort to seize the bridle made her start sidewise away from him. But here Donald leaped forward at the other side, and caught her before she had time to escape again.

Jack was too proud of Don's quickness to appear surprised; so, disregarding the hilarious shout of the Danby boys, he took the bridle from the young master with an off-hand air, and led the now gentle animal quietly towards the stable.

But Dorothy was there before him. Out of breath after her brisk run, she was panting and tugging at a dusty side-saddle hanging in the harness-room, when Jack and the mare drew near.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "help me to get this down! I mean to have some fun. I'm going to ride that mare back to the field!"

"Not you, Miss Dorry!" exclaimed Jack. "Take your own pony, an' your own saddle, an' it's a go; but this 'ere mare'd be on her beam ends with you in no time.

"Oh, no, she wouldn't, Jack! She knows me perfectly. Don't you, Lady? Oh, do, Jack! That's a good Jack. *Please* let me! Don's there, you know."

Dorry said this as if Don were a regiment. By this time, the side-saddle, yielding to her vigorous efforts, had clattered down from its peg, with a peculiar buckle-and-leathery noise of its own.

"Won't you, Jack? Ah, *won't* you?"

"No, miss, I won't!" said Jack, resolutely.

"Why, Jack, I've been on her before. Don't you know? There isn't a horse on the place that could throw me. Uncle said so. Don't you remember?"

"So he did!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling proudly. "The Capt'n said them very words. An'," glancing weakly at the mare, "she's standin' now like a skiff in a calm. Not a breath in her sails—"

"Oh, do—*do*, Jack!" coaxed Dorry, seizing her advantage, "quick! They're all in the lot yet. Here, put it on her!"

"I'm an old fool," muttered Jack to himself, as, hindered by Dorry's busy touches, he proceeded to saddle the subdued animal; "but I can't never refuse her nothin'—that's where it is. Easy now, miss!" as Dorry, climbing up on the feed-box in laughing excitement, begged him to hurry and let her mount. "Easy now. There! You're on, high and dry. Here" (tugging at the girth), "let me tauten up a bit! Steady now! Don't try no capers with her, Miss Dorry, and come back in a minute. Get up, Lady!—get up!"

The mare left the stable so slowly and unwillingly,

* Copyright, Mary Mapes Dodge.

that Jack slapped her flank gently as she moved off. Jog jog went Lady out through the wide stable doorway, across the yard into the open field. Dorry, hastily arranging her skirts and settling herself comfortably upon the grand but dingy saddle (it had been Aunt Kate's in the days gone by), laughed to herself, thinking how astonished they all must be to see her riding Lady back to them. For a moment she playfully pretended to be unconscious of their gaze. Then she looked up.

Poor Dorry! Not a boy, not even Donald, had remained in the field! He and the little Danbys were listening to one of Ben's stories of adventure. Even the two horses and Don's pony were quietly nosing the dry grass in search of green tufts.

"I don't care," she murmured gayly, overcoming her disappointment. "I mean to have a ride, any way. Get up, Lady!"

Lady *did* get up. She shook her head, pricked up her ears, and started off at a beautiful canter across the fields.

"How lovely!" thought Dorry, especially pleased at that moment to see several figures coming toward her from the Danby yard; "it's just like flying!"

Whether Lady missed her master's firm grip upon the rein, or whether she guessed her rider's thought, and was inspired by the sudden shouts and hurrahs of the approaching boys, can never be known. Certain it is that by the next moment Dorry, on Lady's back, was flying in earnest,—flying at great speed round and round the field, but with never an idea of falling off. Her first feeling was that her uncle and Jack wouldn't be pleased if they knew the exact character of the ride. Next came a sense of triumph, because she felt that Don and the rest were seeing it all, and then a wild consciousness that her hat was off, her hair streaming to the wind, and that she was keeping her seat for dear life.

Lady's canter had become a run, and the run soon grew into a series of leaps. Still Dorry kept her seat. Young as she was, she was a fearless rider, and at first, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the prospect of a tussle with Lady. But as the speed increased, Dorry found herself growing deaf, dumb and blind in the breathless race. Still, if she could only hold on, all would be well; she certainly could not consent to be conquered before "those boys."

Lady seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every leap. There was no merry shouting now. The little boys stood pale and breathless. Ben, trying to hold Don back, was wondering what was to be done, and Charity was wringing her hands.

"Oh, oh! She'll be thrown!" cried the girls.

"Not a bit of it!" insisted Donald. "I've seen Dot on a horse before." But his looks betrayed his anxiety. "See! the mare's trying to throw her now! But she can't do it—she can't do it! Dot understands herself, I tell you,—Whoa-o!—Let me go!" and, breaking from Ben, he tore across the field, through the opening in the hedge, and was on his pony's back in a twinkling. How he did it, he never knew. He had heard Dorry scream, and somehow that scream made him and his pony one. Together, they flew over the field; with a steady, calm purpose, they cut across Lady's course, and soon were at her side. Donald's "Hold on, Dot!" was followed by his quick plunge toward the mare. It seemed that she certainly would ride over him, but he never faltered. Grasping his pony's mane with one hand, he clutched Lady's bridle with the other. The mare plunged, but the boy's grip was as firm as iron. Though almost dragged from his seat, he held on, and the more she struggled, the harder he tugged,—the pony bearing itself nobly, and quivering in eager smypathy with Donald's every movement. Jack and Ben were now tearing across the field, bent on rescue; but they were not needed. Don was master of the situation. The mare, her frolic over, had yielded with superb grace, almost as if with a bow, and the pony was rubbing its nose against her steaming side.

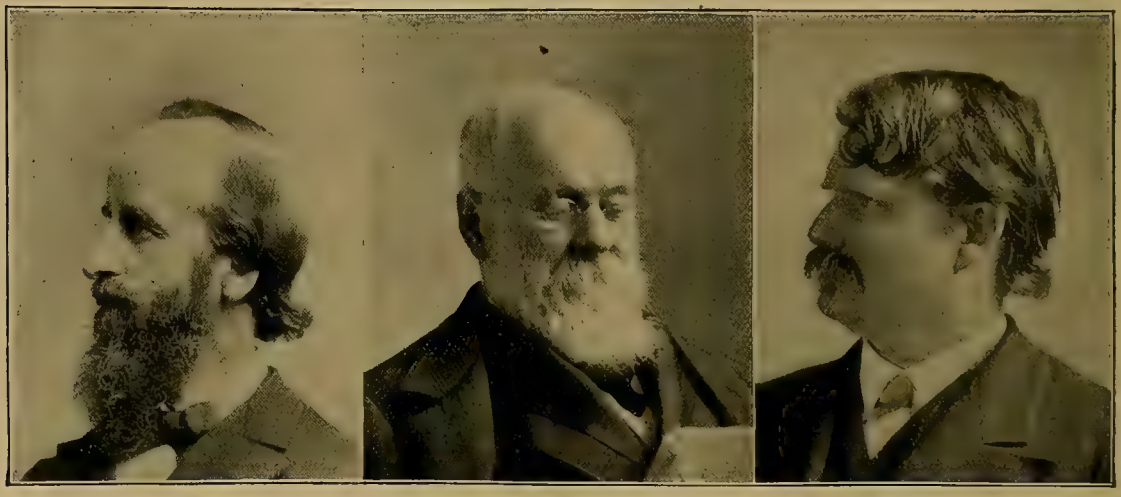
"Good for you, Dot!" was Donald's first word. "You held on magnificently."

Dorothy stroked Lady's hot neck, and for a moment could not trust herself to look up. But when Jack half-pulled, half-lifted her from the saddle, and she felt the firm earth beneath her, she tottered and would have fallen, had not Donald, frightened at her white face, sprung to the ground just in time to support her.

"Shiver my timbers!" growled Jack, "if ever I let youngsters have their way again!" But his eyes shone with a strange mixture of self-reproach and satisfaction as he looked at Dorry.



HORACE GREELEY. MURAT HALSTEAD. ALBERT SHAW.



LYMAN ABBOTT. CHAS. A. DANA. HENRY W. WATTERSON.



WHITELAW REID. JULIAN HAWTHORNE. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

NOTED AMERICAN JOURNALISTS AND MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS.

HORACE GREELEY,

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

THE men of whom we love to read are those who stand for some great principle, whose lives and deeds exemplify its power. When we think of patriotism, the figure of Washington rises before us, as the man whose life, above all others, was controlled by pure love of country. Practical wisdom, shrewdness, and thrift are embodied in Benjamin Franklin. Astor and Girard represent the power of accumulation; Stewart, Carnegie, and Pullman, the power of organization; and so, when we consider the power of the press, the image which comes up before our mental view is that of Horace Greeley. In almost every personal quality there have been men who far surpassed him,—men who were greater as politicians, as organizers, as statesmen, as speakers, as writers,—but in the one respect of influencing public opinion through the press, of "making his mind the mind of other men," no man in America has ever wielded such power as the great editor and founder of the New York "Tribune."

Horace Greeley was one of the poor country boys who have afterward become the bone and sinew of the Republic. He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811. His father, Zaccheus Greeley, was a struggling farmer. He moved to Vermont in 1821, and a few years later to the western part of Pennsylvania. Horace was a precocious child; and his mother, Mary Woodburn, who was of Scotch-Irish stock, used to recite to him ballads and stories, so that he really acquired a taste for literature before the age at which many children conquer the alphabet.

In his fifteenth year Horace felt that he could endure farming no longer, and at last procured from his father a reluctant consent that he should definitely seek employment as a printer. He found the longed-for opportunity at East Poultney, Vermont, in the office of the "Northern Spectator."

In 1830, before Horace's apprenticeship ended, the "Spectator" collapsed, and he was again set adrift. His father had removed to Western Pennsylvania, and the boy turned his face in that direction. After working for a few months on different country papers, he resolved to try his fortune in New York, and went to that city in August, 1831.

After two years of labor as a printer, so arduous that during much of the time it extended to fourteen hours a day, Mr. Greeley commenced his first editorial work upon a weekly paper called the "New Yorker" of which he was part owner and which lasted until March, 1841, when it went under, with a credit on its books of

$10,000 due to Mr. Greeley for editing the paper, all of which was sunk with the wreck.

In the famous campaign of 1840, when Harrison was "sung and shouted into the presidential chair," Greeley started a small weekly called the "Log Cabin." He threw all his spirit and energy into it; he made it lively, crisp, and cheap. It attained an almost unheard-of success, reaching editions of eighty and ninety thousand. It was continued for several months after the triumphant election of Harrison, and then merged into the New York "Tribune," which Greeley started at this time, the first issue appearing April 10, 1841.

The new enterprise soon became successful. It was helped at the start by a bitter attack from the "Sun," then in the hands of Moses Y. Beach. The defense and rejoinders were equally pungent and amusing. Mr. Greeley always throve best upon opposition. His spicy retorts, and especially his partisan enthusiasm, forced the attention of the public, and the subscription-list of the "Tribune" soon rose from hundreds to thousands; by the third week in May it had 10,000 names on its books.

One thing in particular gave the "Tribune" eminence; that was Greeley's policy of employing as contributors the best writers of the time. To name all the able men and women who thus won fame for both themselves and the "Tribune," would make a list too long to print; but among them may be mentioned Bayard Taylor, whose "Views Afoot" first appeared in the form of letters to the "Tribune;" Margaret Fuller, whose articles gave her a wide reputation; George Ripley, Moncure D. Conway, Sydney Howard Gay, and George W. Smalley; and for years Thomas Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," sent frequent and able letters from London. The result of this liberal policy was to make the "Tribune" indispensable to people of intelligence, even though utterly opposed to its political views.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress, but his strength was as a journalist, not as a legislator. At the close of his brief term he retired from Congress, and during the stormy decade preceding the Civil War he made the "Tribune" a mighty power. He warmly espoused the cause of freedom, and denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the endless aggressions of the slave power with a vigor and pertinacity which made him one of the best-hated men in America. His course was not always consistent; and he often brought upon his head the wrath of friends as well as enemies. Moreover, in the conduct of a great daily paper much must be left to the judgment of subordinates; and all their mistakes were, of course, laid to the charge of their chief. Many of the old readers of the "Tribune" supposed that every line in the paper was actually written by Horace Greeley. He rarely took the trouble to justify or explain; and, therefore, while in one sense one of the best-known men in the country, he was one of the most misunderstood. Mr. Greeley had no time or thought for personal explanations; he was bent upon saving the country,—individuals could take care of themselves.

During the war Mr. Greeley's course was somewhat erratic and unstable, but he kept a hold upon a large class of readers who believed in him, to whom he was a mental and moral lawgiver, who refused to believe any evil of him; and, if some visitor to the city—for a large proportion of "Tribune" readers were country, and particularly Western, people—on coming back, reported that in an interview with Mr.

Greeley the editor had indulged in unlimited profanity, the unlucky individual was incontinently discredited and voted a calumniator.

In the years following the war, Greeley's pen was more busy than ever. Beside his editorial writing in the "Tribune," he prepared the second volume of his war history, "The American Conflict," and his delightful autobiography, "Recollections of a Busy Life." He was always intensely interested in the growth of the West, where he had made a memorable tour in 1859, extending to Salt Lake City; and now he unceasingly advocated western emigration. His terse advice, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," became a sort of national watch-word, and many thousands of Eastern people resolved to turn their faces toward the empire of the West.

In 1872 a curious political combination was made. Probably such a surprise was never sprung upon the country as the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency, by a convention of "Liberal Republicans" and bolting Democrats. That he should be defeated at the polls was inevitable. He worked hard through the canvass, traveling and addressing meetings; body and mind suffered from the fatigue and excitement. To add to his troubles, Mrs. Greeley, who had been out of health for a considerable time, died at this period; his health gave way; he became unable to sleep; and sleeplessness was followed by inflammation of the brain, which soon ended his life.

Horace Greeley sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, on a hill overlooking the beautiful bay of New York, and within sight of the great city where his busy life was spent.

A DEBTOR'S SLAVERY.

(FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.")

THE *New Yorker* was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made for the most part by me, for seven years and a half from March 22, 1834. Though not calculated to enlist partisanship, or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to 9,000; and it might under better business management (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time), have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been. 2. It was never really published, though it had half-a-dozen nominal publishers in succession. 3. It was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid for it, and never will, while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds. 4. The machinery of railroads, expresses, news companies, news offices, etc., whereby literary periodicals are now mainly disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of 100,000 in less time than was required to give the *New Yorker* scarcely a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them, as mine did. I was worth at least $1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence; it subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our job-work; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing business and I the *New Yorker*, which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the commercial revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin.

I had married in 1836, deeming myself worth $5,000, and the master of a business which would

thenceforth yield me for my labor at least $1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, or of any income at all, I found myself obliged throughout 1837 to confront a net loss of about $100 per week—my income averaging $100, and my inevitable expenses $200. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up; many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid; and I struggled on against a steadily rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed $500 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him $5 for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender; but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper—so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, beside my notes for paper, from fifty cents to two dollars each, to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If anyone would have taken my business and debts off my hands, upon my giving him my note for $2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than $5,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that even $1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for a five years' struggle with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required—and had betrayed this confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—tomorrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shinning," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt.

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—"Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations, and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all that he owes; I speak of *real* debt —which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.

THE PRESS.

LONG slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall;
To the sceptre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the dishonor—
A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gathered to conquer or die!

'Twas the voice of the Press, on the startled ear breaking,
In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old;
'Twas the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat from its powerful control,
And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted,
Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth;
We pledge to her cause (and she has but to need them),
The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth;
Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,
Or view her in gladness and freedom again

But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds,
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who bleeds,
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
And the earth echoes deep with "Long Life to the Press!"

CHARLES A. DANA.

THE FAMOUS EDITOR OF THE "SUN."

THE man who with Greeley made the New York "Tribune" one of the greatest powers in the land, and who, from 1868 to 1897, was the chief and managing editor of the New York "Sun," is certainly entitled to rank among our foremost men. Charles A. Dana lived a remarkable life, a life of strenuous effort and of continuous and notable achievement. He was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1819, but his early life was passed at the village of Gaines, in Western New York, in Buffalo, and at Guildhall, Vermont. One of his earliest recollections was of being tied to a post with his mother's garter because he had run away and gotten himself very muddy, thus displaying, at three years old, the restless spirit of enterprise which did much to make him the man he was. When he was eleven years old he returned to Buffalo to be a clerk in his uncle's dry goods store. He was very successful as a salesman, and remained in the establishment until the failure of the business, in 1837, when he determined to prepare himself for college. He said that he found the elements of Latin very hard and disagreeable work, and he had the greatest difficulty in remembering the paradigms. Two winter terms at a country school, in his early boyhood, and two years at Harvard completed Mr. Dana's systematic education, as too close application affected his eyesight, and he was obliged to withdraw from college at the end of his sophomore year. He had cultivated such a taste for languages, however, that no year since passed which he did not devote in part to serious study, and he became master of most spoken languages except the Slavonic and Oriental, and he began, at the age of seventy-five, the study of Russian. Harvard College afterward conferred upon him the degree which he was prevented from earning in the regular way, and is proud to count him among her most honored sons.

After leaving college Mr. Dana joined that remarkable body of men and women who conducted the Brook Farm experiment. He distinguished himself as one of the very few practical men among that band of philosophers, and gained, while at Brook Farm, a little experience in the newspaper business in conducting a publication known as "The Harbinger," which was the organ of the association.

In 1844 his eyes had sufficiently recovered to enable him to do regular work, and he obtained employment under Elizur Wright, better known as an insurance actuary than as an editor, but who then conducted "The Chronotype," an orthodox newspaper, which was a great favorite with the Congregational ministers of New

England. Mr. Wright used to enjoy telling how "Dana always had a weakness for giving people with fixed convictions something new to think about," and how he illustrated this weakness during the absence of his chief by writing strong editorials against the doctrine of a bill. This piece of enterprise involved the editor-in-chief in the labor of writing a personal letter to each of his ministerial subscribers, and to many others explaining how the paper "had been left in charge of a young man without mellow journalistic experience." Mr. Dana's compensation was five dollars per week, and at this amount it remained until 1847, when he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune" at ten dollars, a figure which was gradually increased to fifty dollars, which was the highest salary he ever received on the "Tribune." Many delightful stories are told of the intercourse of Dana and Greeley. The part they took in politics, the fight against slavery, the organization of the Republican Party, Mr. Dana's loyal support of Greeley's aspirations for political preferment, all these are a part of the political history of our country. Just before joining the "Tribune" staff Mr. Dana was married to Miss Eunice MacDaniel, of New York. Of his delight in family life no testimony can be stronger than his own words written during a brief interval of leisure: "I have been busy with my children, drawing them about in old Bradley's one-horse wagon, rowing and sailing with them on the bay and sound, gathering shells on the shore with them, picking cherries, lounging on the grass with the whole tribe about me. There's no delight like that in a pack of young children of your own. . . . A house without a baby is inhuman."

During these busy years Mr. Dana, together with Mr. Ripley, edited "The American Cyclopedia," a work which is a monument of his care and learning and patient labor; and he also prepared and published a "Household Book of Poetry," one of the very best collections of its kind, and one which has found its way into a very large number of American homes and contributed in no small measure to further the cause of good literature. In 1862 there came about a radical difference between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana as to the proper policy of the "Tribune" in regard to the war. The result was Mr. Dana's withdrawal from the paper. He was immediately asked by Mr. Stanton to audit a large number of disputed claims in the quartermaster's office at Cairo. This led to his appointment as Assistant Secretary of War, which position he held until the end of the Rebellion. About one-third of his time during this period was spent with the armies at the front. In this way he served as the confidential agent of the administration, and was once styled by Mr. Lincoln "the eyes of the Government at the front." His reports were remarkable for their unconventional form, their brevity, and the completeness and accuracy with which they placed Stanton and Lincoln in possession of the exact facts. "Miles of customary military reports," says a recent writer, "were worth less to Lincoln than half a dozen of Dana's vivid sentences."

After the close of the war Mr. Dana spent one year in Chicago as editor of "The Republican." He had been deceived about the financial basis of the enterprise, and was in no way responsible for its failure. Returning to New York, he organized the company which purchased the old "Sun" property, and started the paper on a long career of success and of influence. He was probably the most independent man who ever managed a great newspaper. He possessed the power of working without

that conscious effort which characterizes the activity of most men, and which seems to be the source of so many early break-downs. He was not easily disturbed. At the "Sun" office, they like to tell a doubtful story of the old days when the work of the paper was conducted in four small rooms. The city editor came hurriedly in exclaiming, "Mr. Dana, there's a man out there with a cocked revolver. He is very much excited. He insists on seeing the editor-in-chief." "Is he very much excited?" said Mr. Dana, hardly looking up from his work, "if you think it worth the space, ask Amos Cummings if he will kindly see the gentleman and write him up." A noted sensational clergyman once volunteered to write, under an assumed name, for the "Sun." He foolishly tried to adapt himself to what he imagined was the irresponsible tone of a Sunday paper, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Dana enjoyed writing in blue pencil across the back of his first article, "This is too wicked."

During the winter the great editor occupied his house on Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street, but his summer house was on a little island, two or three miles from Glen Cove, which his wide knowledge of trees and fruits and flowers enabled him to make a singularly delightful spot. In the summer of 1897, when Mr. Dana was approaching his eightieth year, and still continued to manage his great newspaper, surrounded by a corps of trained and efficient men, he was attacked with a serious illness, and passed away on the afternoon of October 17th. It is doubted whether any other man has left his mark more deeply on the nineteenth century than has the famous editor of the "Sun."

ROSCOE CONKLING.

(THE NEW YORK "SUN," APRIL 18, 1888.)

THE most picturesque, striking, and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of Roscoe Conkling. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career cannot be called a great success, and he was not a great man.

But he was an object of great love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but, nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trenched upon his own personality. This he guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his innermost heart Conkling did not deplore it? At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history must deplore it for him. "And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

For a long period Mr. Conkling was a great political power in New York and in the country. This was during the culmination of General Grant. Originally Conkling was not friendly to Grant, and when the latter appointed his first Cabinet, the Senator's condemnation was unreserved and stinging. This attitude was maintained during nearly the whole of Grant's first year in the Presidency. At that time Senator Fenton stood near the President and dispensed the political bounty of the Administration. This Conkling could not endure, and when Congress met in December, 1869, he was full of war. But it

soon got abroad that Fenton was a candidate for the Presidency. This settled the difficulty and brought the rival Senator into intimate relations with the President. This position he ever afterwards maintained, and it formed the most successful and to him the most satisfactory portion of his life. When Grant was finally defeated at Chicago in 1880, and all hopes of his restoration to the White House was obliterated, the Senator soon abandoned the field of his renown, and went back to the disappointments and struggles of private life.

As we have said, friendship was the greatest positive force in Mr. Conkling's character, and there never was any hesitation or any meanness in his bestowal of it. In this respect he was the most democratic of men. He was just as warmly devoted to persons holding low places in the social scale as to the great and powerful, and he was just as scrupulous in his observation of all the duties of a friend toward the one kind of people as toward the other. There was nothing snobbish about him. He would go as far and exert himself as greatly to serve a poor man who was his friend as to serve one who was rich and mighty. This disposition he carried into politics. He had very little esteem for office-giving as a political method; but if a friend of his wanted a place, he would get it for him if he could. But no important politician in New York ever had fewer men appointed on the ground that they were his friends or supporters. His intense and lofty pride could not thus debase itself.

It is esteemed a high thing that with all the powers he wielded and the opportunities opened to him under a President the least scrupulous ever known in our history as regards jobbery and corruption, Mr. Conkling never pocketed a copper of indecent and dishonorable gain in the course of his public life. It is a high thing, indeed, and his bitterest enemies cannot diminish the lustre of the fact. The practice of public robbery was universal. Thievery was rampant everywhere in the precincts of the Administration. The Secretary of the Navy plundered millions. The Secretary of War sold public places and put the swag in his pocket. The Secretary of the Interior was forced by universal indignation to resign his ill-used office. The private secretaries of the President dealt in whiskey and defrauded the revenue. The vast gambling scheme of Black Friday had its fulcrum within the portals of the White House, and counted the President's own family among its conspirators. It was a period of shameless, ineffable, unblushing villainy pervading the highest circles of public power. And while all Republican statesmen, leaders, and journalists knew it, condoned it, defended it even, the best they could, Mr. Conkling was the special spokesman, advocate, and orator of the Administration which was the creator of a situation so unprecedented and revolting. But while he thus lived and moved in the midst of corruption, he was not touched by it himself. The protector of brigands and scoundrels before the tribunal of public opinion, he had no personal part in their crimes and no share in their spoils. As the poet went through hell without a smutch upon his garments, so the proud Senator, bent chiefly upon the endurance of the Republican party, came out of that epoch of public dishonesty as honest and as stainless as he entered it.

In the records of the higher statesmanship it can be said that there is very much to the credit of Mr. Conkling's account. As a parliamentary champion he had perhaps no superior; but others appear to have originated and perfected the measures to which in either House of Congress he gave the support of potent logic, fertile illustration, aggressive repartee, and scathing sarcasm. We do not recall a single one of the great and momentous acts of Congress which were passed in his time, of which he can certainly be pronounced the author. Yet his activity was prodigious, and it was a strange freak of his complicated character to bring before the House or Senate, through others, propositions which he thought essential. His hand could often be recognized in motions and resolutions offered on all sides of the chamber, and often by members with whom he was not known to be familiar.

The courage of Mr. Conkling, moral as well as personal, was of a heroic strain. After his mind was made up, he feared no odds, and he asked no favor. He dared to stand out against his own party, and he, a Republican, had the nerve to confront and defy the utmost power of a Republican administration. There was something magnanimous, too, in the way he bore misfortune. After the death of a distinguished

man, with whom he had been very intimate, it was ascertained that his estate instead of being wealthy, was bankrupt. Mr. Conkling was an endorser of his notes for a large sum of money, and saying calmly, "He would have done as much for me," he set himself to the laborious task of earning the means to pay off the debt. He paid it in no long time, and we don't believe that any man ever heard him murmur at the necessity.

In social life Mr. Conkling endeared himself to his intimates, not only by the qualities which we have endeavored to describe and indicate, but by the richness of his conversation, and the wit and humor—sometimes rather ponderous—with which it was seasoned, and by the stores of knowledge which he revealed. His reading had been extensive, especially in English literature, and his memory was surprisingly tenacious. Many of the most impressive passages of oratory and of literature he could repeat by heart. He was fond of social discussion on all sorts of questions, and liked no one the less who courteously disagreed with him.

As a lawyer, we suppose that his great ability was in cross-examination and with juries. The exigencies and the discussive usage of political life prevented that arduous, persevering application to pure law which is necessary to make a great jurist; but his intellectual powers were so vigorous and so accurate that he made up the deficiency of training and habit, and no one can doubt that, if he had given himself to the law alone, he would have gained a position of the very highest distinction. As it was, the most eminent counsel always knew that he had a formidable antagonist when Mr. Conkling was against him; and every court listened to his arguments, not merely with respect, but with instruction.

We shall be told, of course, that the supreme fault of this extraordinary mind was in perfection of judgment; and when we consider how largely his actions were controlled by pride and passion, and especially by resentment, we must admit that the criticism is not wholly without foundation. There was also in his manner that which might justify the belief that often he was posing for effect, like an actor on the stage; and we shall not dispute that so at times it may have been. But there are so few men who are entirely free from imperfection, and so many who inherit from their ancestors characteristics which ought to be disapproved, that we may well overlook them when they are combined with noble and admirable gifts. And after all has been said, even those whom he opposed most strenuously, and scorned or resisted most unrelentingly, may remember that we are all human, while they let fall a tear and breathe a prayer to heaven as the bier of Roscoe Conkling passes on its way to the grave.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, EDITOR OF "THE OUTLOOK."

WIDE sympathies and broad Christian charity are potent factors in the uplifting of men, and there have been many in America who have exhibited these characteristics, but few possess them to a greater degree than the present pastor of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Lyman Abbott. He comes of good New England stock, and was born December 18, 1835, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He is the third son of Jacob Abbott, so dear to the children of the past generation, as the author of those books which were the delight of the childhood of many still living —the "Rollo Books," the "Jonas Books," and the "Lucy Books." The plain, practical, broad common sense in Jacob Abbott, which dictated the composition of these attractive realistic stories, has been inherited in large measure by his son. Lyman Abbott was graduated from the University of the City of New York, in 1853, then studied law and was admitted to the bar. He soon found that the ministry had greater attraction for him than the law, and after studying theology with his uncle, John S. C. Abbott, so well-known as the author of the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," he was ordained in 1860, a minister of the Congregational Church. He went the same year to take charge of a congregation at Terre Haute, Indiana. After five years' work he became discouraged, for there seemed to be little or no fruit from his labors. He came to the conclusion that, after all, he had mistaken his calling, and so in 1865 he accepted the position of Secretary to the American Freedman's Commission, an office which took him to New York. Returning to Terre Haute on a visit, he saw that his previous labors had not been in vain, but had brought forth abundant fruit in the lives of former members of his congregation. It was perhaps this fact that induced him to re-enter the ministry, and for three years to be the pastor of the New England Church in New York. He did not, however, lay aside the literary work he had taken up while connected with the Freedman's Association. He conducted the "Literary Record" in "Harper's Monthly," and became editor of "The Illustrated Christian Weekly" in 1871. Resigning his connection with other papers he became joint editor with Henry Ward Beecher of the "Christian Union" in 1876, and its chief editor in 1881. After some years the name of the paper was changed to "The Outlook," as indicating more nearly the character of the journal. In October, 1887, after the death of Henry Ward Beecher, he was chosen temporary Pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, and later he was invited to remain permanently at the head of that large

congregation. He has written much, and has published a number of volumes, nearly all upon religious subjects, but his influence has been chiefly exerted through the pulpit, and especially through the columns of the "Christian Union" and "The Outlook," one of the most ably conducted weeklies in the country. Popular in its presentation, trenchant in its comments upon contemporary men and events, clear and unmistakable in its position, few papers have a more decided influence upon their readers. Its tone is high, and its view of what is going on in the world is wide and comprehensive. All subjects are treated fearlessly and independently, and truth, purity, and earnestness in religion and politics are insisted upon. Not the least interesting columns of the paper are those devoted to "Notes and Queries," where, in a few well-chosen words, the difficulties of correspondents are answered, and at the same time valuable lessons are enforced. Lyman Abbott is one of the leaders of liberal Christian thought, is sympathetic with every movement for the advancement of mankind, a strong believer in practical Christianity, and a hater of all kinds of cant.

As a speaker differing widely from his great predecessor in the Plymouth pulpit, Lyman Abbott's success is due to the clearness with which he presents his subject, to his earnestness, and to his practical way of putting things.

THE JESUITS.*

(FROM "DICTIONARY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.")

JESUITS is the popular name of a Society more properly entitled "The Society of Jesus"—of all the Religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church the most important. The Society of Jesus was founded in 1554 by Ignatius Loyola. He was a Spanish cavalier; was wounded in battle; was by his wounds, which impaired the use of one of his legs, deprived of his military ambition, and during his long confinement found employment and relief in reading a Life of Christ, and Lives of the Saints. This enkindled a new ambition for a life of religious glory and religious conquest. He threw himself, with all the ardor of his old devotion, into his new life; carried his military spirit of austerity and self-devotion into his religious career; exchanged his rich dress for a beggar's rags; lived upon alms; practiced austerities which weakened his iron frame, but not his military spirit; and thus he prepared his mind for those diseased fancies which characterized this period of his extraordinay career.

He possessed none of the intellectual requirements which seemed necessary for the new leadership which he proposed to himself. The age despised learning, and left it to the priests; and this Spanish cavalier, at the age of thirty-three, could do little more than read and write. He commenced at once, with enthusiasm, the acquisition of those elements of knowledge which are ordinarily acquired long before that age. He entered the lowest class of the College of Barcelona, where he was persecuted and derided by the rich ecclesiastics, to whose luxury his self-denial was a perpetual reproach. He fled at last from their machinations to Paris, where he continued his studies under more favorable auspices. Prominent among his associates here was Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first shrunk from the ill-educated soldier; yet gradually learned to admire his intense enthusiasm, and then to yield allegiance to it and its possessor. Several other Spaniards were drawn around the ascetic. At length, in 1534, Loyola, and five associates, in a subterranean chapel in Paris, pledged themselves to a religious life, and with solemn rites made sacred their mutual pledges to each other and to God.

Loyola introduced into the new order of which he was the founder, the principle of absolute obedience which he had acquired in his military career. The name given to its chief was the military title of

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"General." The organization was not perfected, so as to receive the sanction of the Pope, until 1541. Its motto was *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—"To the greater Glory of God." Its vows embraced not only the obligations of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, but also a pledge on the part of every member to go as missionary to any country which the Pope might designate. Loyola was himself the first General of the new Order. Its Constitution, due to him, is practically that of an Absolute Monarchy. The General is elected by a General Congregation, selected for the purpose by the whole body of professed members in the various Provinces. He holds his office for life. A Council of Assistants aid him, but he is not bound by their vote. He may not alter the Constitution of the Society; and he is subject to deposition in certain contingencies; but no instance of the deposition of a General has ever occurred. Practically his will is absolute law, from which there is no appeal.

The Jesuits are not distinguished by any particular dress or peculiar practices. They are permitted to mingle with the world, and to conform to its habits, if necessary for the attainment of their ends. Their widest influence has been exhibited in political circles, where, as laymen, they have attained the highest political positions without exciting any suspicion of their connection with the Society of Jesus; and in education they have been employed as teachers, in which position they have exercised an incalculable influence over the Church. . . . . It should be added that the enemies of the Order allege that, in addition to the public and avowed Constitution of the Society, there is a secret code, called *Monita Secreta*—"Secret Instructions"—which is reserved exclusively for the private guidance of the more advanced members. But as this Secret Code is disavowed by the Society—and since its authority is at least doubtful—it is not necessary to describe it here in detail.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.*

(FROM "OLD TESTAMENT SHADOWS.")

THE story of Sodom and Gomorrah epitomizes the Gospel. Every act in the great, the awful drama of life is here foreshadowed. The analogy is so perfect that we might almost be tempted to believe that the story is a prophetic allegory, did not nature itself witness its historic truthfulness. The fertile plain contained, imbedded in its own soil, the elements of its own destruction. There is reason to believe that this is true of this world on which we live. A few years ago an unusually brilliant star was observed in a certain quarter of the heavens. At first it was thought to be a newly discovered sun; more careful examination resulted in a different hypothesis. Its evanescent character indicated combustion. Its brilliancy was marked for a few hours—a few nights at most—then it faded, and was gone. Astronomers believe that it was a burning world. Our own earth is a globe of living fire. Only a thin crust intervenes between us and this fearful interior. Ever and anon, in the rumbling earthquake, or the sublime volcano, it gives us warning of its presence. These are themselves gospel messengers. They say if we would but hear them—"Prepare to meet thy God." The intimations of science confirm those of Revelation: "The heavens and the earth. . . . are kept in store, reserved unto the fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." What was true of Sodom and Gomorrah—what was true of the earth we live on—is true of the human soul. It contains within itself the instruments of its own punishment. There is a fearful significance in the words of the Apostle: "After thy hardness and impenitent heart treasureth up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath." Men gather, with their own hands, the fuel to feed the flame that is not quenched; they nurture in their own bosoms the worm that dieth not. In habits formed never to be broken; in words spoken, incapable of recall; in deeds committed, never to be forgotten; in a life wasted and cast away that can never be made to bloom again, man prepares for himself his own deserved and inevitable chastisement. "Son, remember!"—to the soul who has spent its all in riotous living, there can be no more awful condemnation.

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HENRY WATTERSON.

EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE "COURIER-JOURNAL."

FEW men connected with modern journalism have wider influence than Henry Watterson. He was born in Washington, D. C., in 1850, and because of defective eyesight, was educated chiefly by a private tutor. Entering journalism, at first in Washington and later in Tennessee, he made his reputation as editor of the "Republican Banner," in Nashville. He served in the Confederate Army in various capacities, being a staff officer at one time and Chief of Scouts in General Joseph E. Johnston's army in 1864. After the war he returned to Nashville, but soon removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of the "Journal." In the following year he succeeded in uniting with the "Journal," the "Courier" and the "Times," thus founding the "Courier-Journal," of which he has since been editor, and which, under his management, has come to be one of the foremost papers of the country.

Mr. Watterson has taken a prominent part in politics, having been a member of every Presidential convention beginning with 1876. He was a personal friend and a resolute follower of Samuel J. Tilden. He has often appeared as a public speaker, particularly in political campaigns, and his judgment has had great weight in the councils of the Democratic party. Mr. Watterson is a pronounced "free-trader," but has had no sympathy with the political movements under the leadership of Grover Cleveland.

He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals and has edited one or two books, notably that entitled "Oddities of Southern Life and Character." The sustained vigor of his mind, the force of his personality and the wide-spread admiration for his abilities, make Mr. Watterson one of the leading men, not only of his party, but of the country.

THE NEW SOUTH.

(FROM "SPEECH AT THE NATIONAL BANKERS' CONVENTION, LOUISVILLE, KY., OCTOBER 11, 1883.")

IT was not, however, to hear of banks and bankers and banking that you did me the honor to call me before you. I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians—the South—and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South! The South! It is no problem at all. I thank God that at last we can say with truth, it is simply a geographic expression. The whole story of the South may be summoned up in a sentence: She was rich, and she

lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. You can see it was a groundhog case. The soil was here, the climate was here, but along with them was a curse, the curse of slavery. God passed the rod across the land and smote the people. Then, in His goodness and mercy, He waved the wand of enchantment, and lo, like a flower, His blessing burst forth! Indeed, may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. She lived from hand to mouth. We had our debts and our niggers. Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our niggers. Under the new we pay our niggers and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim with the old darkey at the camp-meeting, who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, "Bless the Lord! I'm gettin' fatter an' fatter!"

The truth is, that behind the great ruffle the South wore to its shirt, there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted, there is no doubt. That it wasted its energies upon trifles, is beyond dispute. That it took a pride in cultivating what it called "the vices of a gentleman," I am afraid must be admitted. But, at heart, it was sound; from that heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood; and, when it had to lay aside its "store-clothes" and put on its homespun, it was equal to the emergency. And the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and, with spinning-wheel and ploughshare, together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern State for wolf-skins. The fact is, the very wolves have got ashamed of themselves and gone to work.

I beg you to believe that, in saying this, my purpose is neither to amuse nor mislead you. Although my words may seem to carry with them an unbusiness-like levity, I assure you that my design is wholly business-like. You can see for yourselves what the South has done; what the South can do. If all this has been achieved without credit, and without your powerful aid—and I am now addressing myself to the North and East, which have feared to come South with their money—what might not be achieved if the vast aggregations of capital in the fiscal centres should add this land of wine, milk and honey to their fields of investment, and give us the same chief rates which are enjoyed by nearer, but not safer, borrowers? The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois be refused to Alabama and Mississippi? I perfectly understand that business is business, and that capital is as unsectional as unsentimental. I am speaking from neither spirit. You have money to loan. We have a great country to develop.

We need the money. You can make a profit off the development. When I say that we need money, I do not mean the sort of money once demanded by an old Georgia farmer, who, in the early days, came up to Milledgeville to see General Robert Toombs, at the time a director of the State Bank. "Robert," says he, "the folks down our way air in need of more money." The profane Robert replied: "Well, how in —— are they going to get it?" "Why," says the farmer, "can't you *stomp* it?" "Suppose we do *stomp* it, how are we going to redeem it?" "Exactly, Robert, exactly. That was just what I was coming to. You see the folks down our way air agin redemption." We want good money, honest money, hard money, money that will redeem itself.

We have given hostages to fortune and our works are before you. I know that the capital is proverbially timid. But what are you afraid of? Is it our cotton that alarms you, or our corn, or our sugar? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth, many of these products must make slow progress, whilst others will continue to lie hid in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden and sparkle as a gold-mine; for, whether you tickle her fertile plains with a straw or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain-sides, she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

JOURNALIST AND POLITICIAN.

THE editor of "The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette" may be ranked as one of the greatest living journalists. He has directed the policy first of "The Commercial" and then of "The Commercial Gazette" for a space of forty years, and has wielded an influence over the people of the vast region in which his paper circulates, and, indeed, upon the whole nation, hardly second to that of any other single man. Sometimes mistaken, but always honest, fearless and persistent, his work as a journalist may be cited as a model of excellence, and he may well be described as typical of the highest form of American manhood. He is now sixty-seven years of age, but he bears his years with such buoyancy and retains so fully his powers of mind and body that he distinguished himself in 1896 by going as special correspondent to the scene of the rebellion in Cuba, writing from that island, not only a daily letter to "The New York Journal" on the military and political situation, but also a series of daily articles in "The Standard-Union," describing the manners and customs of Havana, and relating incidents of life in the tropics in a delightfully characteristic manner.

Mr. Halstead is a native of Butler County, Ohio, a locality which has produced its full share of the notable men of our time. As the inhabitants of the neighborhood were of Welsh extraction, with no one of Irish descent among them, the name, "Paddy's Run," borne by their Post Office, was a cause of great offence to them. A strong party, however, among whom was Mr. Halstead, made consistent opposition to every effort to change the name, but, though the struggle was long, the whimsical title which referred to an almost forgotten incident in General Wayne's expedition had finally to be abandoned, and the fastidious inhabitants now have their mail addressed to "Shandon." The Halstead family came from North Carolina at the time when so many of her noble sons bore practical testimony to their belief in free institutions by refusing to remain longer in a slave state, and making, in many cases, the greatest sacrifices in order to live on free soil in the Northwest Territory.

Murat Halstead grew up on a farm and made his way through the Farmer's College, at College Hill, Ohio, as so many men of his class have done, by alternating college work with teaching a district school. He went immediately from college into newspaper life, contributing a great variety of articles to the Cincinnati papers, and in 1853 joined the staff of "The Commercial." He soon became part owner and controlling editor. The success of his paper has been continuous from that

time, and the fact is due in greatest measure to the foresight, energy and skill of Mr. Halstead. He became prominent in a national sense during the presidential campaign of 1856, and he was probably the only man who was present at all the national conventions of 1860, and one of the very few who foresaw the terrible conflict which was to follow. He had seen the hanging of John Brown, and reported it in vigorous fashion for his paper, and he was the Washington correspondent of "The Commercial" during the trying sessions of Congress which followed. He served as correspondent at the front during a part of the war, and "The Commercial" was no small factor in the national councils during that stormy time. His independence of mind is shown in his frequent criticism of the policy of the government. On one occasion he wrote a long letter to Secretary Stanton censuring in the strongest terms the measures which had been taken and outlining those which, in his opinion, would result in success. The document was afterwards filed away in the archives of the war department, bearing an inscription characteristic of the grim humor of the great war secretary: "How to Conduct the War—Halstead, M."

He went to Europe in 1870 with the purpose of joining the French armies, but not succeeding, managed to attach himself to those of the Germans. The experiences thus obtained not only furnished the basis of his newspaper correspondence at the time, but supplied the material for a number of delightfully instructive magazine articles. He has since visited Europe on several occasions, and in 1874 formed one of a distinguished company which made a journey to Iceland and took part in the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of its settlement. In 1872 Mr. Halstead again demonstrated his independence by breaking loose from the regular organization of the Republican party and taking part in the bolt which resulted in the nomination of Greeley for the Presidency. He was not long, however, in getting back into the ranks, but his unwillingness to submit to party discipline and his persistence in criticising men and measures when he considered that they were opposed to the public interest, has probably been the means of preventing him from election on at least one occasion to the United States Senate. When he was nominated by President Harrison to be Minister to Germany, it was undoubtedly the same cause which insured his rejection in the Senate.

For many years the "Cincinnati Gazette" and the "Commercial" had continued an energetic rivalry. Their political attitude was very much the same, and there was everything to gain and little to lose by the consolidation of the two papers which occurred early in the eighties, with Mr. Halstead as editor-in-chief, and Mr. Richard Smith, of the "Gazette," as business Manager. Since 1884 Mr. Halstead has made his headquarters in Washington or New York; his editorial contributions going by telegraph to his paper and for several years past he has been editor of the Brooklyn "Standard Union," and has contributed very largely to other papers, his signed articles upon the money question in "The New York Herald" being notable examples of his ability as a writer and of his grasp of the great questions of the time. The amount of work turned off by such a writer is prodigious. He says that he has undoubtedly written and published an average of more than a million words a year for forty years. If put in book form this would make in the aggregate some five hundred volumes of good size.

Mr. Halstead was married in 1857 to Miss Mary Banks. They have four grown sons, all engaged in journalism; three younger ones, and three daughters. Their family life has been all that such life should be, and the present generation of the Halsteads bears every promise of maintaining the high standard of honest thought and persistent effort set by the florid faced man, whose large figure and massive head—hair and beard long since snow white—seem likely to be conspicuous in many presidential conventions yet to come, as they have been in almost every one for nearly half a century.

TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

(FROM ADDRESS ON THE MAXIMS, MARKETS, AND MISSIONS OF THE PRESS," DELIVERED BEFORE THE WISCONSIN PRESS ASSOCIATION, 1889.)

 E need to guard against ways of exclusiveness —against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One either gains or loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer "pole to knock the persimmons," it is because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability; that doesn't affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could as a citizen, a tax-payer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof, that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish the news, and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communications from young gentlemen in, or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is nothing one could know—neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure—perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultivated intuition of the Gospel—that would not be of servicegoing into newspaperdom. But it is beyond me to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the young man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper—and we know that young man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door—and we sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted—when, perhaps, the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the "Mound Builders" that he believed was the news of the day—and we don't like to speak unkindly to the young man. But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the commonplaces of encouragement. It is well to ask the young man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being). What is it that he knows how to do better than anyone else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. We must ask what the

young man wants to do? and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the young man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for somebody, and once in awhile he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the young man there are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The young man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market—and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker—this facile mechanism is not more changeable than the press itself, in its larger sense—and the one thing needful, first and last, is man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor are indispensable.

WHITELAW REID.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

THERE is an old adage which declares "fortune favors the brave." This seems to be eminently true in the case of Whitelaw Reid, than whose life few in American literature are more inspiring to the ambitious but poor youth struggling upward for recognition among his fellow-men; for it was by dint of hard work, heroic energy and unflagging perseverance that he has worked himself from the ranks of obscurity to one of the most prominent and honorable positions in modern journalism.

Whitelaw Reid was born near Xenia, Ohio, October 27, 1837. The principle of industry was early inculcated in his life; and, besides doing his share in the work of the family, he found so much time for study that he graduated from the Miami University before he was twenty years of age and was actively engaged in journalism and politics before his majority,—making speeches in the Fremont campaign on the Republican side,—and was made editor of the "Xenian News" when only twenty-one years of age. When the Civil War began, he had attained such a reputation as a newspaper writer that the "Cincinnati Gazette" sent him to the field as its special correspondent. He made his headquarters at Washington, and his letters concerned not only the war, but dwelt as well on the current politics. These attracted attention by their thorough information and pungent style. He made excursions to the army wherever there was prospect of active operation, was aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans and was present at the battles of Shiloh and Gettysburg. In 1863, he was elected Librarian of the House of Representatives at Washington, in which capacity he served until 1866. After the war, he engaged for one year in a cotton plantation in Louisiana and embodied the result of his observations in his first book entitled "After the War" (1867).

One of the most important of all the State histories of the Civil War is Mr. Reid's "Ohio in the War," which was issued in two volumes in 1868. It contained elaborate biographies of the chief Ohio participants of the army and a complete history of that State from 1861 to 1865. This work so attracted Horace Greeley, of the New York "Tribune," that he employed Mr. Reid as an editorial writer upon his paper, and the latter removed to New York City in 1868, and after Mr. Greeley's death, in 1872, succeded as editor-in-chief and principal owner of the "Tribune." "Schools of Journalism" appeared in 1871, and "Scholars in Politics" in 1873.

The Legislature of New York in 1878 manifested the popular esteem in which Mr. Reid was held by electing him to be a regent of the State University for life. He was also offered by President Hayes the post of Minister to Germany and a similar appointment by President Garfield, both of which he declined, preferring rather to devote his attention to his paper, which was one of the leading organs of the Republican Party in the United States. In 1879, Mr. Reid published a volume entitled "Some Newspaper Tendencies," and in 1881 appeared his book, "Town Hall Suggestions." During President Harrison's administration, though he had already twice declined a foreign portfolio, he accepted, in 1889, the United States mission to France. At the Republican Convention which met at Chicago in 1892, he was nominated for Vice-President of the United States and ran on the ticket with President Harrison.

Mr. Reid has a magnificent home in the vicinity of New York, where he delights with his charming family, consisting of a wife and several children, to entertain his friends. He has traveled extensively in foreign countries and many of the celebrities of Europe have enjoyed the hospitality of his palatial home. In 1897, Whitelaw Reid was appointed a special envoy to represent the United States at the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. His wife attended him on this mission, and, in company with the United States Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, they were the recipients of many honors, among which was an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Reid to visit the Queen on the afternoon of July 6, when they dined with Her Majesty, and, at her special request, slept that night in Windsor Castle. It may be of interest to state in this connection that, though Mr. Reid was the United States' special envoy, he and his secretaries are said to have paid their own expenses. This statement, if it be true, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Reid is a very wealthy man, evinces a liberality in the service of the government which should not pass unnoticed.

"PICTURES OF A LOUISIANA PLANTATION." *

(FROM "SOME SOUTHERN REMINISCENCES.")

I SPENT a year or two, after the close of the war in the Southern States, mostly on Louisiana and Alabama cotton-plantations; and I shall try to revive some recollections of that experience.

It was one of those perfect days which Louisianians get in February, instead of waiting, like poor Massachusetts Yankees, till June for them, when I crossed from Natchez to take possession of two or three river plantations on which I dreamed of making my fortune in a year. The road led directly down the levee. On the right rolled the Mississippi, still far below its banks, and giving no sign of the flood that a few months later was to drown our hopes. To the left stretched westward for a mile the unbroken expanse of cotton land, bounded by the dark fringe of cypress and the swamp. Through a drove of scrawny cattle and broken-down mules, pasturing on the rich Bermuda grass along the levee, under the lazy care of the one-armed "stock-minder," I made my way at last down a grassy lane to the broad-porched, many-windowed cottage propped up four or five feet from the damp soil by pillars of cypress, which the agent had called the "mansion." It looked out pleasantly from the foliage of a grove of China and pecan trees, and was flanked, on the one hand by a beautifully cultivated vegetable garden, several acres in extent, and on the other by the "quarters,"—a double row of cabins, each with two rooms and a projecting roof, covering an earthen-floored porch. A street, over-

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grown with grass and weeds, ran from the "mansion" down between the rows of cabins, and stopped at the plantation blacksmith and carpenter shop. Behind each cabin was a little garden, jealously fenced off from all the rest with the roughest of cypress pickets, and its gate guarded by an enormous padlock. "Niggers never trust one another about their gardens or hen-houses," explained the overseer, who was making me acquainted with my new home.

* * * * *

I rode out first, that perfect day, among the gang of a hundred and fifty negroes, who, on these plantations, were for the year to compromise between their respect and their newborn spirit of independence by calling me Mistah instead of Massa, there were no forebodings. Two "plough-gangs" and two "hoe-gangs" were slowly measuring their length along the two-mile front. Among each rode its own negro driver, sometimes lounging in his saddle with one leg lodged on the pommel, sometimes shouting sharp,



A COTTON FIELD IN LOUISIANA.

abrupt orders to the delinquents. In each plough-gang were fifteen scrawny mules, with corn-husk collars, gunny-bags, and bedcord plough-lines. The Calhoun ploughs (the favorite implement through all that region, then, and doubtless still, retaining the name given it long before war was dreamed of) were rather lazily managed by the picked hands of the plantation. Among them were several women, who proved among the best laborers of the gang. A quarter of a mile ahead a picturesque sight presented itself. A great crowd of women and children, with a few aged or weakly men among them, were scattered along the old cotton-rows, chopping down weeds, gathering together the trash that covered the land, and firing little heaps of it, while through the clouds of smoke came an incessant chatter of the girls, and an occasional snatch of a camp-meeting hymn from the elders. "Gib me some backey, please," was the first salutation I received. They were dressed in a stout blue cottonade, the skirts drawn up to the knees, and reefed in a loose bunch at the waists; brogans of incredible sizes covered their feet, and

there was a little waste of money on the useless decency of stockings, but gay bandannas were wound in profuse splendor around their heads.

The moment the sun disappeared every hoe was shouldered. Some took up army-blouses or stout men's overcoats, and drew them on; others gathered fragments of bark to kindle their evening fires, and balanced them nicely on their heads. In a moment the whole noisy crowd was filing across the plantation towards the quarters, joining the plough-gang, pleading for rides on the mules, or flirting with the drivers, and looking as much like a troop flocking to a circus or rustic fair as a party of weary farm-laborers. At the house the drivers soon reported their grievances. "Dem women done been squabblin' 'mong dei' selves dis a'ternoon, so I's hardly git any wuck at all out of 'em." "Fanny and Milly done got sick to-day; an' Sally heerd dat her husban's mustered out ob de army, an' she gone up to Natchez to fine him." "Dem sucklers ain't jus' wuf nuffin at all. 'Bout eight o'clock dey goes off to de quarters of deir babies, an' I don' nebber see nuffin mo' ob 'em till 'bout elebben. Den de same way in de a'ternoon, till I's sick ob de hull lot. De moody (Bermuda grass) mighty tough 'long heah, an' I could'nt make dem women put in deir hoes to suit me nohow." Presently men and women trooped up for the ticket representing their day's work. The women were soon busy preparing their supper of mess pork and early vegetables; while the plough-gang gathered about the overseer. "He'd done promise dem a drink o' wiskey, if dey'd finish dat cut, and dey'd done it." The whiskey was soon forthcoming, well watered with a trifle of Cayenne pepper to conceal the lack of spirit, and a little tobacco soaked in it to preserve the color. The most drank it down at a gulp from the glass into which, for one after another, the overseer poured "de lowance." A few, as their turns came, passed up tin cups and went off with their treasure, chuckling about "de splendid toddy we's hab to-night." Then came a little trade with the overseer at "the store." Some wanted a pound or two of sugar; others, a paper of needles or a bar of soap; many of the young men, "two bits' wuf" of candy or a brass ring. In an hour trade was over, and the quarters were as silent as a churchyard. But, next morning, at four o'clock, I was aroused by the shrill "driber's horn." Two hours later it was blown again, and, looking from my window just as the first rays of light came level across the field, I saw the women filing out, with their hoes, and the ploughmen leisurely sauntering down to the stables, each with corn-husk collar and bedcord plough-lines in his hands. The passion for whiskey among the negroes seemed universal. I never saw a man, woman or child, reckless young scapegrace or sanctimonious old preacher, among them, who would refuse it; and the most had no hesitancy in begging it whenever they could. Many of them spent half their earnings buying whiskey. That sold on any of the plantations I ever visited or heard of was always watered down at least one-fourth. Perhaps it was owing to this fact, though it seemed rather an evidence of unexpected powers of self-restraint, that so few were to be seen intoxicated.

During the two or three years in which I spent most of my time among them, seeing scores and sometimes hundreds in a day, I do not remember seeing more than one man absolutely drunk. He had bought a quart of whiskey, one Saturday night, at a low liquor shop in Natchez. Next morning early he attacked it, and in about an hour the whiskey and he were used up together. Hearing an unusual noise in the quarters, I walked down that way and found the plough-driver and the overseer both trying to quiet Horace. He was unable to stand alone, but he contrived to do a vast deal of shouting. As I approached, the driver said, "Horace, don't make so much noise; don't you see Mr. R.?" He looked around as if surprised at learning it.

"Boss, is dat you?"

"Yes."

"Boss, I's drunk; boss, I's 'shamed o' myself! but I's drunk! I 'sarve good w'ipping. Boss,—boss, s–s–slap me in de face, boss."

I was not much disposed to administer the "slapping;" but Horace kept repeating, with a drunken man's persistency, "Slap me in de face, boss; please, boss." Finally I did give him a ringing cuff on the ear. Horace jerked off his cap, and ducked down his head with great respect, saying, "T'ank you, boss." Then, grinning his maudlin smile, he threw open his arms as if to embrace me, and exclaimed, "Now kiss me, boss!" Next morning Horace was at work with the rest, and though he bought many quarts of whiskey afterwards, I never saw him drunk again.

ALBERT SHAW.

EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

IT seems, sometimes, that the influence of the editor has departed, and that notwithstanding the survival of a few men like Halstead and Reid, who helped to make the papers which moulded public opinion thirty years ago, the newspaper fills no such place as it did in the day of their prime, but a different place, not a lower or a less important one. Among the men who through the medium of the press are doing most to promote the spread of intelligence, and particularly to further the cause of good government and to elevate the civic life of our country, Albert Shaw fills a prominent place.

Dr. Shaw is a young man of Western birth, tall and slender in figure, with a keen eye, a quick and rather nervous manner, and features expressing in an unusual degree intelligence, energy, and character. Born in Ohio, the central West, Dr. Shaw represents a catholicity of feeling and knowledge which very few Americans possess. He knows the whole country. He is not distinctly an Eastern man, a Western man, or a man of the Pacific slope: he is a man of America. He knows the characteristics of each section, its strength and its weakness. With New England blood in his veins, but with the energizing influences of the West about his boyhood, Dr. Shaw graduated at Iowa College, the oldest institution of its class west of the Mississippi. During his college life the future journalist and writer devoted a great deal of time to the study of literature and of literary style, disclosing very early two qualities which are pre-eminently characteristic of him to-day, lucidity and directness. After graduation Dr. Shaw began his professional life as editor of "The Grinnell Herald," a position which enabled him to master all the mechanical and routine work of journalism.

His aims were not the aims of the ordinary journalist. He saw with unusual clearness the possibilities of his profession, and he saw also that he needed a wider educational basis. His interest in social and political topics was the interest of a man of philosophic mind, eager to learn the principles and not simply to record the varying aspects from day to day. In order the better to secure the equipment of which he felt the need, he entered the Johns Hopkins University and took a post-graduate course. It was during his residence in Baltimore that he met Professor Bryce, who recognized his rare ability and intelligence, and who used his unusually large knowledge of social and political conditions in the country. While carrying on his special studies at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Shaw joined the

editorial staff of the Minneapolis daily "Tribune." After receiving the degree of Ph. D. in 1884, he removed permanently to Minneapolis, and took his place at the head of the staff of the "Tribune." His work almost at once attracted attention. Its breadth, its thoroughness, its candor, and its ability were of a kind which made themselves recognized on the instant. Four years later Dr. Shaw spent a year and a half studying social and political conditions in Europe, traveling extensively and devoting much time to the examination of the condition of municipalities. It was this study which has borne fruit in the two volumes on Municipal Government which have come from the press of the Century Company, and which have given Dr. Shaw the first rank as an authority on these matters. When the "Review of Reviews" was established in this country in 1891, Dr. Shaw became its editor, and his success in the management of this very important periodical has justified the earlier expectations entertained by his friends, for he has given the "Review of Reviews" a commanding position. He is one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint, who are thoroughly equipped for it, and who regard themselves as standing in a responsible relation to a great and intelligent public. Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is pre-eminently full, candid, and unpartisan; his discussion of principles is broad-minded, rational, and persuasive. He is entirely free from the short-sighted partisanship of the great majority of newspaper editors, and he appreciates to the full the power of intelligent, judicial statement. His opinions, for this reason, carry great weight, and it is not too much to say that he has not his superior in the field of American journalism.

RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST.

LET us imagine a man from the East who has visited the Northwestern States and Territories at some time between the years 1870 and 1875, and who retains a strong impression of what he saw, but who has not been west of Chicago since that time, until, in the World's Fair year he determines upon a new exploration of Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. However well informed he had tried to keep himself through written descriptions and statistical records of Western progress, he would see what nothing but the evidence of his own eyes could have made him believe to be possible. Iowa in 1870 was already producing a large crop of cereals, and was inhabited by a thriving, though very new, farming population. But the aspect of the country was bare and uninviting, except in the vicinity of the older communities on the Mississippi River. As one advanced across the State the farm-houses were very small, and looked like isolated dry-goods boxes; there were few well-built barns or farm buildings; and the struggling young cottonwood and soft-maple saplings planted in close groves about the tiny houses were so slight an obstruction to the sweep of vision across the open prairie that they only seemed to emphasize the monotonous stretches of fertile, but uninteresting plain. Now the landscape is wholly transformed. A railroad ride in June through the best parts of Iowa reminds one of a ride through some of the pleasantest farming districts of England. The primitive "claim shanties" of thirty years ago have given place to commodious farm-houses flanked by great barns and hay-ricks, and the well-appointed structures of a prosperous agriculture. In the rich, deep meadows herds of fine-blooded cattle are grazing. What was once a blank, dreary landscape is now garden-like and inviting. The poor little saplings of the earlier days, which seemed to be apologizing to the robust corn-stalks in the neighboring fields, have grown on that deep soil into great, spreading trees. One can easily imagine, as he looks off in every direction and notes a wooded horizon, that he is—as in Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky—in a farming region

which has been cleared out of primeval forests. There are many towns I might mention which twenty-five years ago, with their new, wooden shanties scattered over the bare face of the prairie, seemed the hottest place on earth as the summer sun beat upon their unshaded streets and roofs, and seemed the coldest places on earth when the fierce blizzards of winter swept unchecked across the prairie expanses. To-day the density of shade in those towns is deemed of positive detriment to health, and for several years past there has been a systematic thinning out and trimming up of the great, clustering elms. Trees of from six to ten feet in girth are found everywhere by the hundreds of thousands. Each farm-house is sheltered from winter winds by its own dense groves. Many of the farmers are able from the surplus growth of wood upon their estates to provide themselves with a large and regular supply of fuel. If I have dwelt at some length upon this picture of the transformation of the bleak, grain-producing Iowa prairies of thirty years ago into the dairy and live-stock farms of to-day, with their fragrant meadows and ample groves, it is because the picture is one which reveals so much as to the nature and meaning of Northwestern progress.

The tendency to rely upon united public action is illustrated in the growth of Northwestern educational systems. The universities of these commonwealths are State universities. Professional education is under the State auspices and control. The normal schools and the agricultural schools belong to the State. The public high school provides intermediate instruction. The common district school, supported jointly by local taxation and State subvention, gives elementary education to the children of all classes. As the towns grow the tendency to graft manual and technical courses upon the ordinary public school curriculum is unmistakably strong. The Northwest, more than any other part of the country, is disposed to make every kind of education a public function.

Radicalism has flourished in the homogeneous agricultural society of the Northwest. In the anti-monopoly conflict there seemed to have survived some of the intensity of feeling that characterized the anti-slavery movement; and a tinge of this fanatical quality has always been apparent in the Western and Northwestern monetary heresies. But it is in the temperance movement that this sweep of radical impulse has been most irresistible. It was natural that the movement should become political and take the form of an agitation for prohibition. The history of prohibition in Iowa, Kansas and the Dakotas, and of temperance legislation in Minnesota and Nebraska, reveals—even better perhaps than the history of the anti-monopoly movement—the radicalism, homogeneity, and powerful socializing tendencies of the Northwestern people. Between these different agitations there has been in reality no slight degree of relationship; at least their origin is to be traced to the same general condition of society.

The extent to which a modern community resorts to State action depends in no small measure upon the accumulation of private resources. Public or organized initiative will be relatively strongest where the impulse to progress is positive but the ability of individuals is small. There are few rich men in the Northwest. Iowa, great as is the Hawkeye State, has no large city and no large fortunes. Of Kansas the same thing may be said. The Dakotas have no rich men and no cities. Minnesota has Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Nebraska has Omaha; but otherwise these two States are farming communities, without large cities or concentrated private capital. Accordingly the recourse to public action is comparatively easy. South Dakota farmers desire to guard against drought by opening artesian wells for irrigation. They resort to State legislation and the sale of county bonds. North Dakota wheat growers are unfortunate in the failure of crops. They secure seed-wheat through State action and their county governments. A similarity of condition fosters associated action, and facilitates the progress of popular movements.

In such a society the spirit of action is intense. If there are few philosophers, there is remarkable diffusion of popular knowledge and elementary education. The dry atmosphere and the cold winters are nerve-stimulants, and life seems to have a higher tension and velocity than in other parts of the country.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE POPULAR NOVELIST AND CONTRIBUTOR.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has inherited much of his father's literary ability. His recent celebrity has been largely due to his success in portraying to the readers of popular magazines facts of world-wide interest like the famine in India, but to the special power of vivid statement which belongs to the newspaper reporter, he joins the imaginative power which enables him to recognize the materials of romance and the gift of clear and graceful expression. He is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and was born in Boston in 1846. He traveled abroad with his parents, returning and entering Harvard in 1863. His college life seems to have been devoted more to athletics than to serious learning. He took up the study of civil engineering and went to Dresden to carry it on, but the Franco-Prussian war breaking out while he was visiting at home, he found employment as an engineer under General George B. McClellan in the department of docks in New York. He began soon after to write stories and sketches for the magazines, and losing his position in 1872, he determined to devote himself to literature. He now went abroad, living for several years, first in England and then in Dresden, and again in England, where he remained until 1881, and then after a short stay in Ireland, returned to New York. A number of his stories were published while he was abroad. Of these the most important were "Bressant" and "Idolatry." For two years he was connected with the London "Spectator," and he contributed to the "Contemporary Review" a series of sketches called "Saxon Studies," which were afterwards published in book form. The novel "Garth" followed and collections of stories and novelettes entitled "The Laughing Mill;" "Archibald Malmaison;" "Ellice Quentin;" "Prince Saroni's Wife;" and the "Yellow Cap" fairy stories. These were all published abroad, but a part of them were afterward reprinted in America. Later he published "Sebastian Strome;" "Fortune's Fool," and in 1884 "Dust" and "Noble Blood." On his return to America he edited his father's posthumous romance "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," and prepared the biography of his father and mother. Since that time he has contributed a large number of stories and sketches to magazines. His most recent work has been an expedition to India to write for American periodicals an account of the famine in that country. One of our extracts is taken from this account and will very adequately illustrate his power of telling things so that his readers can see them with his eyes. Mr. Hawthrone's activity does

not abate and his friends and admirers expect from him even better work than he has yet done.

THE WAYSIDE AND THE WAR.*

(FROM "NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.")

IT was a hot day towards the close of June, 1860, when Hawthorne alighted from a train at Concord station, and drove up in the railway wagon to the Wayside. The fields looked brown, the trees were dusty, and the sun white and brilliant. At certain seasons in Concord the heat stagnates and simmers, until it seems as if nothing but a grasshopper could live. The water in the river is so warm that to bathe in it is merely to exchange one kind of heat for another. The very shadow of the trees is torrid; and I have known the thermometer to touch 112° in the shade. No breeze stirs throughout the long sultry day; and the feverish nights bring mosquitoes, but no relief. To come from the salt freshness of the Atlantic into this living oven is a startling change, especially when one has his memory full of cool, green England. Such was America's first greeting to Hawthorne, on his return from a seven years' absence; it was to this that he had looked forward so lovingly and so long. As he passed one little wooden house after another, with their white clap boards and their green blinds, perhaps he found his thoughts not quite so cloudless as the sky. It is dangerous to have a home; too much is required of it.

The Wayside, however, was not white, it was painted a dingy buff color. The larches and Norway pines, several hundred of which had been sent out from England, were planted along the paths, and were for the most part doing well. The well-remembered hillside, with its rude terraces, shadowed by apple-trees, and its summit green with pines, rose behind the house; and in front, on the other side of the highway, extended a broad meadow of seven acres, bounded by a brook, above which hung drooping willows. It was, upon the whole, as pleasant a place as any in the village, and much might be done to enhance its beauty. It had been occupied, during our absence, by a brother of Mrs. Hawthorne; and the house itself was in excellent order, and looked just the same as in our last memory of it. A good many alterations have been made since then; another story was added to the western wing, the tower was built up behind, and two other rooms were put on in the rear. These changes, together with some modifications about the place, such as opening up of paths, the cutting down of some trees, and the planting of others, were among the last things that engaged Hawthorne's attention in this life.

FIRST MONTHS IN ENGLAND.*

FROM "NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE."

WE are told, truly enough, that goodness does not always command good fortune in this world, that just hopes are often deferred until it is too late to enjoy their realization, that fame and honor only discover a man after he has ceased to value them; and a large and respectable portion of modern fiction is occupied in impressing these sober lessons upon us. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to believe that sometimes fate condescends not to be so unmitigable, and that a cloudy and gusty morning does occasionally brighten into a sunny and genial afternoon. Too long a course of apparently perverse and unreasonable accidents bewilders the mind, and the few and fleeting gleams of compensation seem a mockery. One source of the perennial charm of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is, I think, that in it the dividing line between the good and the bad fortune is so distinctly drawn. Just when a man has done his utmost, and all seems lost, Providence steps in, brings aid from the most unexpected quarter, and kindles everything into brighter and ever brighter prosperity. The action and reaction are positive and complete, and we arise refreshed and comforted from the experience.

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It was somewhat thus with Hawthorne, though the picture of his career is to be painted in a lower and more delicate tone than that of Goldsmith's brilliant little canvas. Up to the time of publication of "The Scarlet Letter," his external circumstances had certainly been growing more and more unpromising; though, on the other hand, his inner domestic life had been full of the most vital and tender satisfactions. But the date of his first popular success in literature also marks the commencement of a worldly prosperity which, though never by any means splendid (as we shall presently see), at any rate sufficed to allay the immediate anxiety about to-morrow's bread-and-butter, from which he had not hitherto been free. The three American novels were written and published in rapid succession, and were reprinted in England, the first two being pirated; but for the last, "The Blithedale Romance," two hundred pounds were obtained from Messrs. Chapman and Hall for advance sheets. There is every reason to believe that during the ensuing years other romances would have been written; and perhaps they would have been as good as, or better than, those that went before. But it is vain to speculate as to what might have been. What actually happened was that Hawthorne was appointed United States Consul to Liverpool, and for six years to come his literary exercises were confined to his consular despatches and to six or eight volumes of his English, French and Italian Journals. It was a long abstinence; possibly it was a beneficent one. The production of such books as "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables" cannot go on indefinitely; though they seem to be easily written when they *are* written, they represent a great deal of the writer's spiritual existence. At all events, it is better to write too little than too much.

THE HORRORS OF THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

(FROM THE "COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.")

I MET the local inspectors at the railway station leading a horse which they had kindly provided for me. We made a tour of half a dozen villages, alighting to investigate anything that appeared suspicious. The first and largest of the villages rambles along on either side of a street scarcely wider than an ordinary footpath. The houses were mud huts, whitewashed, or built of a kind of rubble, with the roofs of loose tiles common in India. Cocoa palms were numerous all over the region, and there were solid groves of them outside the settlements, coming down to the water's edge. The inhabitants for the most part professed the Roman Catholic faith; crosses stood at every meeting of the ways, and priests in black gowns with wide-brimmed black hats stole past us occasionally. Of native inhabitants, however, we saw very few; those who were not in the graveyards had locked up their houses and fled the town. All the houses in which death or sickness had occurred had been already visited by the inspectors, emptied of their contents and disinfected. Those which were still occupied were kept under strict supervision. One which had been occupied the day before was now found to be shut. The inspectors called up a native and questioned him. From his replies it appeared that there had been symptoms of the disease. We dismounted and made an examination. Every door and window was fastened, but by forcing open a blind we were able to see the interior. It was empty of life and of most of the movable furniture; but the floor of dried mud was strewn with the dead carcasses of rats. Undoubtedly the plague had been here. The house was marked for destruction, and we proceeded. * *

Low, flat ledges of rock extended into the sea. A group of creatures in loin-cloths and red turbans were squatting or moving about between two or three heaps of burning timber. These were made of stout logs piled across one another to a height of about four feet. Half-way in the pile was placed a human body; it was not entirely covered by the wood, but a leg projected here, an arm there. The flames blazed up fiercely, their flickering red tongues contrasting with the pale blue of the calm sea beyond. The smoke arose thick and unctuous, and, fortunately, was carried seaward. One of the pyres had burnt down to white ashes, and nothing recognizable as human remained. The people whose bodies were here burned had died in the segregation huts the night before.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has shown a marvelous skill in seeing the world, in travel, and of describing it as he sees it. He is not a profound student of the mystery of the human mind, but he possesses in high degree and in rare quality an instinct of selection, a clear sense of an artistic situation in a group of more or less ordinary circumstances and a gift in interesting description. He is, in short, a very clever newspaper reporter who has transferred his field of service from the region of the actual to the realm of the imaginary. His reputation, however, is about equally divided between his works of description and travel and his stories of a more imaginative order, though in both classes of writings, he is above everything else a describer of what he has seen.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1864, the son of L. Clark Davis, an editor of reputation, and Rebecca Harding Davis, the author of many good stories, so that the child had a literary inheritance and an hereditary bent for letters. He studied for three years in Lehigh University and one year in Johns Hopkins, after which he began his interesting career as a journalist, serving successively "The Record," "Press," and "Telegraph" of Philadelphia. On his return from a European trip, he became connected with the New York "Evening Sun," for which he wrote the famous series of "Van Bibber Sketches."

The story, however, which gave him his first real fame was "Gallegher," the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, though, as is true of all his stories, locality plays but little part in his tales, modes of life and not scenery being the main feature.

He describes the happy-go-lucky life of the young club man, adventures in saloons, and scenes among burglars with remarkable realism, for as reporter he lived for a time among the "reprobates," in disguise, to make a careful study of their manner of life. Again when he describes "The West from a Car Window," he is giving scenes which he saw and types of life which he closely observed. His books always have the distinctive mark of spirit; they are full of life and activity, everything moves on and something "happens." This is as true of his books of travel as of his stories. He has traveled extensively, and he has given descriptions of most of his journeys.

Beside "The West from a Car Window" he has written, with the same reportorial skill and fidelity to observed facts, a book of descriptions of life and manners in the East, with scenes and incidents at Gibraltar and Tangiers, in Cairo, Athens and Constantinople.

He has also produced a book of travels in England, which touches rather the surface of English life than the deeper traits of character which Emerson has so faithfully described. Davis writes as reporter of what is easily observed, while the other writes as philosopher. His latest collection of stories which shows his story-telling faculties at their best is called "The Exiles and Other Stories." His most recent service as a journalist was as correspondent of "The London Times," with the Greek forces during their recent humiliating conflict with the Turks. The selection given below will illustrate his vigorous style and the vivid character of his descriptions.

THE GREEK DEFENCE OF VELESTINO.

(FROM THE "LONDON TIMES.")

THERE is a round hill to the north of the town, standing quite alone. It has a perfectly flat top, and its proportions are exactly those of a giant bucket set upside down. We found the upper end of this bucket crowded with six mountain guns [there was one other correspondent with Mr. Davis at the time], and the battery was protesting violently. When it had uttered its protest the guns would throw themselves into the air, and would turn a complete somersault, as though with delight at the mischief they had done, or would whirl themselves upon one wheel while the other spun rapidly in the air. Lieutenant Ambroise Frantzis was in command of the battery. It was he who had repulsed a Turkish cavalry charge of a few days before with this same battery, and he was as polite and calm and pleased with his excitable little guns as though they weighed a hundred tons each, and could send a shell nine miles instead of a scant three thousand yards.

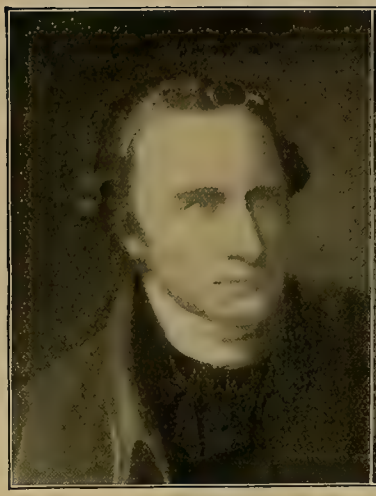
"From this hill there was nothing to be seen of the Turks but puffs of smoke in the plain, so we slid down its steep side and clambered up the ridges in front of us, where long rows of infantry were outlined against the sky. . . . A bare-headed peasant boy, in dirty white petticoats, who seemed to consider the engagement in the light of an entertainment, came dancing down the hill to show us the foot-paths that led up the different ridges. He was one of the villagers who had not run away or who was not farther up the valley, taking pot-shots at the hated Turks from behind rocks. He talked and laughed as he ran ahead of us, with many gestures, and imitated mockingly the sound of the bullets, and warned us with grave solicitude to be careful, as though he was in no possible danger himself. I saw him a great many times during the day, guiding company after company through the gulleys, and showing them how to advance protected by the slope of the hills—a self-constituted scout—and with much the manner of a landed proprietor escorting visitors over his estate. And whenever a shell struck near him, he would run and retrieve the pieces, and lay them triumphantly at the feet of the officers, like a little fox-terrier that has scampered after a stick and brought it to his master's feet.

"The men in the first trench—which was the only one which gave us a clear view of the Turkish forces—received us with cheerful nods and scraped out a place beside them, and covered the moist earth with their blankets. They exhibited a sort of childish pride and satisfaction at being under fire; and so far from showing the nervousness and shattered morale which had been prophesied for them after the rout at Larissa, they appeared on the contrary more than content. As the day wore on, they became even languidly bored with it all, and some sang in a low crooning tone, and others, in spite of the incessant rush of the shells, dozed in the full glare of the sun, and still others lay humped and crouched against the earthworks when the projectiles tore up the earth on the hill behind us. But when the order came to fire, they would scramble to their knees with alacrity, and many of them would continue firing on their own account, long after the whistle had sounded to cease firing. Some of the officers walked up and down, and directed the men in the trenches at their feet with the air of judges or time-keepers at an athletic meeting, who were observing a tug-of-war. Others exposed

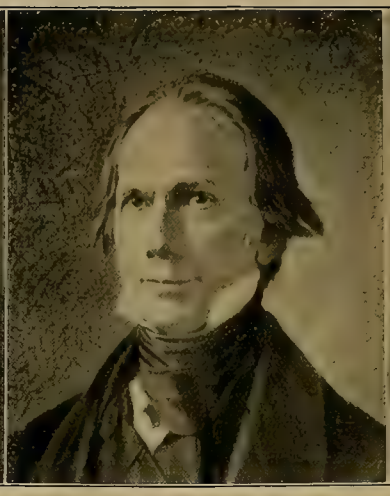
themselves in what looked like a spirit of braggadocio, for they moved with a swagger and called upon the men to notice how brave they were. Other officers rose only when it was necessary to observe some fresh movement upon the part of the enemy, and they did this without the least haste and simply as a part of their work, and regarded the bullets that instantly beset them as little as if they were so many flies.

"A Turkish soldier dragging a mule loaded with ammunition had appeared a quarter of a mile below us, and at sight of him the soldiers at once recognized that there was something tangible, something that could show some sign if they hit it. The white smoke they had aimed at before had floated away, but at the sight of this individual soldier the entire line ceased firing at the enemy's trenches, and opened on the unhappy Turk and his mule, and as the dust spurted up at points nearer and nearer to where he stood, their excitement increased in proportion, until, when he gave the mule a kick and ran for his life, there was a triumphant shout all along the line, as though they had repulsed a regiment. That one man and his load of ammunition had for a few minutes represented to them the entire Turkish army.

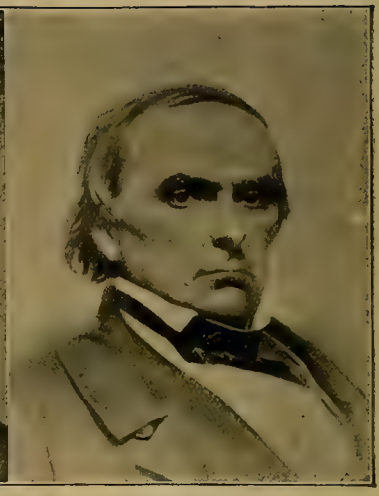
"As the Turks suddenly appeared below us, clambering out of a long gully, it was as though they had sprung from the earth. On the moment the smiling landscape changed like a scene at a theatre, and hundreds of men rose from what had apparently been deserted hilltops, and stood outlined in silhoutte against the sunset, waves of smoke ran from crest to crest, spitting flashes of red flame, and men's voices shrieked and shouted, and the Turkish shells raced each other so fiercely that they beat out the air until it groaned. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs springing at each other's throats, and, in a greater degree, it had something of the sound of two wild animals struggling for life. Volley answered volley as though with personal hate—one crashing in upon the roll of the other, or beating it out of recognition with the bursting roar of heavy cannon; and to those who could do nothing but lie face downwards and listen to it, it seemed as though they had been caught in a burning building, and that the walls and roof were falling in on them. I do not know how long it lasted —probably not more than five minutes, although it seemed much longer than that—but finally the death-grip seemed to relax, the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath, the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by, and from hilltop to hilltop the officers' whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks had been driven back, and for the fourth day the Greeks had held Velestino successfully against them."



PATRICK HENRY.



HENRY CLAY.



DANIEL WEBSTER.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.



JOHN B. GOUGH.



HENRY W. GRADY.



CHAUNCY M. DEPEW.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.



EDWARD EVERETT.

GREAT AMERICAN ORATORS AND POPULAR LECTURERS.

PATRICK HENRY.

THE GREATEST ORATOR OF COLONIAL TIMES.

"I HEARD the splendid display of Mr. Henry's talents as a popular orator," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "they were great indeed, such as I have never heard from any other man. He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote."

Few men in the history of the world have possessed in a degree equal to that of Patrick Henry, the power to move men's minds and to influence their actions, but it was not until he was twenty-seven years old that his oratorical powers became known. He was a native Virginian of distinguished parentage and good education. He married very young, and tried farming and merchandising before he decided to become a lawyer, when he came at once into a large practice. He was engaged in 1763 to defend the Colony against the suit of a minister of the Established Church, brought to recover his salary which had been fixed at sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. A failure of the crop had made the tobacco exceedingly valuable, and the Colonial Legislature had passed a law requiring the ministers to take money payment at the rate of two pence per pound. This act had not been approved by the King, and in his speech on this occasion, Mr. Henry boldly proclaimed the principles which afterward led to the Declaration of Independence, declaring that "the King by disallowing acts of a salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience." From that day the fame of Patrick Henry, as a popular orator, spread throughout the Colonies. His famous speech, two years later, in the House of Burgesses, resulted in the passing of resolutions defining the rights of the Colonies and pronouncing the "Stamp Act" unconstitutional. The public mind was so inflamed that open resistance was everywhere made and the enforcement of the tax became impossible. Mr. Henry was now the leader of his Colony. He was concerned in all the principal movements during the trying times until 1774, when he was foremost in the movement which resulted in the calling of the Continental Congress. Being a delegate to the Congress, he opened its deliberations by a speech in which he declared: "I am not a Virginian, but an American," and this broad patriotism characterized his speech and actions throughout his life. On the outbreak of the war, he was made Commander of the forces raised in Virginia; but when these troops became a part of the Continental Army, his lack of military experience prevented his continuance in so high a command and he retired to civil life.

He became the first Governor of Virginia and was re-elected several times. Among his distinguished services was the sending out of the expedition which conquered the territory northwest of the Ohio, which territory now embraces the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. He early saw the defects in the Articles of Confederation and favored the formation of a stronger government. He thought the plan of the Constitution gave too much power to the general government; but his objections were largely removed by the first eleven amendments and he gave a hearty support to the administration of President Washington. When the Alien and Sedition Laws were meeting with great opposition and there was danger of an attempt on the part of Virginia to resist their further execution, he strongly opposed such action, and, although he did not approve of the laws, and urged the use of every possible means to effect their repeal, he secured his election to the Legislature for the purpose of advocating submission to the authority of the general government. Before he had taken his seat, his life came to a close.

Mr. Henry was a devoted Christian and lived a life consistent with that high profession. His services to the cause of civil liberty can hardly be overstated. His powers have been testified to by many men of great culture and ability, and John Randolph, of Roanoke, declared that he was the greatest orator that ever lived and spoke of him as "Shakespeare and Garrick combined."

RESISTANCE TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.

Delivered before the Virginia Convention, March 23, 1775, in support of resolutions he had introduced, providing that the colony should immediately be put in a state of defence against British aggression. Of the effect of this speech, Mr. Wirt says, that, when Henry took his seat, at its close, "No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry *to arms!* seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action."

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any

other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

THE WAR INEVITABLE, MARCH, 1775.

(*Continuation of the foregoing.*)

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

HENRY CLAY.

"THE GREAT PACIFICATOR."

IT is impossible within the necessary limits of this article to give anything like a satisfactory account of the life and services of the "Great Pacificator." For nearly fifty years he took a prominent part in the discussion of every public question. In a time whose dangers and difficulties were so great that the most far-seeing statesmen almost despaired of the future of our country, it was to Henry Clay that all eyes were turned, and it was to him that we owe the postponement of the great conflict of 1861 almost for a generation.

Clay was a native of Hanover County, Virginia; born in 1777. His father dying when he was four years old, the future statesman lived a life of great hardship, toil and poverty. He had almost no education, and at fourteen he was placed in a drug store in Richmond, where he served for a year as errand boy. His mother having remarried, her husband obtained for Henry a clerkship in the office of the Court of Chancery. While here he studied law, and, believing that his chances of success would be better in the West, he followed his mother and stepfather to Kentucky, and opened an office in Lexington. His success was immediate, and he was soon possessed of a lucrative practice and of a position of great influence.

In 1799 Clay married Miss Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a gentleman of prominent standing in the State. His prosperity rapidly increased, and he was soon able to purchase "Ashland," an estate of some six hundred acres near Lexington, which afterwards became famous as the home of Henry Clay. In 1806 Mr. Clay was elected to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States. Returning to Kentucky, he became a member of the Kentucky Legislature, where he took a leading part. Again, in 1809, he was sent to the United States Senate, but it may be said that his public life properly began in 1811 as a member of the House of Representatives. He was immediately elected Speaker, and so distinguished himself in that office that it is sometimes said that he was the best presiding officer that any deliberative body in America has ever known, even down to the present time. It was to him more than to any other individual that we owe the War of 1812, and when President Madison, discouraged at the failures of the National armies in the first year of that war, was about to appoint Clay commander-in-chief of the land forces, he was persuaded not to do so because he could not be spared from the House of Representatives. In 1814 Mr. Clay was one of the commissioners to arrange

the terms of peace with England. Returning from Europe, he remained Speaker of the House of Representatives until 1825, when he became Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. During this time the great conflict over slavery began. The introduction of the cotton-gin had made slavery profitable, and the sentiment of the South, which at the time of the Revolutionary War had apparently favored the gradual doing away with that system, now insisted upon its extension; but while Southern sentiment had progressed in this way, the feelings of the North had grown in the opposite direction, and the increasing importance of the North and its approaching predominance in the government, made Southern politicians anxious about the future of their peculiar institution. The conflict broke forth in 1818, when Missouri asked to be admitted to the Union. "It was," said Thomas Jefferson, describing the suddenness with which the danger appeared, "like the ringing of a fire-bell in the night." It was the most dangerous crisis which had yet occurred in the history of the government. It was to the genius of Henry Clay that the ship of State was successfully steered out of these waters. The famous "Missouri Compromise" admitting one free State—Maine—and one slave State—Missouri—at the same time and enacting that no other slave State should be formed north of latitude thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, which was the southern boundary line of Missouri, seemed likely to solve the difficult question, and certainly postponed the conflict.

The disappointment of Henry Clay's life was his failure to be elected President. He was a candidate in 1824, but with little hope of success, and when his party, in 1840, found conditions favorable for the election of their candidate, the popularity of General Jackson had convinced the party managers that success demanded a military hero as a candidate, and accordingly General Harrison took the place which belonged by right to Clay. When he was again nominated, 1844, the slavery question had again assumed so dangerous a form that it prevented his election. He was a slave-holder, and so could not receive the votes of the Liberty Party; he was opposed to the extension of slavery, and, therefore, not satisfactory to the South. Although the situation was evident to the party managers, a large majority of the people expected Clay to be elected, and when the news of his defeat came the public sorrow was greater than has ever been manifested for such a cause.

Returning to the Senate, Mr. Clay completed his public services by accomplishing the famous "Compromise of 1850," which is believed to have postponed for ten years the Civil War. He was now an old man, but his labors for the preservation of the Union were untiring. On the morning when he began the great speech of that session, he was so weak that he had to be assisted to climb the steps of the Capitol. He was aware that the exertion would probably shorten his life; but under the fear that if he did not complete the speech at that time he would never be able to resume it, he determined to continue. He spoke for two days with the force, pathos and the grandeur possible only to the greatest orators. The underlying thought of his speech was the unity of the nation and the paramount allegiance owed by her citizens, not to a single State; but to the country. Although he lived two years longer, he never recovered from the effort.

Probably no man was ever more fondly loved, probably no man was so nearly worshipped. An Englishwoman, traveling in America, in 1844, wrote that three-quarters of all the boys born in that year must have been named Henry Clay.

"Whatever Clay's weakness of character and errors in statesmanship may have been," says Carl Schurz, "almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism." It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote, "If anyone desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of the Union will furnish him the key."

DEFENCE OF JEFFERSON, 1813.

NEXT to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French emperor, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, of whom I am sorry to say, it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, sir! In 1801, he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated Constitution of his country,—and *that* is his crime. He preserved that instrument, in form, and substance, and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come, and for *this* he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence, upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No! his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides, than is this illustrious man, by the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex kennel. When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors,—when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto,—the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs in American history!

REPLY TO JOHN RANDOLPH.

(FROM SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 1834.)

SIR, I am growing old. I have had some little measure of experience in public life, and the result of that experience has brought me to this conclusion, that when business, of whatever nature, is to be transacted in a deliberate assembly, or in private life, courtesy, forbearance, and moderation, are best calculated to bring it to a successful conclusion. Sir, my age admonishes me to abstain from involving myself in personal difficulties; would to God that I could say, I am also restrained by higher motives. I certainly never sought any collision with the gentleman from Virginia. My situation at this time is peculiar, if it be nothing else, and might, I should think, dissuade, at least, a generous heart from any wish to draw me into circumstances of personal altercation. I have experienced this magnanimity from some quarters of the House. But I regret that from others it appears to have no such consideration.

The gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say that in one point, at least, he coincided with me—in an humble estimate of my grammatical and philological acquirements. I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But,

however, I regret my want of ability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say, it is not greater than the disappointment of this committee as to the strength of his argument. It is not a few abstractions engrossed on parchment, that make free governments. No, sir; the law of liberty must be inscribed on the heart of the citizen: THE WORD, if I must use the expression without irreverence, MUST BECOME FLESH. You must have a whole people trained, disciplined, bred,—yea, and born,—as our fathers were, to institutions like ours.

Before the Colonies existed, the Petition of Rights, that Magna Charta of a more enlightened age, had been presented, in 1628, by Lord Coke and his immortal compeers. Our founders brought it with them, and we have not gone one step beyond them. They brought these maxims of civil liberty, not in their libraries, but in their souls; not as philosophical prattle, not as barren generalities, but as rules of conduct; as a symbol of public duty and private right, to be adhered to with religious fidelity; and the very first pilgrim that set his foot upon the rock of Plymouth stepped forth a LIVING CONSTITUTION, armed at all points to defend and to perpetuate the liberty to which he had devoted his whole being.

ON RECOGNIZING THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE, 1824.

ARE we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained the earth, or shocked high Heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens; if the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetuated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid,—that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a People. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make:—"In the month of January in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold, unfeeling apathy the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States,—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets,—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer for Grecian success; while the whole Continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate-houses will be resounding with one burst of generous sympathy;—in the year of our Lord and Saviour,—that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us, a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies;—and it was rejected!"

Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of scimitars and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE DEFENDER OF NATIONAL UNION.

AMONG the men who may properly be called the makers of the nation, Daniel Webster holds a foremost place. If Washington was "the father of his country," and Lincoln its "saviour," it may also be said that it was Webster, more than any other one man, who laid down the principles upon which it was made possible for the nation to endure; for it was he who maintained that the Federal Constitution created not a league, but a nation, thus enunciating far in advance the theories which were wrought into our constitutional law at the expense of a long and bloody Civil War.

The life of Daniel Webster extended from 1782 until 1852. His father was one of the brave men who fought at Lexington, and Daniel was the youngest of ten children who were compelled very early in life to share in the labor of supporting the family on a rocky New Hampshire farm. Working in his father's sawmill, he used the time while the saw was going through the log in devouring a book. His abilities were very remarkable and the fame of "Webster's boy" was known far and wide. His memory was very extraordinary. In a competition between the boys of his school in committing to memory verses in the Bible, the teacher heard him repeat some sixty or seventy which he had committed between Saturday and Monday and was then obliged to give up as Webster declared that there were several chapters more that he had learned. By means of great sacrifice on the part of the entire family, Daniel was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy, and, by teaching school in vacations, made his way through Dartmouth College. He took up the study of law and was admitted to practice in 1805.

There was something in Mr. Webster's appearance and bearing which must have been very majestic. He seemed to everyone to be a giant; but as his proportions were not those of an unusually large man, his majestic appearance must have been due to something within which shone out through his piercing eyes and spoke in his finely cut and noble features. It is said that he never punished his children, but, when they did wrong, he would send for them and silently look at them, and the sorrow or the anger of the look was reproach enough.

Webster was a lawyer, an orator and a statesman. As a lawyer, his most famous arguments are those in the "Dartmouth College Case," the "White Murder Case" and the "Steamboat Case," as they are called. A part of his speech in the "Murder Case" is still printed in the school readers. The "Dartmouth College Case" is

very famous. It was a suit whose success would have destroyed the college, and, after trial in the State Courts, it was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, before which Mr. Webster made his argument. The interest was very great and the details of the trial are among the most interesting in the history of our jurisprudence. The eloquence with which Mr. Webster described the usefulness of the institution, his love for it, and the consequences which the precedent sought to be established would involve, all contributed to make this one of the greatest oratorical efforts of which we have any record.

"Sir," said he, "you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out, but, if you do so, you must carry through your work! You



DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOME, MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land.

"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it ——"

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears; his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling.

The court room, during these two or three minutes, presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall, gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance like marble, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it

were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look, and every movement of the speaker's face. If the painter could give us the scene on canvas—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence.

As an orator, Mr. Webster's most famous speeches are the "Plymouth Rock Address" in 1820, on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, the "Bunker Hill Monument Address," and his speech in the Senate in reply to Hayne in 1830, and on "Clay's Compromise Bill of 1850."

Upon Mr. Harrison's inauguration in 1841, Mr. Webster became Secretary of State, which office he held until 1843. During this time, he negotiated the famous treaty with Lord Ashburton which settled a long-standing dispute with England over the boundary of Maine. He supported Clay for the presidency in 1804 and opposed the annexation of Texas. In the debate on the "Compromise of 1850," Mr. Webster advocated the acceptance of the provisions for extending slavery into the territory purchased from Mexico, and for the "Fugitive Slave Law," and in so doing gave great offense to his supporters in the North. In 1850, he was appointed Secretary of State, which office he held until his death.

He took great interest in the operations of his farm at Marshfield, near Plymouth, Massachusetts, and delightful stories are told of the pleasure he took in his cattle—how he might be seen breaking ears of corn to feed to his oxen on the right and left declaring that he would rather be there than in the Senate, and adding with a smile, "I think it better company." It was here, in 1852, that he was thrown from his carriage and received severe injuries from which he did not recover. In his last words, he manifested a desire to be conscious of the approach of death and his last words were, "I still live." In the vast concourse which gathered at his funeral was a plain farmer who was heard to say, as he turned from the grave, "Daniel Webster, without you the world will seem lonely."

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1830.

An extract from a speech by Mr. Webster, in reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the Senate of the United States, January, 1830. This was probably the most remarkable speech ever made in the American Congress. His peroration, comprised in the last paragraph, under the succeeding heading, "Union and Liberty," for patriotic eloquence has not a counterpart, perhaps, in all history. The speech is the more remarkable for the fact that Mr. Webster had but a single night in which to make preparation.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions,—Americans all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina?

Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South,—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist,—alienation and distrust,—are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts;—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia,—and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it,—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it,—if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin!

LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830.

(*Continuation of the foregoing.*)

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion

to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?*—nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*,—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty *and* Union, now and forver, one and inseparable!

THE ELOQUENCE OF ACTION.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

(SUITED TO WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.)

GENTLEMEN, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is this day redolent of his principles,—the hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers shout their praises and resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure

common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution? Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of the political and constitutional principles, will we conquer *now?* To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness—if it come, till

> "Danger's troubled night is o'er,
> And the star of peace return."

AMERICA'S GIFTS TO EUROPE.

AMERICA has furnished to Europe proof of the fact that popular institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of maintaining governments, able to secure the rights of person, property, and reputation. America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example, a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington; and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a country, while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country.

I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, "What character of the century, upon the whole, stands out, in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime?" and I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE GREAT CLASSIC ORATOR OF NEW ENGLAND.

GEORGE S. HILLARD, himself an orator of no slight renown, has spoken with much critical insight and appreciation of the mental characteristic and oratorical style of Edward Everett, the great classic orator of Massachusetts: "The great charm of Mr. Everett's orations consists not so much in any single and strongly developed intellectual trait as in that symmetry and finish which, on every page, give token to the richly endowed and thorough scholar. The natural movements of his mind are full of grace; and the most indifferent sentence which falls from his pen has that simple elegance which it is as difficult to define as it is easy to perceive. His style, with matchless flexibility, rises and falls with his subject and is alternately easy, vivid, elevated, ornamented, picturesque, adpating itself to the dominant mood of the mind, as an instrument responds to the touch of a master's hand. His knowledge is so extensive and the field of his allusion so wide, that the most familiar views, in passing through his hands, gather such a halo of luminous illustrations that their likeness seems transformed, and we entertain doubts of their identity."

He was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794, and was graduated from Harvard College with the highest honors in 1811. He entered the ministry, and at the age of nineteen he was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church in Brattle Square, Boston, and only six years later he preached a sermon in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, which made a marvelous impression on all who heard it, and won him great fame for eloquence.

He was chosen at the age of twenty to fill the Chair of Greek Literature at Harvard College, and he spent four years abroad to qualify himself for this position, and Victor Cousin said of him at this period that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew.

In 1820, crowded with honors and distinguished in many fields, he became editor of the "North American Review;" during the four years of his editorship he contributed fifty articles to this magazine.

He sat in Congress as Representative from Massachusetts from 1824 to 1834. In 1835, and for three years following, he was Governor of Massachusetts, and in the election following he was defeated by one vote.

While traveling abroad he received the appointment as Minister to England, and during this period of sojourn he received from Oxford the degree of D. C. L., and from Cambridge and Dublin that of LL. D.

For three years, from 1846 to 1849, he was President of Harvard College, and in 1852 he succeeded Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, becoming in the year following a member of the United States Senate, which position he filled with great dignity, and rendered his country honorable service. It was largely through his efforts that the money was raised to purchase Mount Vernon. For this purpose the great orator delivered one hundred and twenty-two times his oration on "Washington," from which more than $58,000 was realized, and he secured $10,000 from a series of articles in the New York "Ledger."

His lecture on the "Early Days of Franklin," and other lectures for charitable purposes, brought in no less than $90,000.

His orations have been collected and published, and form one of the most remarkable collections of graceful and eloquent addresses ever produced in this country. They are as follows: "Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions" (Boston, 1836); "Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1826 to 1850" (2 Vols., Boston, 1850); "Orations and Speeches" (Boston, 1859). He is also the author of two stirring poems, "Alaric the Visigoth" and "Santa Croce."

Despite the fact that he and Daniel Webster were often on opposite sides of great questions and issues, and frequently crossed swords in the debate of the giants, they were life-long friends, and Mr. Webster wrote to him three months before the death of the former in the following touching words: "We now and then see stretching across the heavens a clear, blue, cerulean sky, with no cloud or mist or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little schoolhouse in Short Street to the date hereof" [July 21, 1852].

In 1860, much against his will, Mr. Everett became the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket of the Constitutional-Union Party, which polled thirty-nine electoral votes.

He died at his home in Boston, January 15, 1865.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PEACE.

WHILE we act, sir, upon the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," let us also remember that the best preparation for war is peace. This swells your numbers; this augments your means; this knits the sinews of your strength; this covers you all over with a panoply of might. And, then, if war must come in a just cause, no foreign state—no, sir, not all combined—can send forth an adversary that you need fear to encounter.

But, sir, give us these twenty-five years of peace. I do believe, sir, that this coming quarter of a century is to be the most important in our whole history. I do beseech you to let us have these twenty-five years, at least, of peace. Let these fertile wastes be filled up with swarming millions; let this tide of emigration from Europe go on; let the steamer, the canal, the railway, and especially let this great Pacific railway, subdue these mighty distances, and bring this vast extension into a span.

Let us pay back the ingots of California gold with bars of Atlantic iron; let agriculture clothe our vast wastes with waving plenty; let the industrial and mechanic arts erect their peaceful fortresses at the waterfalls; and then, sir, in the train of this growing population, let the printing office, the lecture-room, the village schoolhouse, and the village church, be scattered over the country. And in these twenty-five years we shall exhibit a spectacle of national prosperity such as the world has never seen on so large a scale, and yet within the reach of a sober, practical contemplation.

THE FATHER OF THE REPUBLIC.

TO be cold and breathless, to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him—not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die.

The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, make it life to live—these cannot expire.

THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

FOR myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. The sound of my native language beyond the sea is a music to my ears beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre and the coronet, stars, garters and ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for.

But England is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; she holds the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; she is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England.

I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE DEMOSTHENES OF AMERICA.

NO MORE majestic figure in the anti-slavery struggle for thirty years —1835 to 1865—appeared on the American rostrum than the "silvery tongued orator," Wendell Phillips.

In 1830, William Lloyd Garrison wrote in the "Liberator,"—a journal founded primarily by the abolitionists for the sole purpose of freeing the slaves—"I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." But the abolitionists remained many years a small and despised faction, and, with all of Garrison's determination, might never have amounted to anything had he not enlisted in his cause such men and masters as Wendell Phillips on the platform, Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit, Charles Sumner in the United States Senate, and Harriet Beecher Stowe among novelists. It was a great day of promise when such educated talent caught the spirit of Garrison's zeal.

In 1835, an angry pro-slavery mob dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston. A young man of twenty-four witnessed this cruel treatment and determined to abandon the practice of law and devote his life to the same cause. That man was Wendell Phillips. He first came into prominence by his impassioned address in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1837, at an indignation meeting called to condemn the killing of Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, while defending his anti-slavery newspaper office against a pro-slavery mob. The direct and impassioned eloquence of the orator on this occasion was the key-note to the forward movement toward the liberation of the black man. It was the bugle-blast which cheered the pioneers in the movement, and awoke the slumbering spirits in sympathy with it, but whose timid hopes had not dared to dream of its possible ultimate success.

As Demosthenes aroused and fired the Athenians, so Phillips' appeals carried like an avalanche everything before them. The only way to prevent his influence was to prevent his speaking, and accordingly when he went to New York in 1847, there was such a prejudice against the abolitionists, and such a predominant pro-slavery sentiment, that he could not procure a hall in either of these cities in which to speak. Finally, Henry Ward Beecher, who had recently become pastor of Plymouth Church, prevailed upon his congregation to allow Phillips to address the people from their pulpit.

From this memorable occasion Beecher, himself, it is said, became a flaming torch,

second only to Phillips in his efforts in the same cause, while Plymouth Congregation seconded him with all its mighty influence, a further account of which may be found under the treatment of Henry Ward Beecher in this volume.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 29th day of November, 1811, and died there February 2, 1884. His parents were prominent in Boston society, his father at one time being Mayor of the city. Phillips was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1831, after which he studied law at Cambridge and was admitted to the bar in 1833; but his gift as an orator, in which he is regarded as second only to Daniel Webster, and his overmastering zeal in the abolitionist movement, required so much of his time that he did little practice before the court. He was a most fascinating platform speaker outside of politics, and was in constant demand as a lecturer. His most celebrated addresses were "Toussaint l'Ouverture" and "The Lost Arts," the former being used as an argument of the native ability, intelligence, and possibility of progress on the part of the negro under proper opportunities.

The eloquence of Phillips was impassioned and direct, but his manner was so pleasingly polished as not to give personal offence to his most antagonistic hearers, while his English was singularly pure and simple, and his delivery was characterized by a nervous sympathy that was peculiarly magnetic.

Like most other great orators, Wendell Phillips has left behind him in literature only his public speeches and letters. One volume of these was published in Boston in 1862, another (largely a revision of the first, with additions to the same) in 1869.

POLITICAL AGITATION.

 LL hail, Public Opinion! To be sure, it is a dangerous thing under which to live. It rules to-day in the desire to obey all kinds of laws, and takes your life. It rules again in the love of liberty, and rescues Shadrach from Boston Court House. It rules to-morrow in the manhood of him who loads the musket to shoot down—God be praised!—the man-hunter Gorsuch. It rules in Syracuse, and the slave escapes to Canada. It is our interest to educate this people in humanity, and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individual that makes up our numbers. Each man here, in fact, holds his property and his life dependent on the constant presence of an agitation like this of anti-slavery. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. The hand intrusted with power becomes, either from human depravity or *esprit de corps*, the necessary enemy of the people. Only by continual oversight can the democrat in office be prevented from hardening into a despot; only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity.

All clouds, it is said, have sunshine behind them, and all evils have some good result; so slavery, by the necessity of its abolition, has saved the freedom of the white race from being melted in the luxury or buried beneath the gold of its own success. Never look, therefore, for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times Despotism, like a shrouding mist, steals over the mirror of Freedom. The Dutch, a thousand years ago, built against the ocean their bulwarks of willow and mud. Do they trust to that? No. Each year the patient, industrious peasant gives so much time from the cultivation of his soil and the care of his children to stop the breaks and replace the willow which insects have eaten, that he may keep the land his fathers rescued from the water, and bid defiance to the waves that roar above his head, as if demanding back the broad fields man has stolen from their realm.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the Negroes of Hayti. He then joined the Negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the Negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The Negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.]

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the stateman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE GREATEST PULPIT ORATOR OF AMERICA.

IT may be safely said that as a pulpit and platform orator, Beecher has had no superior. Nothing is studied or artificial about his delivery. Naturalness, frankness, cordiality, fearlessness, clearness, and depth of thought, expressed in the simplicity and beauty of diction, and enlivened by a rich vein of pungent humor, were marked characteristics of his speech.

Those familiar with the public career of this great orator and reformer can scarcely conceive of him at four years of age sitting in the Widow Kilbourn's school occupied in saying his A B C's twice a day, and putting in the intervals between recitations in hemming towels and aprons; yet such is the story told of Henry Ward Beecher's first school-days.

His father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was a Congregational minister, a profound thinker and scholar, stationed at Litchfield, Connecticut, where, on the then large salary of eight hundred dollars per year, he and his wife and ten children lived. Henry Ward was born on the 24th of June, 1813—the eighth child in the family.

Beecher tells many interesting stories of his childhood. Among others are his accounts of the Sabbath-day struggles with the Catechism. He declared it was a day of terror. Once on referring to it in his Plymouth pulpit he said: "I think that to force childhood to associate religion with such dry morsels is to violate the spirit not only of the New Testament, but of common sense as well. I know one thing, that if I am lax and latitudinarian, the Sunday Catechism is to blame for part of it. The dinners I have lost because I could not go through 'sanctification,' and 'justification,' and 'adoption,' and all such questions, lie heavily on my memory. One Sunday afternoon with my Aunt Esther did me more good than forty Sunday mornings in church with my father. He thundered over my head. She sweetly instructed me down in my heart. The promise that she would read Joseph's history to me on Sunday was enough to draw a silver thread through the entire week."

Dr. Beecher received a call to preach in Boston in 1825, and removed his family there. The ships, the sea, and the stories Beecher here saw and read of Lord Nelson and other naval heroes, and of Captain Cook's marvelous voyages and discoveries in new countries, determined him to make a sailor of himself. He was at this time a shy boy with a thick tongue and very indistinct speech. His father, while secretly opposing his project to go to sea, apparently encouraged it by suggesting that he go

to Amherst College, where he would learn mathematics and navigation, preparing himself to be a commander instead of a "common Jack Tar." Henry Ward readily consented to this.

At Amherst he studied elocution, and became not only an easy reader and talker, but showed promise of distinction. This opened a new world to him. The spirit of oratory found lodgment in his soul and he forgot his old longing for the sea. Shortly after this, during a religious revival in the college, Beecher determined to be a Christian, and, as a biographer says of him, "Made a joyful consecration of himself to the Lord. It was no doleful giving up to live a life of gloom and sadness. He believed that a Christian life ought to be of all lives the most joyful, and if he could not be a joyful Christian, he should not be one at all." These convictions followed him through life. Mrs. Stowe, his sister, wrote of him: "He was never found sitting in solemnized meditations in the depth of pine trees like the owl."

Dr. Beecher was elected President of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1832, and removed to that city, whither Henry Ward followed him after graduation at Amherst in 1836, and took his theological course under his father and Prof. Stowe (who afterwards married his sister, Harriet Beecher, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"). After completing his theological course he entered upon his first pastorate at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at a salary of three hundred dollars per annum, where, he said: "I did all the work of both sexton and pastor; in fact, everything except come to hear myself preach—that much the congregation had to do."

One of his first steps after securing this position was to go back to Massachusetts and marry Miss ——— Bullard, his boyhood's sweetheart, to whom he had been engaged for many years. The young couple started bravely in two rooms over a stable as their first home, and it is doubtful if any young prince and princess have been more truly happy than were these poor but true lovers in their humble nest in the stable loft. Mrs. Beecher's "Recollections of Henry Ward Beecher," written just before her death in 1897, furnishes a most delightful description of these early days of privation and poverty, chills and ague, but withal of such cheerfulness we almost envy them. Space forbids that we dwell upon Beecher's private life, interesting and inspiring as it was. From Lawrenceburg he went to Indianapolis, where he preached for eight years with great success and growing fame, until August 24, 1847, when he was installed as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.

From this point Beecher becomes a national figure, and until the day of his death —a period of forty years—he was ever prominent in the public eye. There was a time when the escutcheon of his moral character was sullied by scandal,—but it was only scandal—which he met boldly, his church standing by him, and before the most scrutinizing investigation he remained steadfast, and in time the world exonerated him—while his accuser fled to Paris, where he spent his life in exile. Few people in the world now believe Beecher was guilty of the charges Theodore Tilton brought against him.

Beecher early espoused the cause of the abolition of slavery and of temperance. He considered both these doctrines a part of the gospel of Christ, and preached them boldly from his pulpit. Thus Plymouth Church rose grandly to the need of the age. Wendell Phillips, who in 1847 could find no audience room in New York or Brooklyn, was cordially invited to Beecher's church, and "from the day that Phillips

made his great anti-slavery speech from that pulpit until the Emancipation Proclamation—nearly twenty years later—the Plymouth preacher became a flaming advocate for liberty of speech and action on the question of the national evil. If there was anything on earth to which he was sensitive up to the day of his death, it was any form of denial to liberty either in politics, religion, or literature." With pen and voice he ceased not to labor until the shackles fell from the black man's hands.

A number of slaves were sold from Plymouth pulpit, purchased by public contributions and given their liberty, Mr. Beecher himself acting as auctioneer. The dramatic scenes on such occasions have been vividly recounted in Mrs. Beecher's "Recollections," and some of Mr. Beecher's auction speeches have been preserved.

When Fort Sumter's guns announced the beginning of war, Beecher sent back the echo from Plymouth pulpit in no uncertain sounds. His church organized and equipped a regiment which he was pleased to call "My own boys." Mr. Beecher was in such constant demand as a public speaker that early in 1862 his voice failed and his health gave way, and he went to Europe and traveled in France and Switzerland. On invitation, after regaining his health, he went to England, where he delivered speeches—though England was in sympathy with the South—at Manchester, Glasgow, London and Edinburgh, The opposition which he met in these efforts would have completely overcome a man of less rugged physique, or discouraged one of less imperious will. But Beecher—confident in his own mind that he was right and his soul afire with patriotism—faced, spoke to, and quieted the most vicious and howling mobs into which he went often at personal peril. He describes his experiences as being "like driving a team of runaway horses and making love to a lady at the same time."

After the war was over, Beecher preached as earnestly for forgiveness and reconciliation toward the South as he had preached to abolish slavery and retain the Southern States in the Union. His actions throughout had been purely patriotic and from no hatred of the people whose institution of slavery he fought. These principles made him unpopular for a time at the North and even in his own church. But he was ever the champion of the right, and did much toward the restoration of harmony between the sections. He delivered the oration at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1865, when the flag of the Union was again raised over Fort Sumter, and in 1879 made a tour of the Southern States, delivering lectures on popular topics, one of which was entitled "The Reign of the Common People."

Henry Ward Beecher died March 8, 1887. He retired on the evening of March 3d apparently in usual health and fell into a sleep from which he never awoke, but merged into an unconscious condition in which he lingered until the morning of March 8th, when it is said as "a ray of sunlight flashed full and strong into the room and fell upon the face of the sufferer, who was surrounded by his family, calmly and without a struggle the regular breathing ceased and the great preacher was gone." The eloquent tongue was silent forever.

The remains of Beecher were viewed by thousands, and many came who could not see the bier for the crowds that thronged the house and streets. It is doubtful if any private citizen's funeral was ever so largely attended. One of his admirers in writing of the occasion said: "He loved the multitude, and the multitude came

to his funeral; he loved the flowers, and ten thousand buds breathed their fragrance and clad his resting-place in beauty; he loved music, and the voice of the organ rose, and the anthems which had delighted him again rolled their harmonies to the rafters; he loved the sunshine, and it streamed through the windows and was a halo around him."

Within the beauty of this halo we would leave the memory of this great man, hung as a portrait in a frame of gold from which his benign and cheerful face shall continue to look down upon succeeding generations. And as we read his encouraging "Lectures to Young Men;" his broad and profound sermons from "Plymouth Pulpit;" his inspiring "Patriotic Addresses;" his editorials in the "Christian Union;" his "Yale Lectures on Preaching;" his "Star Papers;" his "Evolution and Religion;" his novel "Norwood," or his "Life of Jesus Christ: Earlier Scenes," on which he was engaged when he died (which are his chief contributions to literature), we will often look up at the picture and exclaim, "Oh! that those lips might speak again!"

PUBLIC DISHONESTY.

A CORRUPT public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted, is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience tutored to a severer morality, our night is at hand—our midnight not far off. Woe to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! Woe to a generation fed by the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother and friend!

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors, and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the commonwealth, then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and runaway cashier—its duel and defaulter, and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness; in evil, he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; to domestic fidelity, recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite—base in all that is worthy of

man and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful, and yet this wretch could go where he would—enter good men's dwellings and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominous knaves cannot breed honest men.

We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure; the debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect, and lowered to a dishonest inefficiency, and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up, and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench to despoil its dignity and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty, and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

EULOGY ON GENERAL GRANT.

Part I.

ANOTHER name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since, storm-clouds filled his heaven, and obloquy, slander and bitter lies rained down upon him. The clouds are all blown away; under a serene sky General Grant laid down his life and the whole nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims.

The mildewed lips of slander are silent, and even criticism hesitates lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior. The whole nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy—the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

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The South had laid the foundation of her industry, her commerce, and her very commonwealth upon slavery.

It was slavery that inspired her councils, that engorged her philanthropy, that corrupted her political economy and theology, that disturbed all the ways of active politics—broke up sympathy between North and South. The hand that fired upon Sumter exploded the mine under the Flood Rock of slavery and opened the way to civilization. The spark that was there kindled fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. Men came together in the presence of this universal calamity with sudden fusion; the whole land became a military school. But the Northern armies once organized, an amiable folly of conciliation began to show itself. Some peaceable way out of the war was hoped for. Generals seemed to fight so that no one should be hurt. The South had smelted into a glowing mass; it believed in its course with an infatuation that would have been glorious if the cause had been better; it put its whole soul into it and struck hard. For two years the war lingered, unmarked by great deeds. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals and longed for a man of iron mould, who had but two words in his military vocabulary—victory or annihilation. He was coming; he was heard from at Henry and Donelson. Three great names were rising to sight,—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and, larger than any, Grant.

At the opening of the war his name was almost unknown. It was with difficulty he could obtain a command. Once set forward, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Appomattox—these were his footsteps! In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command—not second to any living commander in all the world. His plans were large, his undiscouraged will was patient to obduracy. He was not fighting for reputation, nor for the display of generalship, nor for a future Presidency. He had but one motive, and

that as intense as life itself—the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken Union. He embodied the feelings of the common people; he was their perfect representative.

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PART II.

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour sympathy rolled as a wave over all our own land. It closed the last furrow of war, it extinguished the last prejudice, it effaced the last vestige of hatred, and cursed shall be the hand that shall bring them back.

Johnson and Buckner on one side, Sherman and Sheridan upon the other, of his bier, he went to the tomb, a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery; patriotism, rebellion; and peace, war. He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest. Sleep, hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth—then come forth to glory and immortality!

FROM "THE SPARKS OF NATURE."

PATRIOTISM, in our day, is made to be an argument for all public wrong and all private meanness. For the sake of country a man is told to yield everything that makes the land honorable. For the sake of country a man must submit to every ignominy that will lead to the ruin of the State through disgrace of the citizen. There never was a man so unpatriotic as Christ was. Old Jerusalem ought to have been everything to Him. The laws and institutions of His country ought to have been more to Him than all the men in His country. They were not, and the Jews hated Him; but the common people, like the ocean waters, moved in tides towards His heavenly attraction wherever He went.

When men begin their prayers with, "O thou omnipotent, omnipresent, all-seeing, ever-living, blessed Potentate, Lord God Jehovah!" I should think they would take breath. Think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast, praying in such a strain. He has a note coming due, and it is going to be paid to-day, and he feels buoyant; and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth, and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say that he is a sinner; he is proud to say that he is a sinner. Then he asks for his daily bread. He has it; and he can always ask for it when he has it. Then he jumps up, and goes over to the city. He comes back at night, and goes through a similar wordy form of "evening prayers;" and he is called "a praying man!" A *prayiny man?* I might as well call myself an ornithologist, because I eat chicken once in awhile for my dinner.

When I see how much has been written of those who have lived; how the Greeks preserved every saying of Plato's; how Boswell followed Johnson, gathering up every leaf that fell from that rugged old oak, and pasting it away,—I almost regret that one of the disciples had not been a recording angel, to preserve the odor and richness of every word of Christ. When John says, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would be written," it affects me more profoundly than when I think of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, or the perishing of Grecian art in Athens or Byzantium. The creations of Phidias were cold stone, overlaid by warm thought; but Christ described His own creations when He said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are life." The leaving out of these things from the New Testament, though divinely wise, seems, to my yearning, not so much the unaccomplishment of noble things as the destruction of great treasures, which had already had oral life, but failed of incarnation in literature.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

NO one who ever heard this great natural orator of the Temperance cause can forget the impression he made. It was not simply "a voice crying," it was a whole man speaking, out of his very life, and every part of him contributed something to the effect. His face, his hands, his body, all joined together with his voice to give expression to his thoughts. Without education, with no elocutionary training, he was, nevertheless, an orator of the first rank, for he knew how to play on all the keys of human nature, and he moved all classes of listeners. He was born in England in 1817. Having lost his father at the age of twelve, he came to America to make his way. He was at first successful, but later troubles heaped up on him, and he drifted into a life of hopeless dissipation. He made a wretched living by going from one drinking house to another, singing songs and giving comic impersonations. He tried to get on the stage, for which he had a passion, but his dissolute life made such a career impossible. In 1839 he married, and tried to work, but his old habits were too strong for him, and a few years later he lost his wife and child and sank into a woeful condition. He used to describe how, in the delirium which came upon him at this period, the tools with which he tried to work became serpents and crawled in his hands. In 1842, when at the lowest point of dissipation, he received some kindness from a Quaker, who induced him to sign the pledge. Once he broke it through the influence of old companions, but he immediately recovered control and made a public confession.

Possessed henceforth with a great desire to devote himself to the cause of Temperance, he started out at once as a lecturer and tramped from place to place, holding meetings and stirring his listeners with his eloquence, which was of an unusual sort.

During the first year of his travels he spoke 386 times on the one subject which lay at his heart. He possessed a remarkable power of imitation, and he could move the audience to bursts of laughter, or go down to the depths of pathos and draw tears from the hardest hearts. His power on the platform steadily increased and he soon had a national reputation.

Ten years after his change of life, he was invited to visit England in the interests of Temperance Reform, and his first lecture in Exeter Hall produced a sensation. The call for lectures came from all the cities, and he spent two years in that country.

No event of his life showed his power more clearly than did his address at Oxford, where his voice was at first drowned by the hisses and cat-calls of the students. He, however, held his own and conquered his audience and came through

triumphantly, so that at a subsequent visit at Oxford he was received with distinction. He addressed over 5,000 audiences during the first seventeen years of his lecture travels, and he always succeeded in carrying deep conviction. He was not a constructive reformer, but he used all his powers to reform individuals by reaching their consciences and wills. In this work he was eminently successful. Later in his life he also lectured on other subjects, and became one of the most popular attractions for lyceums. He always chose subjects which would give full scope for his powers of eloquence, and he was almost certain to touch upon his great life-theme. His most frequent lectures were on "Eloquence and Orators" and "Peculiar People," and he never failed to give a fund of anecdotes, told with rare skill and imitation.

He lived for years at West Boylston, Massachusetts, and as he prospered through his lecture-work he gathered books about him and lived a joyous, happy life, writing and talking with his many friends.

His published works (some of which have been translated into French, Dutch, Scandinavian and Tamil) are "Autobiography" (1846); "Orations" (1854); "Temperance Addresses" (1870); "Temperance Lectures" (1879), and "Sunlight and Shadow; or, Gleanings from My Life-Work" (1880).

While lecturing at Frankford, Pennsylvania, February 18, 1886, he was stricken down with cerebral apoplexy and lapsed into unconsciousness, soon followed by death. He had just uttered the words "Young man, keep your record clean."

WATER AND RUM.

The following apostrophe on Water and execration on Rum, by Mr. John B. Gough, was never published in full till after his death. He furnished it to a young friend many years ago, who promised not to publish it while he was on the lecture platform.

WATER! There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode

of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

Part II.

Base art thou yet, oh, Rum, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood, rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shalt my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

THE POWER OF HABIT.

(DESCRIPTIVE, SPIRITED AND DRAMATIC.)

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair and glassy. "How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids;' but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys, don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to

steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels"

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him, than all they that be against him.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS AFTER-DINNER ORATOR.

IT is impossible in a sketch like this to do justice to the remarkable versatility of Mr. Depew. His admirable addresses would fill several bulky volumes. As an after-dinner speaker, he is without a peer, and his wit, logic and eloquence never fail him. What could be more apt than his words, when, upon entering a public hall where a number of leading men were straining themselves to prove the Christian religion a delusion and a sham, and there were instant and clamorous calls for him, he said: "Gentlemen, my mother's Bible is good enough for me; have you anything better to offer?" And then with touching pathos and impassioned words he made an appeal for the religion which they reviled, which must have pierced the shell of more than one agnostic heart.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew was born at Peekskill, New York, April 23, 1834. His remote ancestors were French Huguenots, who founded New Rochelle, in Westchester County. His father, Isaac Depew, was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Peekskill, and his mother, Martha Mitchell, was a representative of the distinguished New England family, one of whose members, Roger Sherman, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Chauncey spent his boyhood in Peekskill, where he prepared for college. He was a bright student, and at the age of eighteen entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1856, with one of the first honors of his class. In June, 1887, Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. It will be noted that Mr. Depew reached his majority at about the time of the formation of the Republican Party. Although of Democratic antecedents, he had been a close student of politics and his sympathies were with the aims of the new political organization, to which he speedily gave his allegiance.

Mr. Depew studied law in his native village, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. In the same year, he was elected as a delegate to the Republican State Convention, this being an acknowledgment of the interest he had taken in the party, and the skill and energy he had shown in advocating its policy. He began the practice of law in 1859, and was highly successful from the first. In his early manhood, his striking power as a stump speaker, his readiness at repartee, and his never-failing good humor, made him a giant in politics, to which he was literally forced to give attention. But with all these extraordinary gifts, he could launch the thunderbolts of invective against wrong and stir the profoundest depths of emotion by his appeals.

He loved liberty and hated oppression, and has always believed that the United States of America is the happiest and greatest country upon which the sun ever shone. His patriotic speeches are models of eloquence and power.

In 1860 he took the stump for Abraham Lincoln and added greatly to his reputation as a ready, forceful, and brilliant pleader for that which he believed to be right. It cannot be denied that he contributed much to the success of that memorable election.

In 1861 Mr. Depew was nominated for the Assembly in the Third Westchester County District, and, although the constituency was largely Democratic, he was elected by a handsome majority. He fully met all the high expectations formed, and was re-elected in 1862. By his geniality, wit, integrity and courtesy he became as popular among his political opponents as among his friends. He was made his party's candidate for Secretary of State, directly after the Democrats had won a notable triumph by the election of Horatio Seymour as Governor; but by his dash and brilliancy and his prodigious endurance (he spoke twice a day for six weeks), he secured a majority of 30,000. So admirably did he perform the duties of the office that he was offered a renomination, but declined.

During the administration of President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward appointed Mr. Depew Minister to Japan, but after consideration, the offer was declined. He seemed to have decided to withdraw from politics and to devote his time and energies to his profession. That shrewd railway man and financier, Commodore Vanderbilt, had watched the career of Depew, and had formed a strong admiration for him, while the eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, became his firm friend. In 1866 Mr. Depew was appointed the attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, and three years later, when that road was consolidated with the New York Central, he was made the attorney of the new organization, being afterward elected a member of the Board of Directors.

As other and extensive roads were added to the system, Mr. Depew, in 1875, was promoted to be general counsel for them all, and elected to a directorship in each of the numerous organizations. The year previous the Legislature had made him Regent of the State University, and one of the Commissioners to build the Capitol at Albany.

In 1884 the United States senatorship was tendered to Mr. Depew, but he was committed to so many business and professional trusts that he felt compelled to decline the honor. Two years before, William H. Vanderbilt had retired from the presidency of the New York Central, and in the reorganization Mr. Depew was made Second Vice-President. The President, Mr. Rutter, died in 1885, and Mr. Depew was elected to the presidency, which office he still holds.

At the National Republican Convention of 1888, New York voted solidly for Mr. Depew as its candidate for the Presidency, but he withdrew his name. At the convention at Minneapolis in 1892 he was selected to present the name of President Harrison, and made one of the best speeches of his life. When Mr. Blaine resigned as Secretary of State, President Harrison urged Mr. Depew to accept the place, but after a week's deliberation he felt obliged to decline the honor. He has, however, continued to take an active interest in politics.

During the last ten years Mr. Depew has been frequently abroad, and some of

his happiest speeches have been delivered on board steamers and in foreign banqueting halls, where he never forgets to speak in words of patriotic praise of America.

THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shotguns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the "Mayflower" the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil. But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license, he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

THE BRILLIANT SOUTHERN ORATOR AND JOURNALIST.

IT is only a few times in a century that some unselfish soul, coupled with a towering genius of mind, rises in grandeur and goodness so far above his fellows as to command their almost worshipful admiration and love. Such a man was Henry W. Grady. No written memorial can indicate the strong hold he had upon the Southern people, nor portray that peerless personality which gave him his marvelous power among all men with whom he came into contact.

Grady was, perhaps, above all other prominent political leaders of his times, devoid of sectional animosities, and did more, by voice and pen, than any other man, during the decade of his prominence, to bridge the bloody chasm between the North and South, which designing politicians on both sides were endeavoring to keep open. Notwithstanding the fact that his father was a Southern slaveholder, and lost his life in fighting for the cause of secession, young Grady recognized the providence of God in the failure of that cause, and rejoiced in the liberation of the black man, though with his fallen shackles lay the wrecked fortune of himself, his widowed mother and his beloved Southland. The Union was the pride of Grady's life. Daniel Webster was not more loyal to its Constitution or bolder in defending its principles. In writing or speaking on any subject to which he was moved by an inspiring sense of patriotism or conviction of duty, he was always eloquent, logical, aggressive and unanswerable. It was with logic, earnest honesty of conviction and a tongue of tender pathos and burning eloquence, together with a personal magnetism that always accompanies a great orator, that he literally mastered his audiences, regardless of their character, chaining them to the train of his thought, and carrying them captive to his convictions. Such a man could not be held within the narrow limits of any section. Wherever he went the power of his individuality quickly made him known, and his splendid genius needed only an opportunity to make him famous.

Like Patrick Henry, his great fame as an orator rested principally upon three speeches. One was made before the New England Society, at a banquet held in New York, in 1889, in which his theme was "The New South" and its message to the North. Another was at the State Fair at Dallas, Texas; but the most magnificent and eloquent effort of his life was delivered in Boston, December 13, 1889, just ten days before he died. The theme of this address was "The Race Problem,"

and it is accorded by all who heard it, or have read it, as the most soul-stirring speech, and, withal, the fairest and most practical discussion of this vexed subject which has yet been presented by any man.

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Atlanta, Georgia, May 17, 1851, and died there December 23, 1889. His father was a merchant in that city before the war, and Henry was the oldest of a family of three children. His mother, whose maiden name was Gartrell, was a woman of strong mind, quick intelligence, deep religious convictions, sweetness of disposition, and force of character happily blended. Grady was a boy of promise, and his youth was a fair index of his after-life. He was always brilliant, industrious, patriotic, enterprising, conscientious, and devoted to his parents to a marked degree. The tragic death of his father, when the boy was fourteen, profoundly affected him, but it, perhaps, hastened his own precocious growth by leaving him as the mainstay of his mother in providing for the family.

At the age of seventeen Henry Grady was graduated at the University of Georgia (1868); but he subsequently attended the University of Virginia, where he took his degree before he was twenty years old, and in less than a year was married to the sweetheart of his youth. His majority found him occupying the position of editor and part owner of the Rome (Georgia) "Commercial." This failed, and cost the young editor nearly all his savings. Soon after this he removed to Atlanta, and connected himself with the Atlanta "Herald," the columns of which he made the brightest in the South; but misfortune overtook its financial management and consumed all the remainder of Grady's fortune. Thus, at twenty-three years of age, he had failed twice and was almost despairing when the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," was now verified to him. Cyrus W. Field loaned the penniless young man twenty thousand dollars to buy a controlling interest in the Atlanta "Constitution." He made it the greatest paper in the South.

Besides the editorial work on his own paper, Mr. Grady contributed much to others, among them the New York "Ledger," to which he contributed a series of articles on "The New South," the last of which was published only a few days before his death. When his brilliant and beneficent career was cut short at the early age of thirty-eight, the whole country had become interested in his work, and joined in common mourning over his loss. A fund of over twenty thousand dollars, contributed from all parts of the country, was quickly collected to build a monument to his memory. It was erected in Atlanta, Georgia, and unveiled with imposing ceremonies on October 21, 1891.

One who knew Henry W. Grady well thus writes of him: "He had a matchless grace of soul that made him an unfailing winner of hearts. His translucent mind pulsated with the light of truth and beautified all thought. He grew flowers in the garden of his heart and sweetened the world with the perfume of his spirit. His endowments are so superior, and his purposes so unselfish that he seemed to combine all the best elements of genius and live under the influence of an almost divine inspiration. When building an aircastle over the framework of his fancy, or when pouring out his soul in some romantic dream, or when sounding the depths of human feeling by an appeal for sweet charity's sake, his command of language was as boundless as the realm of thought, his ideas as beautiful as pictures in the sky, and his pathos as deep as the well of tears."

THE NEW SOUTH.*

THERE was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; and, somehow or other, we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. On the records of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

REGARD FOR THE NEGRO RACE.

From speech on the Race Problem, at annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, Dec., 1889.

THE resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South—the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history—whose courage and fortitude you tested in four years of the fiercest war—realize, as you cannot, what this race problem means—what they owe to this kindly and dependent race. Nor are they wholly to blame for the presence of slavery. The slave-ships sailed from your ports—the slaves once worked in your fields, and you sold them to the South. Neither of us now defends the traffic, nor the institution.

The love the whites of the South feel for the negro race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and

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through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, puts a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying, "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people—when they forget these.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.*

(In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. Grady more active and earnest than in that of temperance. The following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the exciting local campaign in Georgia in 1887.)

MY friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment, than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wreaks this work.

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BELVA A. LOCKWOOD
SUSAN B. ANTHONY
FRANCES WILLARD
JULIA WARE HOWE
ELIZABETH C. STANTON
ANNA DICKINSON
FAMOUS WOMEN ORATORS AND REFORMERS

JULIA WARD HOWE.

AUTHOR OF THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

ON Beacon Street, Boston, in an old-fashioned home, lives a woman mingling the twilight of her eventful life with the evening of the closing century, who has been a potent factor in its progress and developments. In her unpretentious little home have sat and talked the greatest men of America, and many of the European celebrities who have visited this country. Even the casual visitor to the home of this aged woman feels in the atmosphere of the place, with its mementoes of great men and women, some indefinable flavor, like a lingering perfume which tells him there has been high thinking and noble speech within the walls which surround him.

This noted poet, author, and philanthropist was born in New York City on May 27, 1819. Her father was Samuel Ward, and she numbers among her ancestors the famous General Marion, of South Carolina; Governor Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island; and Roger Williams, the apostle of religious tolerance. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is the son of her sister, who married Mr. Crawford, the artist. Mrs. Howe's mother died when she was only five years of age, and her father five years later. But he had been a prosperous banker and provided to give her every advantage of a liberal education, which provision was carried out—her instructions including music, German, Greek, and French. She began to write verses while very young.

In 1843 Miss Ward was married to Doctor Samuel G. Howe. They went abroad on their wedding tour, spending a year in the Old World. Again, in 1850, she went to Europe, passing the winter in Rome with her two youngest children. The next year she returned to Boston, and in 1852 and 1853 published her first volume of poems, entitled "Passion Flowers," which attracted much attention. At the same time her "Words for the Hour, a Drama in Blank Verse," was produced in a leading theatre in New York and also in Boston. Her interest in the anti-slavery question began in 1851. In 1857 she visited Havana, and published her observations in a book, entitled "A Trip to Cuba," which so vigorously attacked the degrading institutions of the Spanish rule that its sale has since been prohibited on that island. In 1861 appeared her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with the chorus "John Brown's Body, etc.," which was published in her third volume, entitled "Later Lyrics." The song and chorus at once became known throughout the country and was sung everywhere. In 1867 Mrs. Howe and her husband

visited Greece, and won the gratitude of that nation by aiding them in the effort they were making for national independence. Her book "From Oak to Olive" was written after her visit to Athens. In 1868 Mrs. Howe joined the Woman Suffrage Movement, and the next year, before the Legislature in Boston, made her first speech urging its principles; and from that time forward has been officially connected with the movement.

Mrs. Howe visited England in 1872, where she lectured in favor of arbitration as the means of settling national and international disputes. At the same time she held, in London, a series of Sunday-evening services, devoted to Christian missionary work. During the same year she attended, as a delegate, the Congress for Prison Reform, held in London. On her return to the United States she organized or instituted the Woman's Peace Festival, which still meets every year on the twenty-second of June.

Since her husband's death, in 1876, Mrs. Howe has preached, lectured and traveled much in all parts of the United States, the most popular of her lectures being "Is Polite Society, Polite?" "Greece Revisited," and "Reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson." In 1878 Mrs. Howe made another journey abroad, and spent over two years in travel in England, France, Italy, and Palestine. She was one of the presiding officers of the Woman's Rights Congress, which met at Paris, and she lectured in that city and in Athens on the work of the various women's associations in America. She has served as President in the Association of Advancement for Women for several years, and, notwithstanding her advanced age, retains her connection with this organization, and is an earnest promoter of their interest. She has formed a number of social Women's Clubs, having for their object, mental improvement, in which the members study Latin, French, German, literature, botany, political economy and many other branches. She has been a profound student of philosophy, and has written numerous essays on philosophical themes.

Mrs. Howe's three living daughters, all of whom are married, have been followers of her theories concerning woman's freedom. One of them, Mrs. Laura Richards, is a well-known writer of stories for children, some of them being classics of their kind. "Captain January" is her best-known book. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot, the third daughter, is a successful lecturer and also a novelist. Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, another daughter of Mrs. Howe, is a writer of acknowledged ability on social topics.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

OUR COUNTRY.

ON primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the' broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel Truth be found:
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.

THE UNSPEAKABLE PANG.

(FROM "A TRIP TO CUBA, 1860.")

WHO are these that sit by the long dinner-table in the forward cabin, with a most unusual lack of interest in the bill of fare? Their eyes are closed, mostly, their cheeks are pale, their lips are quite bloodless, and to every offer of good cheer, their "No, thank you," is as faintly uttered as are marriage-vows by maiden lips. Can they be the same that, an hour ago, were so composed, so jovial, so full of dangerous defiance to the old man of the sea? The officer who carves the roast beef offers at the same time a slice of fat; this is too much; a panic runs through the ranks, and the rout is instantaneous and complete. . .

To what but to Dante's Inferno can we liken this steamboat-cabin, with its double row of pits, and its dismal captives? What are those sighs, groans, and despairing noises, but the *alti guai* rehearsed by the poet? Its fiends are the stewards who rouse us from our perpetual torpor with offers of food and praises of shadowy banquets,—"Nice mutton-chop, sir? roast-turkey? plate of soup?" Cries, of "No, no!" resound, and the wretched turn again and groan. The

philanthropist has lost the movement of the age,—keeled up in an upper birth, convulsively embracing a blanket—what conservative more immovable than he? The great man of the party refrains from his large theories, which, like the circles made by the stone thrown into the water, begin somewhere and end nowhere. As we have said, he expounds himself no more, the significant forefinger is down, the eye no longer imprisons yours. But if you ask him how he does, he shakes himself as if like Farinata—

"averse l' inferno in gran dispetto,"

"he had a very contemptible opinion of hell."

Let me not forget to add, that it rains every day, that it blows every night, and that it rolls through the twenty-four hours till the whole world seems as if turned bottom upwards, clinging with its nails to chaos, and fearing to launch away. . . . . But all things have an end, and most things have two. After the third day, a new development manifests itself. Various shapeless masses are carried up-stairs and suffered to fall like snow-flakes on the deck, and to lie there in shivering heaps. From these larvæ gradually emerge features and voices,—the luncheon-bell at last stirs them with the thrill of returning life. They look up, they lean up, they exchange pensive smiles of recognition,—the steward comes, no fiend this time, but a ministering angel; and lo! the strong man eats broth, and the weak woman clamors for pickled oysters.

MRS. MARY ASHTON RICE LIVERMORE,

FAMOUS SCHOLAR, TEACHER, ARMY NURSE, EDITRESS, LECTURER, ABOLITIONIST AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGIST.

IT seems almost incredible," says a writer, "that a woman now so famous made mud pies in her childhood, was often sent supperless to bed, and was frequently bounced down into a kitchen chair with an emphasis that caused her to see stars." When a young girl, struggling to support herself, she took in shop-work, made shirts, and subsequently learned the trade of a dressmaker, at which she worked for twenty-five cents a day. At eighteen she ran away from home like a boy, and spent three eventful years on a Southern plantation—years full of comedy and tragedy, and packed with thrilling experiences. Here were nearly five hundred slaves, with whom, and with their white masters, she was brought face to face daily. Here she witnessed scenes as tragic as any described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her description of the whipping of negro Matt, the cooper; his agonizing but unavailing plea for mercy; her subsequent visit alone to his cabin, when she entreated him to "run away, Matt, I'll help you," and his lonely death, will bring tears to the eyes of every reader.

Mrs. Livermore was the daughter of Timothy Rice, and was born in Boston, December 19, 1821. Notwithstanding the above reference to her early experiences, Mrs. Livermore had and improved all the advantages of the time for a thorough education. She graduated from the public schools of Boston at the age of fourteen, receiving a medal for good scholarship, and afterwards completed a four years' course in the seminary at Charleston, Mass., in two years, and was elected a member of the faculty as a teacher of Latin and French. While performing these duties she continued the study of Greek and metaphysics under private tutors, and at the age of eighteen, as above suggested, she left home and went South to take charge of a family school on a plantation in Southern Virginia, remaining there nearly thee years. Her experiences in the South made her a most radical abolitionist, and on her return North she actively seconded every movement for the freedom of the slaves. She opened a select school for young ladies from fourteen to twenty years, at Duxbury, Mass., but relinquished it in 1845 on her marriage to Dr. D. P. Livermore, a Universalist minister, in Falls River, Mass. She made a most excellent minister's wife, organizing literary clubs among the membership, and wrote many hymns and songs for church and Sunday-school books. She was also an active temperance worker, organizing a cold-water

army of 1500 boys and girls, whom she delighted with temperance stories which she wrote and read to them. These stories were published in 1844 under the title of the "Children's Army." In 1857 she removed with her husband to Chicago, where Mr. Livermore became the editor of the Universalist organ for the Northwest, with his wife as assistant editor. During her husband's absence in his church work she had charge of the entire establishment, paper, printing office and publishing house included, and wrote for every department of the paper except the theological, at the same time furnishing stories and sketches to Eastern publications, and was also active and untiring in Sunday-school, church and charitable work. At the convention in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated, she was the only woman reporter who had a place among the hundred or more of men. During the Civil War she made her name famous by resigning all positions, save that on her husband's paper, even securing a governess for her children, and devoting herself entirely to the work of relief and assistance to the soldiers through the United States Sanitary Commission. She organized Soldiers' Aid Societies, delivered public addresses, wrote circulars, bulletins and reports, and made trips to the front with sanitary stores, giving personal attention to the distribution of the same, and bringing back numbers of invalid soldiers, accompanying many of them in person to their homes. She organized and conducted Sanitary Fairs, detailed nurses for the hospitals and accompanied them to their posts, and at the close of the war published her reminiscences, entitled "My Story of the War," which is regarded as the most complete record of the hospital and sanitary work in the Northern army during this great fratricidal struggle.

Returning home after the war Mrs. Livermore became an ardent supporter of the Woman's Suffrage movement as the best means not only of improving the condition of women, but with the broad, philanthropic idea of giving them a greater opportunity for doing good. Before the war she had opposed the placing of the ballot in the hands of women, but her experiences in the army taught her differently. She arranged for the first Woman's Suffrage Convention in Chicago, elicited the aid of the leading clergymen of the city, and secured the attendance of the most prominent advocates of the cause from various parts of the country. The association was duly organized with Mrs. Livermore as its first president. "The Agitator," a Woman's Suffragist paper, was started by her in 1869 at her own expense and risk, in which she espoused the temperance cause, as well as woman's suffrage. In 1870 she became the editor of the "Woman's Journal" of Boston, and the family removed to Melrose, Massachusetts. Mrs. Livermore, however, retained the editorship but two years, resigning it, in 1872, that she might give her more undivided time to the lecture field.

During the last quarter century she has been heard in the lyceum courses of this country, visiting almost every State in the Union, and also lecturing at many points in Europe. The volume "What Shall We Do with Our Daughters and Other Lectures," published in 1883, and a subsequent of the same character comprise her most important published discourses. The charm of Mrs. Livermore's manner and the eloquence of her delivery have been equalled by few modern speakers. "At her feet," writes one of her eulogists, "millions of people have sat and listened in admiration and wonder. The rich

and poor, the high and low, the learned and unlearned, have been alike thrilled and moved by her burning words. She has swayed brilliant audiences of fashion; has spoken in State prisons, jails and penitentiaries; to audiences composed of outcasts; and to audiences numbering thousands of children. With untold wealth of mental resources, and a brain teeming with soul-stirring thoughts, these lectures overflow with grand principles; while the extraordinary scenes, thrilling stories, and remarkable facts given in them illustrate those principles with great clearness and force. Throughout her public speeches, whatever the theme, the listener never tires, but is rather uplifted by the 'golden thoughts' and 'living truths' that enrich them from beginning to end."

During this period her pen was not idle. Her articles have appeared in the "North American Review," the "Arena," the "Chautauquan," "Independent," "Youth's Companion," "Christian Advocate," "Woman's Journal" and other high-class periodicals. She is identified with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for ten years being president of the Massachusetts branch of that organization. She is also president of the American Woman's Suffrage Association, of the Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music, and was the first president for two years of the Woman's Congress. Mrs. Livermore, notwithstanding her advanced age, keeps steadily at work with voice, pen and influence. After she was seventy-five years of age, at the earnest request of many prominent friends and admirers throughout the United States, she wrote her autobiography, a large volume of over 700 pages, issued in 1897.

We cannot better close this article than by quoting, from Mrs. Livermore herself, a retrospective paragraph with a prospective closing which is beautiful to witness in one standing, as she now does, in the twilight of a long and eventful career: "I cannot say that I would gladly accept the permission to run my earthly race once more from beginning to end. I am afraid it would prove wearisome—'a twice-told tale.' And so while rejoicing in the gains of the past and in the bright outlook into the future, I prefer to go forward into the larger life that beckons me further on, where I am sure it will be better than here. And when the summons comes, although the world has dealt kindly with me, I shall not be sorry to lift the latch and step out into 'that other chamber of the King, larger than this and lovelier.'"

USEFUL WOMEN.*

(FROM "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS," 1883. LECTURES ON "*Superfluous Women.*")

ROSA BONHEUR has achieved world-wide fame and pecuniary independence as one of the most skilful painters of animals; the boldness and independence of her own character inspiring her pencil, and her faithfulness to nature giving great force to her work. The whole civilized world does homage to her genius; and, during the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War, the Crown Prince of Prussia gave orders that her studio and residence at Fontainebleau should be spared and respected.

Florence Nightingale, well born, highly educated, and brilliantly accomplished, gave herself to the study of hospitals, and of institutions for the diseased, helpless, and infirm. Appreciating the work of the Sisters of Charity in the Catholic Church, she felt the need

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of an institution which should be its counterpart in the Protestant Communion. She visited civil and military hospitals all over Europe, studied with the Sisters of Charity in Paris their system of nursing and hospital management, and went into training as a nurse in the House of the Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. For ten years she served an apprenticeship, preparing for the great work of her life. Her opportunity came during the war in the Crimea, when through incompetence, and utter disregard of sanitary laws, the rate of mortality in the English hospitals surpassed that of the fiercest battles. Horror and indignation were felt throughout England. Miss Nightingale offered her services to the government with a corps of trained nurses, was accepted, and went to Constantinople.

The disorder, the want—while storehouses were bursting with the needed hospital supplies—the incompetence, the uncleanliness, the suffering and death created general dismay. Unappalled by the shocking chaos, Miss Nightingale ordered the storehouses at Scutari to be broken open, when want gave place to abundance; and soon her executive skill and rare knowledge transformed the hospitals into models of order and comfort. She spared herself no labor, sometimes standing twenty hours in succession giving directions, and refusing to leave her post, even when she broke down with hospital-fever. Sadly overworked, her patience and cheerfulness were unfailing, winning the love of the roughest soldiers; and, as she walked the wards, men too weak to speak plucked her gown with feeble fingers, or kissed her shadow as it fell athwart their pillow. She expended her own vitality in this work, and returned to England an invalid for life. But not an idle invalid, for from her sick-room there have gone plans for the improvement of hospitals and the training of nurses wrought out by her busy brain and pen.

Caroline Herschel, sister of the great astronomer, was his constant helper and faithful assistant, in this character receiving a salary from the king. In addition she found time to make her own independent observations, discovering comets, remarkable nebulæ, and clusters of stars, and receiving from the Royal Society a gold medal in recognition of her work.

Charlotte Bronté's portion in life was pain and toil and sorrow. Her experience was a long struggle with every unkindness of fate, and she lacked every advantage supposed necessary to literary work. Her force of character and undismayed persistence triumphed over all hindrances. She put heart and conscience into books that held the literary world in fascination. In them she rent the shams of society by her keen analyses. She depicted life as she had known it, shorn of every illusion, and then beautified it by unflinching loyalty to duty, and unwavering fidelity to conscience. The publication of "Jane Eyre" marked an era in the literary world not soon to be forgotten.

BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD.

FIRST WOMAN LAWYER BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR heroic perseverance, strength of intellect, dignity and power of mind, logic and eloquence,—and withal true womanliness of character, the sisterhood of the world perhaps could present no counterpart in any single woman, of any age, to Belva A. Lockwood. Had she devoted her life to literature the profoundness of her writings must have impressed the world. The fragments of her speeches which remain are worthy to live. She has had one idea in life—to enfranchise woman—and while earning her living in a profession, for recognition in which she had to fight and conquer the United States, she has, from every advanced step, held back the helping hand to her more timid sisters. If her ideal is ever realized, she will live in future history as one of the emancipators and greatest benefactors of her sex.

Belva Ann Bennett was born in Niagara County, New York, October 24, 1830, on her father's farm. Her early education was received at a district school and in the academy of her native town. At fourteen years of age she began to teach in summer, attending school in winter. At eighteen she married a young farmer, Uriah H. McNall, who died in 1853, leaving one daughter. The young widow entered Genesee College in Lima, New York, the same year, from which she graduated with the degree of A. B. four years later. She was immediately elected to a position in the Lockport Academy, where she manifested her progressive principles by introducing declamation and gymnastics for young ladies, conducting the classes herself. This was in addition to her duties as professor of higher mathematics, logic, rhetoric, and botany. Four years later she became proprietor of McNall Seminary in Oswego, New York, which she conducted until the close of the Civil War, at which time she removed to Washington, D. C., and in March, 1868, married Rev. Ezekiel Lockwood, a Baptist minister and chaplain during the war. Dr. Lockwood died in 1877. At this late date Mrs. Lockwood resumed her studies, entering the Syracuse University at New York, from which she graduated with the degree of A. M. She had previous to this studied law in Washington, graduating from the National University Law School with the degree of D. C. L. in May, 1873. In the same year she was admitted to practice in the highest court of the District, and in 1875 applied for admission to the Court of Claims, which was refused; first, on the ground that she was a woman, and afterwards that she was a married woman. In 1876 she applied for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States. This was denied her because there was no English precedent. It

was in vain that she pleaded that Queens Eleanor and Elizabeth had both been supreme chancellors of the realm, that Countess Ann had sat with the judges on the bench at the Assizes of Appleby. Finally she drafted a bill and secured its introduction into both houses of Congress, which was passed in 1879, admitting women to the Court, by which means she accomplished her purpose, and since that time she has enjoyed an active and lucrative practice, being privileged to appear before any Court in the United States. Nine other women have since been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court under the above Act.

Among the services which Mrs. Lockwood has rendered her sex may be mentioned the bill passed by Congress in 1870, giving to the women employees of the government, of whom there are many thousands, the same pay as men receive for similar work. She also secured the passage of a bill appropriating $50,000 for the aid of sailors and mariners. She has frequently appeared before congressional committees in the cause of women, her arguments always looking to the final enfranchisement of woman. An extract from one of these addresses succeeds this article. Mrs. Lockwood is also an intense advocate of temperance and labor reform.

When President Garfield died in 1881, he was considering her application for appointment as minister to Brazil. In 1884 and again in 1888, she was nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights Party of San Francisco, California, and though knowing that her candidacy would only subject her to the ridicule of the masses, it afforded an opportunity for the preaching of her theory of woman suffrage, and she accepted the nomination, and made a canvass that awakened the people of the United States to no small consideration of the subject. The popularity given her by these several movements has called her largely to the lecture platform and into newspaper correspondence during the last fifteen years. She was a delegate to the International Congress of Peace in Paris, and made one of the opening speeches, and presented a paper in the French language on "International Arbitration," which was well received. In 1890 she was again a delegate to the same convention in London, and her paper there on "Disarmament" was widely commented upon. Even at this late date her thirst for knowledge again evinced itself, for she remained in London to take a course of University Extension lectures at Oxford. In 1891 she was again a delegate to the Peace Congress at Rome, where her influence was equally as conspicuous as before.

Of late years Mrs. Lockwood, in addition to her law practice, has acted as assistant editor of the "Peacemaker," a Philadelphia magazine, all the time pursuing her studies and contributing no small modicum of encouragement, both by her pen and lectures, to the furtherance of the University Extension idea. It may be said, however, that her interest and labor in all forward movements are mainly due to her confidence in the aid they will contribute toward the final enfranchisement of woman.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES WASHINGTON, IN SUPPORT OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

GENTLEMEN of the Committee: We come before you to-day, not with any studied eloquence, far-fetched erudition, or new theories for the metamorphosis of our government, or the overthrow of our social economy and relations, but we come, asking for our whole commonwealth, for the fathers who begat us, and the brothers at our side—for the mothers who bore us, and the sisters who go hand in hand with us; for the orphan and the widow unprotected; for the wretched inebriate and the outcast Magdalene; for the beggars who throng our streets and the inmates of our jails and asylums—for these we ask you that we too may have a hand and a voice, a share in this matter which so nearly concerns not only our temporal but even our eternal salvation. We ask you that we may have an interest that shall awaken from its apathy fully one-half of the moral and intellectual resources of the country, fully one-half of its productive interest—an interest which contains in the germ the physical power and vital force of the whole nation. Weakness cannot beget power, ignorance cannot beget wisdom, disease cannot produce health. Look at our women of to-day, with their enfeebled bodies, dwarfed intellects, laxness of moral force, without enough of healthy stimulus to incite to action, and compare them with our grandmothers of the Revolution and the Martha Washington school. Here you find a woman who dared to control her own affairs; who superintended a farm of six hundred acres; giving personal instructions to the workmen, writing her own bills and receipts, and setting an example of industry and frugality to the neighboring women who called to see her.

I need not, gentlemen, enumerate to you to prove what I wish to prove to-day, the countless numbers of women who have participated creditably in government from the days of our Saviour until the present time. You know that Victoria rules in England; and the adoration of the English heart to-day for its Queen, found expression but a few weeks since in one of our popular lecture halls, when the audience, composed partly of Englishmen, were asked to sing "God Save the Queen." The wisdom of the reign of Elizabeth, "good Queen Bess," as she has been called, gave to England her prestige—the proud pre-eminence which she holds to-day among the nations of the earth. Isabella I. of Spain, the patron saint of America, without whose generosity our country to-day might have been a wilderness, was never nobler than when after Ferdinand's refusal, after the refusal of the crowned authority of England, the disapproval of the wise men of her own kingdom, she rose in her queenly majesty, and said, "I undertake it for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." Maria Theresa, of Austria, who assumed the reins of government with her kingdom divided and disturbed, found herself equal to the emergency, brought order out of chaos, and prosperity to her kingdom. Christine, of Sweden, brought that kingdom to the zenith of its power. Eugenie, Empress of the French, in the late disastrous revolution, assumed the regency of the Empire in defiance of her ministry, and, when forced to flee, covered her flight with a shrewdness that would have done credit to Napoleon himself. Florence Nightingale brought order and efficiency into the hospitals of the Crimea, and Clara Barton, with her clear head and generous heart, has lifted up the starving women of Strassburg, and made it possible for them to be self-sustaining. I need not cite to you Catharine, of Russia, Cleopatra, or the Queen of Sheba, who came to admire the wisdom of Solomon; or the Roman matrons, Zenobia, Lucretia, Tullia; or revert to the earliest forms of government when the family and the church were lawgivers; remind you of Lydia, the seller of purple and fine linen, who ruled her own household, called to the church; of Aquilla and Priscilla, whom Paul took with him and left to control the church at Ephesus, after they had been banished from Rome by the decree of Claudius; or of Phebe, the deaconess. It is a well-known fact that women have been sent as ministers and ambassadors, the latter a power fuller than our country grants, to treat on important State matters between the crowned heads of Europe. In many cases they have represented the person of the monarch or emperor himself. France, since the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., through the period of the ascendency of Napoleon I. down to the reign of Napoleon III.,

has employed women in diplomacy. Instances may be found recorded in a work entitled "Napoleon and His Court," by Madame Junot, and also in our own consular works. The late Empress of France has been said to be especially gifted in this respect. It has been the custom of Russia for the past century, and still continues to be, to send women on diplomatic errands. In this empire, also, where the voting is done by households, a woman is often sent to represent the family.

Women are now writing a large proportion of the books and newspapers of the country, are editing newspapers and commanding ships. They are admitted to law schools, medical schools, and the higher order of colleges, and are knocking at Amherst and Yale. Yea, more, they are admitted to the practice of law, as in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Wyoming and Utah; admitted to the practice of medicine everywhere, and more recently to consultation. One hundred women preachers are already ordained and are preaching throughout the land. Women are elected as engrossing and enrolling clerks in Legislatures, as in Wisconsin, Missouri and Indiana; appointed as justices of the peace, as in Maine, Wyoming and Connecticut; as bankers and brokers, as in New York and St. Louis. They are filling as school teachers three-fourths of the schools of the land.

This is more than true of our own city. Shall we not then have women school trustees and superintendents? Already they are appointed in the East and in the West, and women are permitted to vote at the school elections. Who has a deeper interest in the schools than the mothers.

Look at the hundreds of women clerks in the government departments. They are all eligible, since the passage of the Arnell bill, to the highest clerkships. Look at the postmistresses throughout the land. Each one a bonded officer of the government, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the highest executive power in the land. "The power of the President to appoint, and of the Senate to confirm, has never been questioned by our highest courts. Being bonded officers, they must necessarily qualify before a judicial officer."

And now, gentlemen of the Committee on Laws and Judiciary, whatever may be your report on these bills for justice and equality to women, committed to your trust, I hope you will bear in mind that you have mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, who will be affected by your decision. They may be amply provided for to-day, and be beggared to-morrow. Remember that "life is short and time is fleeting," but principles never die. You hold in your hands a power and an opportunity to-day to render yourselves immortal—an opportunity that comes but once in a lifetime. Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Gentlemen, the flood-tide is with you! Shall this appeal be in vain? I hold in my hands the names of hundreds of men and women of our city pledged to this work, and they will not relax their efforts until it is accomplished.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Errror, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

FOUNDER OF THE FIRST WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATION.

AMONG the famous names of our time, history will, no doubt, record that of Susan B. Anthony with the greatest of reformers and progressive thinkers. Once held in derision, she now enjoys the reward of being esteemed and loved by her fellow men, while she is looked up to, by those of her own sex who believe in woman suffrage as one of the pioneers whose herculean efforts will eventually place the ballot in the hands of the women of the United States.

Miss Anthony was born in South Adams, Mass., February 15, 1820. She was brought up in New York under the most religious influence of a Baptist mother and a Quaker father. From her childhood her character has been strongly marked by individuality and native strength.

Mr. Anthony was a manufacturer and a wealthy man. He fitted his daughters and sons for teachers, and at the age of fifteen Susan began to teach in a Quaker family, her salary being one dollar per week and board. In 1837, a financial crash caused the failure of her father, who was, after this, aided in his efforts to retrieve his fortune by his children. Susan was particularly successful and progressive in her work, and identified herself actively with the New York Teachers' Association, rendering herself conspicuous by pleading in the conventions for higher wages and equal rights for women in all the honors and responsibilities of the association. The women teachers throughout America owe her a debt of gratitude for their improved position and compensation to-day.

The subject of temperance also claimed Miss Anthony's attention from the time of her childhood. In 1852, she organized the New York State Women's Temperance Association, which was the first open temperance organization of women, and the foundation for the modern society known as the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was president, and Miss Anthony for several years secretary, of this first organization. It was in this work that Miss Anthony discovered the impotency of women to advance the cause of temperance without the ballot, and she at once became an ardent woman suffragist. She was also a pronounced and active abolitionist; and, during the war, with her friend and co-worker, Mrs. Stanton, and others, she presented a petition to Congress for the abolition of slavery, bearing nearly 400,000 signatures from all parts of the country. These petitions were so powerful in arousing the people, and also Congress, that Charles Sumner urged Miss Anthony to continue in the work. "Send on the petitions," he wrote, "they furnish the only background for my demands."

The most dramatic event of Miss Anthony's life was her arrest and trial for vot-

ing at the presidential election of 1872. When asked by the judge, "You voted as a woman, did you not?" she replied, "No, sir, I voted as a citizen of the United States." Before the date set for the trial Miss Anthony thoroughly canvassed her county and instructed the people in citizen's rights, intending in this way to have the jurors, whoever they might be, well instructed in advance. To her chagrin change of venue was ordered to another county, setting the date three weeks ahead. Miss Anthony was equal to the emergency; in twenty-four hours dates were set and appointments made for a series of meetings in that county, and the country was thoroughly aroused in Miss Anthony's behalf. The jury would no doubt have acquitted her, but the judge took the case out of their hands saying it was a question of law and not of fact, and pronounced Miss Anthony guilty and fined her $100.00 and costs. "I shall never pay a penny of this unjust claim," she said. "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God." She intended to take the case to the Supreme Court, and further to help her cause did not desire to give bond, preferring to be imprisoned, but her counsel gave bond and thus frustrated her purpose of carrying it to the Supreme Court. The inspectors who received the ballot from her and her friends were fined and imprisoned, but were pardoned by President Grant. Miss Anthony steadfastly adhered to her vow and never paid the fine.

Miss Anthony has always been in great demand on the platform and has lectured in almost every city and hamlet in the North. She has made constitutional arguments before congressional committees and spoken impromptu in all sorts of places. Wherever a good word in introducing a speaker, or a short speech to awaken a convention, or a closing appeal to set people to work was needed she always knew how to say the right thing, and never wearied her audience. There was no hurry, no superfluity in her discourse, and it was equally devoid of sentiment or poetry. She was remarkably self-forgetful and devoted to the noblest principles. A fine sense of humor, however, pervaded her logical arguments. She had the happy faculty of disarming and winning her opponents. She possessed a most wonderful memory, carrying in her mind the legislative history of each state, the formation and progress of political parties, and the public history of prominent men in our national life, and in fact whatever has been done the world over to ameliorate the condition of women. She is said to be a most congenial and instructive companion, and her unfailing sympathy makes her as good a listener as talker.

It must be consolingly comforting and pleasant for this ardent worker, who has stemmed a violent tide of opposition throughout a long life, to have the tide of popular esteem turn so favorably toward her last years. Once it was the fashion of the press to ridicule and jeer, but at last the best reporters were sent to interview her and to put her sentiments before the world with the most respectful and laudatory personal comment. Society, too, threw open its doors, and into many distinguished gatherings she carried a refreshing breath of sincerity and earnestness. Her seventieth birthday was celebrated by the National Woman Suffrage Association with an outburst of gratitude which is perhaps unparalleled in the history of any living woman. In 1892 she was elected president of this association, at which time, though seventy-two years of age, she was still of undiminished vigor and activity. Standing at the head of this organization, of which she was forty years before among the founders, Susan B. Anthony is one of the most heroic figures in American history.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO SUFFRAGE.

After its delivery, this address was printed and distributed in Monroe and Ontario counties prior to her trial, in June, 1873, the charge against her being that she had violated the law by voting in the presidential election in November, 1872. This address is necessarily argumentative; but it contains occasional passages which exhibit the power of her oratory.

Copied from an account of the trial published in Rochester, New York, 1874.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I stand before you to-night, under indictment for the alleged crime of having voted at the last Presidential election, without having a lawful right to vote. It shall be my work this evening to prove to you that in thus voting, I not only committed no crime, but, instead, simply exercised my *citizen's right*, guaranteed to me and all United States citizens by the National Constitution, beyond the power of any State to deny. * * * *

The preamble of the federal constitution says:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure *domestic* tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America."

It was we, the people, not we, the white male citizens, nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people, who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people—women as well as men. And it is a downright mockery to talk to women of their enjoyment of the blessings of liberty while they are denied the use of the only means of securing them provided by this democratic-republican government—the ballot.

The early journals of Congress show that when the committee reported to that body the original articles of confederation, the very first article which became the subject of discussion was that respecting equality of suffrage. Article IV. said:

"The better to secure and perpetuate mutual friendship and intercourse between the people of the different States of the Union, the free inhabitants of each of the States, (paupers, vagabonds and fugitives from justice excepted,) shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the free citizens of the several States."

Thus, at the very beginning, did the fathers see the necessity of the universal application of the great principle of equal rights to all—in order to produce the desired result—a harmonious union and a homogeneous people. * * * *

B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, in the three days' discussion in the United States Senate in 1866, on Senator Cowan's motion to strike male from the District of Columbia suffrage bill, said:

"Mr. President, I say here on the floor of the American Senate, I stand for universal suffrage; and as a matter of fundamental principle, do not recognize the right of society to limit it on any ground of race or sex." * * * *

Charles Sumner, in his brave protests against the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, insisted that, so soon as by the thirteenth amendment the slaves became free men, the original powers of the United States Constitution guaranteed to them equal rights—the right to vote and to be voted for. * * *

Article 1 of the New York State Constitution says:

"No member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers."

And so carefully guarded is the citizen's right to vote that the Constitution makes special mention of all who may be excluded. It says:

"Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been or may be convicted of bribery, larceny or any infamous crime." * * * * *

"The law of the land" is the United States Constitution, and there is no provision in that document that can be fairly construed into a permission to the States to deprive any class of their citizens of their right to vote. Hence, New York can get no power from that source to disfranchise one entire half of her members. Nor has "the judgment of their peers" been pronounced against women exercising their right to vote; no disfranchised person is allowed

to be judge or juror, and none but disfranchised persons can be women's peers; nor has the Legislature passed laws excluding them on account of idiocy or lunacy; nor yet the courts convicted them of bribery, larceny or any infamous crime. Clearly, then, there is no constitutional ground for the exclusion of women from the ballot-box in the State of New York. No barriers whatever stand to-day between women and the exercise of their right to vote save those of precedent and prejudice. * * * *

For any State to make sex a qualification that must ever result in the disfranchisement of one entire half of the people is to pass a bill of attainder, or an *ex post facto* law, and is therefore a violation of the supreme law of the land. By it the blessings of liberty are forever withheld from women and their female posterity. To them this government has no just powers derived from the consent of the governed. To them this government is not a democracy. It is not a republic. It is an odious aristocracy; a hateful oligarchy of sex; the most hateful aristocracy ever established on the face of the globe; an oligarchy of wealth, where the rich govern the poor. An oligarchy of learning, where the educated govern the ignorant, or even an oligarchy of race, where the Saxon rules the African, might be endured; but this oligarchy of sex, which makes father, brothers, husband, sons the oligarchs over the mother and sisters, the wife and daughters of every household; which ordains all men sovereigns, all women subjects; carries dissension, discord and rebellion into every home of the nation.

* * * * * * *

Webster, Worcester and Bouvier all define a citizen to be a person, in the United States, entitled to vote and hold office.

Prior to the adoption of the thirteenth amendment, by which slavery was forever abolished, and black men transformed from *property* to *persons*, the judicial opinions of the country had always been in harmony with these definitions. To be a *person* was to be a *citizen*, and to be a *citizen* was to be a *voter*.

The only question left to be settled now is: Are women persons? And I hardly believe any of our opponents will have the hardihood to say they are not. Being persons, then, women are citizens, and no State has a right to make any new law, or to enforce any old law, that shall abridge their priviliges or immunities. Hence, every discrimination against women in the constitutions and laws of the several States is to-day null and void, precisely as is every one against negroes.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

FOUNDER OF THE WOMAN-SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

AMONG the few women who have shown themselves the polemic equals of the most trained and brilliant men of their times, the subject of this sketch stands prominently with the first. Mrs. Stanton was always a vigorous woman of commanding size with the mental force of a giant. In public debates and private arguments, she has shown herself to be an orator, forceful, logical, witty, sarcastic and eloquent. Like all great orators, she is imbued with one great idea which presses to the front in all she says or does and has been the moving force of her life. She believes that social and national safety lies alone in the purity of individuals and in the full and free bestowal upon every individual, regardless of sex, of all the rights and privileges of citizenship. In other words, whatever other excellencies or merits she may possess, she is primarily a Woman Suffragist.

Elizabeth Cady was the daughter of Judge Daniel Cady and was born in Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1815. She was a child of marked intelligence and was thoroughly educated by her parents and graduated in Troy, N. Y., in 1832. She was learned in Latin and Greek, was a great lover of sports and, it is said that in early life she frequently complained that she had been born a girl instead of a boy. She used to discuss law in her father's office and always insisted that no law was just which denied to women an equal right with men. She was anxious to complete her education in Union College where her brother had been educated, and her indignation was unbounded when she was refused entrance because girls were not admitted to that institution. Thus it will be seen how she became a Woman's Rights believer, and with her strong and cultured mind it was only natural that she should become one of its chief advocates. At the age of twenty-five, in 1840, she married Henry B. Stanton, an Anti-slavery orator, journalist and author. Thus she became an Abolitionist and entered, with her usual force and zeal, into that movement. She was a delegate to the World's Anti-slavery Convention, which met the next year in London. With Lucretia Mott, she signed the first call for a Woman's Rights Convention, which met in Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the 19th of July, 1848. Mrs. Stanton received and cared for the visitors, wrote the resolutions, declarations and aims of the organization, and had the satisfaction of being ridiculed throughout the United States. Even her father, Judge Cady, imagined that she had gone crazy and journeyed all the way to Seneca Falls in order to endeavor to reason her out of her position; but she remained unshaken. Since that convention, Mrs. Stanton has been one of the leaders of the movement in the United States.

In 1854, Mrs. Stanton addressed the New York Legislature, endeavoring to bring about such a change in the constitution as would enfranchise women, an extract from which, we insert in this volume. She delivered another address to the same body in 1860 and again in 1867. In Kansas and in Michigan in '67 and '74, when those states were submitting the question of "Woman's Suffrage" to the people, she did heroic work by canvassing and speaking throughout both of these Commonwealths. Until the year of 1890, she was President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. In 1868, she ventured to run as candidate for Congress and, in her speech to the electors of the district, she announced her creed to be "Free speech, free press, free men and free trade."

The "New York Herald" ventured to support her in this effort; but of course she was defeated, as she expected, her object being only to emphasize and advertise the principle of "Woman Suffrage."

The literary works of Mrs. Stanton consist of her contributions to "The Revolution," a magazine published in New York City, of which she became editor in 1868, Susan B. Anthony being the publisher. She was also joint-author of the "History of Woman's Suffrage" of which three volumes have appeared. She has, also, lectured much and contributed to the secular press.

Mrs. Stanton, with all her public works, has been a thoroughly domestic woman. She has a family of seven children, five sons and two daughters, all of whom were living up to a recent date and some of them have inherited the talents of their mother and bid fair to become famous. Mrs. Stanton possesses conversational powers of the highest order. In the light of recent developments, the retrospect of her long career must afford her unusual pleasure. She was met with bitterness, ridicule and misrepresentation at the beginning of her crusade. She has lived down all of this and has seen her cherished ambition fruited here and there, while many of the leading men of the age in all sections of the country have been brought to look upon "Woman Suffrage" as something to be desired; while in the minds of the public generally, the seed of thoughts sown by her are so fast rooting themselves and springing up, that she looks with confidence forward to the early realization of her hopes—the enfranchisement of woman.

A PLEA FOR EQUAL RIGHTS,

Delivered at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the assembling of the first Woman-Suffragist Convention, July 19, 1848. Mrs. Stanton begins by saying:

I SHOULD feel exceedingly diffident to appear before you at this time, having never before spoken in public, were I not nerved by a sense of right and duty.

[After delivering a masterly and eloquent argument of nearly two hours length announcing the principles and setting forth the arguments which have since signalized the movement, Mrs. Stanton closed in the following eloquent strain:]

Our churches are multiplying on all sides, our missionary societies, Sunday Schools, and prayer meetings and innumerable charitable and reform organizations are all in operation, but still the tide of vice is swelling, and threatens the destruction of everything, and the battlements of righteousness are weak against the raging elements of sin and death. Verily the world waits the coming of some new element, some purifying power, some spirit of mercy and love. The voice of woman has been silenced in the state, the church, and the home, but man cannot fulfill his destiny alone, he cannot redeem his race unaided. There are deep and tender cords of sympathy and love in the hearts of the down-fallen and oppressed that woman can touch more skilfully than

man. The world has never yet seen a truly great and virtuous nation, because in the degradation of woman the very fountains of life are poisoned at their source. It is vain to look for silver and gold from the mines of copper and lead. It is the wise mother that has the wise son. So long as your women are slaves you may throw your colleges and churches to the winds. You can't have scholars and saints so long as your mothers are ground to powder between the upper and nether millstone of tyranny and lust. How seldom, now, is a father's pride gratified, his fond hopes realized, in the budding genius of his son. The wife is degraded, made the mere creature of caprice, and the foolish son is heaviness to his heart. Truly are the sins of the father visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. God, in his wisdom, has so linked the whole human family together, that any violence done at one end of the chain is felt throughout its length, and here, too, is the law of restoration, as in woman all have fallen, so in her elevation shall the race be recreated. "Voices" were the visitors and advisers of Joan of Arc. Do not "voices" come to us daily from the haunts of poverty, sorrow, degradation and despair, already too long unheeded. Now is the time for the women of this country, if they would save our free institutions, to defend the right, to buckle on the armor that can best resist the keenest weapons of the enemy—contempt and ridicule. The same religious enthusiasm that nerved Joan of Arc to her work nerves us to ours. In every generation God calls some men and women for the utterance of the truth, a heroic action, and our work to-day is the fulfilling of what has long since been foretold by the prophet—Joel ii. 28, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." We do not expect our path will be strewn with the flowers of popular applause, but over the thorns of bigotry and prejudice will be our way, and on our banners will beat the dark storm-clouds of opposition from those who have entrenched themselves behind the stormy bulwarks of custom and authority, and who have fortified their position by every means, holy and unholy. But we will steadfastly abide the result. Unmoved we will bear it aloft. Undauntedly we will unfurl it to the gale, for we know that the storm cannot rend from it a shred, that the electric flash will but more clearly show to us the glorious words inscribed upon it, "Equality of Rights."

"Then fear not thou to wind thy horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn.
Ask for the Castle's King and Queen,
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
And in the dark beset thee round,
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home,
So shalt thou see what few have seen;
The palace home of King and Queen."

MRS. STANTON'S ADDRESS TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE STATE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION. FEBRUARY 14, 1854.

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

THE tyrant, Custom, has been summoned before the bar of Common Sense. His majesty no longer awes the multitude—his sceptre is broken—his crown is trampled in the dust—the sentence of death is pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks and classes have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who have struck stout blows for liberty, if, in this change of dynasty, she, too, shall find relief.

Yes, gentlemen, in republican America, in the nineteenth century, we, the daughters of the revolutionary heroes of '76, demand at your hands the redress of our grievances—a revision of your state constitution—a new code of laws. * * * * We demand the full recognition of all our rights as citizens of the Empire State. We are persons; native, free-born citizens; property-holders, tax-payers; yet we are denied the exercise of our right to the elective franchise. We support ourselves, and, in part, your schools, colleges, churches, your poor-houses, jails, prisons, the army, the navy, the whole machinery of government, and yet we have no voice in your coun-

cils. We have every qualification required by the constitution, necessary to the legal voter; but the one of sex. We are moral, virtuous and intelligent, and in all respects quite equal to the proud white man himself, and yet by your laws we are classed with idiots, lunatics and negroes; * * * * in fact, our legal position is lower than that of either; for the negro can be raised to the dignity of a voter if he possess himself of $250; the lunatic can vote in his moments of sanity, and the idiot, too, if he be a male one, and not more than nine-tenths a fool; but we, who have guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics; who have governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair, taught philosophy and mathematics to the savants of our age, discovered planets, piloted ships across the sea, are denied the most sacred rights of citizens, because, forsooth, we came not into this republic crowned with the dignity of manhood! * * * * * * * * Now, gentlemen, we would fain know by what authority you have disfranchised one-half of the people of this state? * * * Would that the men who can sanction a constitution so opposed to the genius of this government, who can enact and execute laws so degrading to womankind, had sprung, Minerva-like, from the brains of their fathers, that the matrons of this republic need not blush to own their sons! * * * * Again we demand in criminal cases, that most sacred of all rights, trial by a jury of our own peers. The establishment of trial by jury is of so early a date that its beginning is lost in antiquity; but the right of trial by a jury of one's own peers is a great, progressive step of advanced civilization. * * * * Would it not, in woman's hour of trial at the bar, be some consolation to see that she was surrounded by the wise and virtuous of her own sex; by those who had known the depth of a mother's love and the misery of a lover's falsehood; to know that to these she could make her confession, and from them receive her sentence? If so, then listen to our just demands and make such a change in your laws as will secure to every woman tried in your courts, an impartial jury. At this moment among the hundreds of women who are shut up in the prisons of this state, not one has enjoyed that most sacred of all her rights—that right which you would die to defend for yourselves—trial by a jury of one's peers.

(After referring to the law relating to woman's inability to make contracts; to own property and to control the property of her children after her husband's death (except by special provision in his will); the inability of the wife to protect the family property against the drunken husband; her inability to prevent her children from being bound out for a term of years against her express wishes,—Mrs. Stanton closes her address in the following words:)

For all these, then, we speak. If to this long list you add all the laboring women, who are loudly demanding remuneration for their unending toil—those women who teach in our seminaries, academies and common schools for a miserable pittance, the widows, who are taxed without mercy; the unfortunate ones in our work-houses, poor-houses and prisons; who are they that we do not now represent? But a small class of fashionable butterflies, who, through the short summer days, seek the sunshine and the flowers; but the cool breezes of autumn and the hoary frosts of winter will soon chase all these away; then; they too will need and seek protection, and through other lips demand, in their turn, justice and equity at your hands.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

THE ORGANIZER AND HEAD OF THE W. C. T. U.

WITH the latter years of this century a new power has made itself felt in the world—the power of organized womanhood. Fifty years ago such a body as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was not only unknown, but impossible; and fifty years ago the woman who has done more than any other to bring it into being was a bright, healthy child of five years, living at Oberlin, Ohio, whither her father and mother had moved from Monroe County, New York, where she was born in September, 1839. In 1846 there was another move westward, this time to Forest Home, near Janesville, Wisconsin. Here Miss Willard spent twelve years, in which she grew from a child to a woman. She had wise parents, who gave free rein to the romping, freedom-loving girl, and let her grow up "near to nature's heart." She could ride a horse or fight a prairie fire "just as well as a man."

After twelve years of life on Wisconsin prairies, the Willard family moved to Evanston, on the shore of Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago. Here Miss Willard began her work as a teacher, which she pursued in different institutions until 1870, when she was chosen president of Evanston College for Ladies. This place she filled until 1874, when she finally gave up teaching to enter upon a new and still larger work.

In 1873 occurred in Ohio the memorable "Women's Crusade" against the rum shops. Bands of devoted women besieged the saloons for days and weeks together, entreating the saloon-keepers to cease selling liquor, praying and singing hymns incessantly in bar-rooms or on the sidewalks, until the men who kept them agreed to close them up, and in many cases emptied barrels of liquor into the gutters. This movement at once arrested Miss Willard's attention. She saw in it the germ of a mighty power for good. She resigned her position as president of the college at Evanston, and threw all her energies into the anti-liquor movement. With her customary thoroughness she entered upon a systematic study of the subject of intemperance and the sale of liquor, and of the different measures which had been undertaken to abate this mighty evil. She sought the counsel of Neal Dow and other leaders in the temperance cause. She joined in the crusade against liquor-selling in Pittsburgh, kneeling in prayer on the sawdust-covered floors of the saloons, and leading the host in singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Rock of Ages," in strains which awed and melted the hearts of the multitude thronging the streets. The result of her work was a determination to combine in one mighty organization

the many separate bands of women temperance workers which had sprung up over the country; and this was achieved in the autumn of 1874, in the organization at Cleveland of that wonderful body, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The resolution which was adopted at that meeting, written by Miss Willard herself, beautifully expresses the spirit in which they entered upon the work. It read as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That, recognizing that our cause is and will be contested by mighty, determined, and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer."

From that time Miss Willard's life is the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Like the "handful of corn in the tops of the mountains," all over this and in other lands it has taken root and grown until the fruit does indeed "shake like Lebanon." In almost every corner of the United States is a subordinate organization of some sort, a local union, a children's band, a young woman's circle, or perhaps all of these. It has built the great "Temperance Temple," one of the largest of the immense business buildings in Chicago. It has organized a large publishing business, from whose busy presses temperance literature is constantly being circulated in all parts of the country. It has by its political power made and unmade governors, senators, and representatives; and it has done much to hasten the time when women shall take an equal share in the government of church and state. In all this work the head and guiding spirit has been Frances E. Willard.

Overwork has of late somewhat impaired her health, and made travel and rest abroad necessary. But in whatever corner of the world she may dwell, there is always a warm corner kept for her in the many thousand hearts and homes that have been cheered and brightened by her work "for God and home and native land."

Miss Willard's friend and co-worker, Hannah Whitall Smith, says of her: "Miss Willard has been to me the embodiment of all that is lovely and good and womanly and strong and noble and tender in human nature. She has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook, and develop our gifts, than any man or any other woman of our time."

HOME PROTECTION.

(FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN PHILADELPHIA, 1876.)

LONGER ago than I shall tell, my father returned one night to the far-off Wisconsin home where I was reared, and sitting by my mother's chair, with a child's attentive ear I listened to their words. He told us of the news that day had brought about Neal Dow, and the great fight for Prohibition down in Maine, and then he said: "I wonder if poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that?" And mother rocked awhile in silence, in the dear old chair I love, and then she gently said: "Yes, Josiah, there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women vote."

My father had never heard her say as much before. He was a great conservative; so he looked tremendously astonished, and replied, in his keen, sarcastic voice: "And pray, how will you arrange it so that women shall vote?" Mother's chair went to and fro a little faster for a minute, and then, looking not into his face, but into the flickering flames of the grate, she slowly answered: "Well, I say to you, as

the Apostle Paul said to his jailor: 'You have put us into prison, we being Romans, and you must come and take us out.'"

That was a seed-thought in a girl's brain and heart. Years passed on, in which nothing more was said upon this dangerous theme. My brother grew to manhood, and soon after he was twenty-one years old he went with father to vote. Standing by the window, a girl of sixteen years, a girl of simple, homely fancies, not at all strong-minded, and altogether ignorant of the world, I looked out as they drove away, my father and brother, and as I looked I felt a strange ache in my heart, and tears sprang to my eyes. Turning to my sister Mary, who stood beside me, I saw that the dear little innocent seemed wonderfully sober, too. I said, "Don't you wish that we could go with them when we are old enough? Don't we love our country just as well as they do?" and her little frightened voice piped out: "Yes, of course we ought. Don't I know that; but you mustn't tell a soul—not mother, even; we should be called strong-minded."

In all the years since then, I have kept those things, and many others like them, and pondered them in my heart; but two years of struggle in this temperance reform have shown me, as they have ten thousand other women, so clearly and so impressively, my duty, that I have passed the Rubicon of Silence, and am ready for any battle that shall be involved in this honest declaration of the faith that is within me. "Fight behind masked batteries a little longer," whisper good friends and true. So I have been fighting hitherto; but it is a style of warfare altogether foreign to my temperament and mode of life. Reared on the prairies, I seemed pre-determined to join the calvary force in this great spiritual war, and I must tilt a free lance henceforth on the splendid battlefield of this reform; where the earth shall soon be shaken by the onset of contending hosts, where legions of valiant soldiers are deploying; where to the grand encounter marches to-day a great army, gentle of mien and mild of utterance, but with hearts for any fate; where there are trumpets and bugles calling strong souls onward to a victory which Heaven might envy, and

> "Where, behind the dim Unknown,
> Standeth GOD within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own."

I thought that women ought to have the ballot as I paid the hard-earned taxes upon my mother's cottage home—but I never said as much—somehow the motive did not command my heart. For my own sake, I had not courage, but I have for thy sake, dear native land, for thy necessity is as much greater than mine as thy transcendant hope is greater than the personal interest of thy humble child. For love of you, heart-broken wives, whose tremulous lips have blessed me; for love of you, sweet mothers, who in the cradle's shadow kneel this night, beside your infant sons; and you, sorrowful little children, who listen at this hour, with faces strangely old, for him whose footsteps frighten you; for love of you, have I thus spoken.

Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snares that men have legalized and set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh! by the danger they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to Heaven, I charge you give them power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have so loved. Let it no longer be that they must sit back among the shadows, hopelessly mourning over their strong staff broken, and their beautiful rod; but when the sons they love shall go forth to life's battle, still let their mothers walk beside them, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

AUTHOR OF "AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS."

NEXT to Harriet Beecher Stowe, no woman, perhaps, has contributed more to the liberation of the black man than has the subject of this sketch. It was Lydia Maria Child who wrote the famous reply to Governor Wise, of Virginia, after the hanging of John Brown, and it was to her that the wife of the Senator from Massachusetts, the author of the "Fugitive Slave Law," wrote, threatening her with future damnation for her activity against the operation of that law. Mrs. Child's reply to Governor Wise, of Virginia, and Mrs. Mason was published with their letters in pamphlet form, and three hundred thousand copies were quickly distributed throughout the North. On the altars of how many thousand hearts they kindled the fires of universal liberty of person can never be known; but it is certain that after the appearance of this pamphlet, and Mrs. Stowe's immortal book, the fate of slavery in the United States was sealed, and the rising star of the black man's liberty and the setting sun of the accursed institution simultaneously rose and fell.

But Lydia M. Child was more than an abolitionist. She was one of the most prolific and varied writers of the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, as subsequent reference to her books and letters will show.

Lydia M. Francis was born in Medford, Massachusetts, February 11, 1802, and was the daughter of David Francis. Her early education was received at the hands of an odd, old woman and her brother, Converse Francis, afterwards Professor of Theology in Harvard College. After leaving private instruction, she studied in public schools, and subsequently spent a year in the seminary. From 1814 to 1820 she lived with her married sister in Maine. At the age of eighteen she returned to Watertown, Massachusetts, to live with her brother. He discovered her literary ability and encouraged her to study and write. In 1823 "Hobomok," her first story, was published. This proved to be successful, and she issued another book, under the title of "Rebels," which was also well received. She then brought out, in rapid succession, "The Mother's Book," "The Girl's Book," "The History of Women," and "The Frugal Housewife." The first passed through twelve English and one German editions, while the last reached thirty-five editions. In 1826 she began to write for children, and published her "Juvenile Miscellanies." In 1828 she became the wife of David Lee Child, a lawyer, and removed to Boston, Massa-

chusetts, where they settled. In 1831 both wife and husband became interested in the then new "Anti-Slavery Movement." Mr. Child became the leader of the Anti-Slavery Party; and, in 1833, Mrs. Child published her famous book, entitled "An Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans Called Africans." When this work appeared, Dr. Channing, it is said, was so delighted with it that he at once walked from Boston to Roxbury to see the author, though a stranger to him, and thank her for it. This was nearly twenty years before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared, and, so far as the writer is aware, was the first book ever published—in America at least—opposing the institution of slavery.

There were at this time in the North very few people who were openly opposed to slavery, and the appearance of the book cut Mrs. Child loose from the friends of her youth. Both social and literary circles, which had formerly welcomed her, now shut their doors against her entrance. She was at this time editing a magazine, which had a large subscription, and her books were selling well. Suddenly, the sale of her books fell off, subscriptions were withdrawn from her paper, and her life became one of ostracized isolation and a battle for existence. The effect of this, was, however, to stimulate rather than intimidate her zeal in the cause which she espoused. Through it all she bore her trouble with the patience and courage worthy of a heroine, and in the midst of her disappointment and labors found time to produce the "Life of Madame Roland" and "Baroness de Staël," and also her Greek romance "Philothea." At the same time, with her husband, she editorially supervised the "Anti-Slavery Standard," in which was published those admirable "Letters from New York," and, during the same troublous times, prepared her three-volumed work on "The Progress of Religious Ideas," which evinces a depth of study and inquiry into the history of various religions from the most ancient Hindoo records to recent times that perhaps no woman in more modern times has approached. In 1840 Mr. and Mrs. Child removed to New York City, where they resided until 1844, when they removed to Wayland, Massachusetts, where she continued to reside for the next thirty-six years of her life, dying there October 20, 1880, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. She lived to see a reversal of the opinions that greeted her first plea for the personal liberty of all mankind, and became once more the honored centre of a wide circle of influential friends.

The books of Mrs. Child are numerous. We mention beside those referred to above "Flowers for Children," three volumes (1844-1846); "Fact and Fiction" (1846); "The Power of Kindness" (1851); "A True Life of Isaac P. Hopper (1853); "Autumnal Leaves" (1856); "Looking Toward Sunset" (1864); "The Freedman's Book" (1865); "Maria" (1867); and "Aspirations of the World" (1878), which was the last work of the long and busy life of the grand, old woman—issued just three years before her death. In 1882, two years after her demise, a volume of her letters was published with an introduction by the Anti-Slavery poet, Whittier, and an appendix by the Anti-Slavery orator, Wendell Phillips.

A LITTLE WAIF.

(FROM "LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.")

THE other day I went forth for exercise merely, without other hope of enjoyment than a farewell to the setting sun, on the now deserted Battery, and a fresh kiss from the breezes of the sea, ere they passed through the polluted city, bearing healing on their wings. I had not gone far, when I met a little ragged urchin, about four years old, with a heap of newspapers, "more big than he could carry," under his little arm, and another clenched in his small red fist. The sweet voice of childhood was prematurely cracked into shrillness by screaming street cries, at the top of his lungs, and he looked blue, cold and disconsolate. May the angels guard him! How I wanted to warm him in my heart.

I stood looking after him as he went shivering along. Imagination followed him to the miserable cellar where he probably slept on dirty straw. I saw him flogged after his day of cheerless toil, because he had failed to bring home pence enough for his parents' grog; I saw wicked ones come muttering, and beckoning between his young soul and heaven; they tempted him to steal to avoid the dreaded beating. I saw him years after, bewildered and frightened, in the police-office surrounded by hard faces. Their law-jargon conveyed no meaning to his ear, awakened no slumbering moral sense, taught him no clear distinction between right and wrong; but from their cold, harsh tones, and heartless merriment, he drew the inference that they were enemies; and as such he hated them. At that moment, one tone like a mother's voice might have wholly changed his earthly destiny; one kind word of friendly counsel might have saved him—as if an angel, standing in the genial sunlight, had thrown to him one end of a garland, and gently diminishing the distance between them, had drawn him safely out of the deep and tangled labyrinth, where false echoes and winding paths conspired to make him lose his way. But watchmen and constables were around him, and they have small fellowship with angels. The strong impulses that might have become overwhelming love for his race are perverted to the bitterest hatred. He tries the universal resort of weakness against force; if they are too strong for *him*, he will be too cunning for *them*. *Their* cunning is roused to detect *his* cunning; and thus the gallows-game is played, with interludes of damnable merriment from police reports, whereat the heedless multitude laugh; while angels weep over the slow murder of a human soul. God grant the little shivering carrier-boy a brighter destiny than I have foreseen for him.

TO WHITTIER ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I THANK thee, friend, for words of cheer,
That made the path of duty clear,
When thou and I were young and strong
To wrestle with a mighty wrong.
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray
That prophesies a brighter day
When we can work, with strength renewed,
In clearer light, for surer good.
God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
Till thy fervent spirit finds release;
And may we meet, in worlds afar,
My Morning and my Evening Star!

POLITENESS.

IN politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what

is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

FLOWERS.

HOW the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers; and orange-buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride; for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb; for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar; for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

UNSELFISHNESS.

(From "Letters from New York.")

I FOUND the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Every thing seemed moving to the vernal tune of

> "Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
> And Greta woods are green."—*Scott's Rokeby.*

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed, earnestly, "And *he* is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! on all that leads us in love to prefer one another! Here lies the secret of universal harmony; this is the diapason which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought.

ANNA ELIZABETH DICKINSON.

IN 1861, a young girl of nineteen years, sprang like a Minerva fully armed into the moral and political arena, and for a time stirred the hearts of those who fell under her influence, as few other speakers have done. From the day she first appeared before the public, she feared not to utter the boldest truths and most scathing rebukes of sin in high places. Whether the principle for which she strove is right or wrong the world of course will judge for itself, but that this woman was honest, logical, sincere, and eloquent in advocacy, no one who ever listened to her earnest appeals or read what she wrote could for one moment doubt.

Anna E. Dickinson was born October 28, 1842, in the city of Philadelphia. When she was two years old her father died, leaving the family in straightened circumstances. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends, and Anna was sent in her early years to the Friends' Free School. At the same time she had little ways of her own in earning money, which she carefully husbanded and spent for books. When fourteen years old she made her appearance before the public by writing an article on slavery, which was published in "The Liberator," and in 1857 made her debut as a public speaker by replying to a man who had delivered a tirade against women. From that time she spoke frequently on the subjects of slavery and temperance. In 1859 and 1860 she taught a country school, and in 1861 became an employee in the Philadelphia Mint, from which position she was soon dismissed, because in a speech in West Chester she declared the battle of Ball's Bluff had been lost through the treason of General McClellan. Thus cast upon the world she entered immediately the lecture platform. William Lloyd Garrison heard one of her addresses and named her "The Girl Orator." He invited her to speak in Boston, Massachusetts, where she delivered a famous address on the "National Crisis" in Music Hall. From there she entered upon a lecture tour, speaking in New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, and until the close of the war devoted her time to lecturing. In Washington, D. C., in 1864, the proceeds of one of her lectures, amounting to a thousand dollars, she devoted to the Freedmen's Relief Society. She was frequently called to the hospitals and the camps, where she addressed the soldiers. After the war she took up the cudgel in favor of woman's suffrage. She visited Utah to inquire into the condition of women there, and returning delivered her famous lecture on the "Whited Sepulchres." Other prominent lectures were entitled "Demagogues and Workingmen," "Joan of Arc," "Between Us Be Truth," "Platform and Stage."

Miss Dickinson made the mistake of her life when she deserted the platform for the stage in 1877. She wrote a play entitled "A Crown of Thorns," in which she attempted to "star." She next assayed Shakespearian tragic roles, including "Hamlet" and others, and afterwards gave dramatic readings. In all of these attempts she was out of her element, therefore, unsuccessful, and returned to the lecture platform, but continued to write plays. The only one of these, however, which was even moderately popular with the masses was entitled "The American Girl," played by Fanny Davenport. The noted actor, John McCullough, was preparing to produce her "Aurelian," when the failure of his powers came and it was never put upon the stage. Miss Dickinson also wrote a number of books. Among them we mention the novel "What Answer;" "A Paying Investment," and "A Ragged Register of People, Places and Opinions," the latter being a sort of diary, and perhaps the most valuable of the lot.

The last ten years added other mistakes and misfortunes which have tended to detract from the well-earned fame of her earlier life. These difficulties began with a suit brought against the Republican managers in 1888 for services rendered in the Harrison presidential campaign. Following this came family difficulties. Her health failed and she was placed by her relatives for a time in an insane asylum, from which she was eventually released, but was involved in further law-suits. Let it be said to her credit, however, that while she acquired an ample fortune from her lectures, she has given away the bulk of it to all kinds of charities, and it is from the money that she has made and her liberal disposition to dispose of it for the benefit of humanity, rather than to her relatives, which has involved her in much of the family trouble.

As an orator Miss Dickinson was a woman of singular powers. Together with a most excellent judgment, and a keen, analytic mind, enabling her to dissect theories and motives, she was a mistress of sarcasm, pathos and wit, and possessed that rare eloquence and dramatic fervor which go to make the great orator, and which can be understood only by those who have heard her on the platform. In her work she was always unique, and while as a whole her books and plays were not popular successes they contain passages of undisputed marks of genius.

WHY COLORED MEN SHOULD ENLIST IN THE ARMY.

Extract from speech delivered at a mass meeting held in Philadelphia, July 6, 1863, for the promotion of enlistment of colored men in the Union Army. The efficiency of colored troops having been demonstrated by recent battles in the Southwest, several hundred gentlemen of Philadelphia addressed a memorial to the Secretary of War, asking authority to raise three regiments for three years of the war, from among the colored population of Pennsylvania. Permission to this effect was promptly given. Accordingly a mass meeting was called to arouse the colored people to prompt action. Judge Kelly and Frederick Douglass spoke at the same meeting, but Miss Dickinson's appeal was the oratorical feature of the occasion. We quote the extract below as a specimen of her eloquence.

TRUE, through the past we have advocated the use of the black man. For what end? To save ourselves. We wanted them as shields, as barriers, as walls of defence. We would not even say to them, fight *beside* us. We would put them in the *front;* their brains contracted, their souls dwarfed, their manhood stunted; mass them together; let them die! That will cover and protect us. Now we hear the voice of the people, solemn and sorrowful, saying, "We have wronged you enough; you have suffered enough; we ask no more at your hands; we stand aside, and let you fight

for your own manhood, your future, your race." (Applause.) Anglo-Africans, we need you; yet it is not because of this need that I ask you to go into the ranks of the regiments forming to fight in this war. My cheeks would crimson with shame, while my lips put the request that could be answered, "Your soldiers?" why don't you give us the same bounty, and the same pay as the rest?" I have no reply to *that*. (Sensation.)

But for yourselves; because, after ages of watching and agony, your day is breaking; because your hour is come; because you hold the hammer which, upheld or falling, decides your destiny for woe or weal; because you have reached the point from which you must sink, generation after generation, century after century, into deeper depths, into more absolute degradation; or mount to the heights of glory and fame.

The cause needs you. This is not our war, not a war for territory; not a war for martial power, for mere victory; it is a war of the races, of the ages; the stars and stripes is the people's flag of the world; the world must be gathered under its folds, the black man beside the white. (Cheers and applause.)

Thirteen dollars a month and bounty are good; liberty is better. Ten dollars a month and no bounty are bad; slavery is worse. The two alternatives are put before you; you make your own future. The to be will, in a little while, do you justice. Soldiers will be proud to welcome as comrades, as brothers, the black men of Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend. Congress, next winter, will look out through the fog and mist of Washington, and will see how, when Pennsylvania was invaded and Philadelphia threatened, while white men haggled over bounty and double pay to defend their own city, their own homes, with the tread of armed rebels almost heard in their streets; black men, without bounty, without pay, without rights or the promise of any, rushed to the beleagured capital, and were first in their offers of life or of death. (Cheers and applause.) Congress will say, "These men are soldiers; we will pay them as such; these men are marvels of loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage; we will give them a chance of promotion." History will write, "Behold the unselfish heroes; the *eager* martyrs of this war." (Applause.) You hesitate because you have not all. Your brothers and sisters of the South cry out, "Come to help us, we have nothing." Father! you hesitate to send your boy to death; the slave father turns his face of dumb entreaty to you, to save his boy from the death in life; the bondage that crushes soul and body together. Shall your son go to his aid? Mother! you look with pride at the young manly face and figure, growing and strengthening beside you! he is yours; your own. God gave him to you. From the lacerated hearts, the wrung souls of other mothers, comes the wail, "My child, my child; give me back my child!" The slave-master heeds not; the government is tardy; mother! the prayer comes to *you;* will you falter?

Young man, rejoicing in the hope, the courage, the will, the thews and muscles of young manhood—the red glare of this war falls on the faces and figures of other young men, distorted with suffering, writhing in agony, wrenching their manacles and chains—shouting with despairing voices to you for help—shall it be withheld? (Cries of No! No!)

The slave will be freed—with or without you. The conscience and heart of the people have decreed that. (Applause.) Xerxes scourging the Hellespont, Canute commanding the waves to roll back, are but types of that folly which stands up and says to this majestic wave of public opinion, "Thus far." The black man will be a citizen, only by stamping his right to it in his blood. Now or never! You have not homes!—gain them. You have not liberty!—gain it. You have not a flag!—gain it. You have not a country!—be written down in history as the race who made one for themselves, and saved one for another. (Immense cheering.)

MISCELLANEOUS MASTERPIECES,

FROM VARIOUS AMERICAN AND ANONYMOUS AUTHORS,

CHOSEN WITH A VIEW TO THEIR GENERAL POPULARITY OR ADAPTATION

FOR READING AND RECITATION

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of the following beautiful and perhaps most widely known song in the world, was born in New York, on the ninth of June, 1792. His remarkable career as an actor and dramatist belongs to the history of the stage. As a poet he will be known only by a single song. He died at Tunis, in 1852, where he was for some time Consul for the United States.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that come at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the author of the following patriotic poem, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was a very able and eloquent lawyer, and one of the most respectable gentlemen whose lives have ever adorned American society. He was a man of much literary cultivation and taste, and his religious poems are not without merit. He died very suddenly at Baltimore on January 11, 1843. In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet, and when they came within sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered and their homes and friends were in danger, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in

painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song. Thus, this patriotic, impassioned ode became forever associated with the "Stars and Stripes."

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Born in New York, August 17, 1795; died September 21, 1820.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

BLIND MAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Born in Vermont, June 2, 1816; died in Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887.

IT was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee,
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant,
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right.
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Born 1770; died 1842. The following interesting story is told concerning the writing of this now famous patriotic song. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great conservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday

afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March', he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it was, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans: at least, neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, etc.

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

HUMOROUS.

IN a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him, then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvelous story afar,
How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, ME and Betty, we did it."

ANONYMOUS.

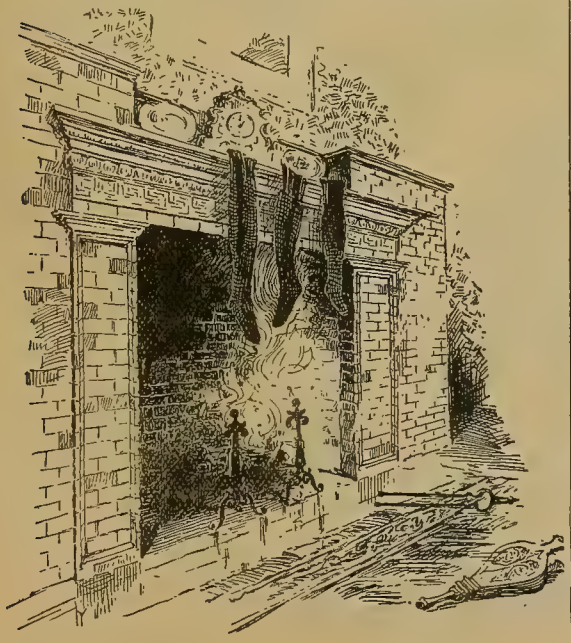


Visit of St. Nicholas

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

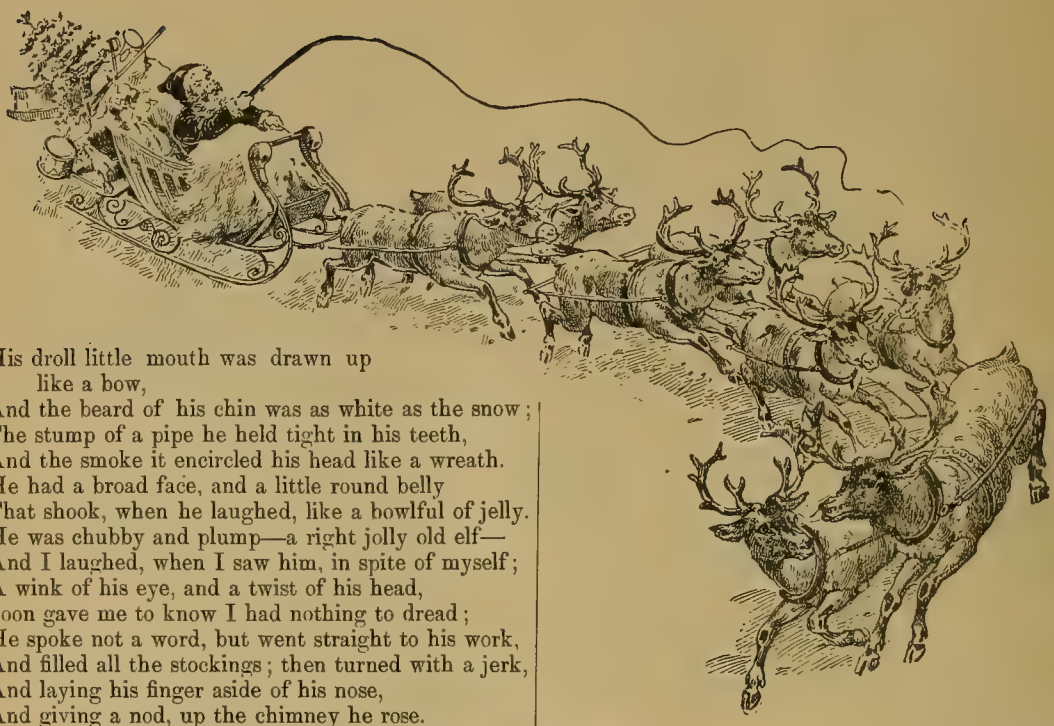
Born in New York, July 15, 1779; died in Rhode Island, July 10, 1863.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,



I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!



His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to the sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1802; died in 1864.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

SANCTITY OF TREATIES, 1796.

BY FISHER AMES.

An American Statesman and writer; born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758, and died July 4, 1808.

WE are either to execute this treaty or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for a spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

What rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eye of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any,—and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN.

BY DONN PIATT.

Born in Ohio in 1819.

I HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.
I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,

And pause to pluck a flower or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dim-lit dream—
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south winds sigh,
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mould its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. He died at Washington in 1848.

THE Declaration of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued,—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

From the day of this declaration, the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintained by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

"How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated.

It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes, for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression,—so long shall this declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born 1732; died 1799.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad, —their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES.

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757; was killed by Aaron Burr, in a duel, in 1804. This speech was delivered in the New York Convention, on the adoption of the Constitution, 1788.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it has been advanced as a principle, that no government but a despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a republican government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the people meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative governments, but especially in relation to a Confederacy of States, in which the Supreme Legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the people are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national Legislature to destroy the State Governments. The blow aimed at the members must give a fatal wound to the head, and the destruction of the States must be at once a political suicide. But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the government; suppose they should make the attempt. Certainly, sir, it would be forever impracticable. This has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved that the members of republics have been, and ever will be, stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example.

In the ancient feudal governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a monarch; subordinate to him, a body of nobles; and subject to these, the vassals, or the whole body of the people. The authority of the kings was limited, and that of the barons considerably independent. The histories of the feudal wars exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of monarchy.

Here, sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited governments possess over their head. As long as the barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the people, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were

irresistible. I may be told in some instances the barons were overcome; but how did this happen? Sir, they took advantage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the people began to feel their own weight and consequence; they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their prince, and threw off the yoke of aristocracy.

These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power will flow; whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the State Governments will become the oppressors of the people? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity and every dictate of common sense!

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

BY GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Born 1822; died 1885.

From a speech delivered on the Fourth of July at Hamburg.

I SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

Born 1799; died 1858.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and

regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements,—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

A favorite poem with Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated it to his friends.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

AND this, O Spain! is thy return
For the new world I gave!
Chains!—this the recompense I earn!
The fetters of the slave!
Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea,
Rises on realms I found for thee.

I served thee as a son would serve;
I loved thee with a father's love;
It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain;
Through life, what'er my lot might be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon!—'Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train:—
What other guerdon?—View my chain!

Yet say not that I weep for gold!
No, let it be the robber's spoil.—
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil.—
I weep but for Spain's lasting shame;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more.—The sunlight leaves the sea;
Farewell, thou never-dying king!
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
And thou—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main!

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

Born in Danville, Kentucky, 1820; died in Alabama, 1867. This famous poem was written in honor of a comrade of the author, a Kentucky soldier, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Buena Vista.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,

Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Shines sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born 1809; died 1865. Mr. Lincoln always spoke briefly and to the point. The following short oration, delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, is universally regarded as one of the greatest masterpieces, of brief and simple eloquence, in the realm of oratory.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Born 1831; died 1881. The following poem was writen by the late President Garfield during his senior year in Williams College, Massachusetts, and was published in the Williams "Quarterly" for March, 1856.

THIS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No lights gleam at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells;
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend

The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

BY ETHELINDA ELLIOTT BEERS.

Born in New York, 1827; died in New Jersey, 1879.

The following poem first appeared in "Harper's Weekly" in 1861, and being published anonymously its authorship was, says Mr. Stedman, "falsely claimed by several persons."

ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Born 1813; died 1880. The following beautiful and popular song, sung all over the world, like "Home, Sweet Home," is by an American author. It is one of those bits of lyric verse which will perpetuate the name of its writer longer, perhaps, than any of the many books which he gave to the world.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an angel caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FINCH.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., 1827.

Many of the women of the South, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

ROLL-CALL.

BY NATHANIEL P. SHEPHERD.

Born in New York, 1835; died 1869.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near—
And "here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered, "here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

BY J. A. MACON.

Born in Alabama, 1851.

Author of "Uncle Gab Tucker."

The following dialect verses are a faithful reproduction, not only of the negro dialect of the cotton sections of the South; but the genius of Mr. Macon has subtly embodied in this and other of his writings a shadowy but true picture of the peculiar and original philosophy and humor of the poor but happy black people of the section with which he is so familiar.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on the picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keep a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear.
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

RUIN WROUGHT BY RUM.

(TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)

GO, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavor would you try,
If all proclaimed,—'*Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

TO A SKELETON.

The MS. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the "Morning Chronicle" for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(A TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together,

and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-

day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

BY ELIJAH KELLOG.

Born in Portland, Maine, 1813. Spartacus was a Thracian soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Romans, made a slave, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped with a number of fellow-gladiators, an incident to which this speech is supposed to refer to. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., while leading the Servile War against Rome.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was as still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, arising in the midst of that grim assembly, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped

the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

THE CRABBED MAN.

(*Extract from a Lecture.*)

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Born 1832. One of the most eminent orators of the American pulpit.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as

that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafrass. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven, unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE; OR, THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.

THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
Days of taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse remarked: "Behold!
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,
Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,
And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown, he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years, and had been there before,

And timidly he said, "My love, perchance, the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of pelf,
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up myself."

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had sealed his doom;
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

ROUND 1.

They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of stovepipe stood,
And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed first blood.*)

ROUND 2.

Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style,
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a weary while;
At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the *First Knock-down.*

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won; his hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black-lead stream from his every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this blessed stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that he looks hot,
And now comes in the sweat o' the day; the Brown holds in his gripe
And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while his wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
While Mistress Brown, she cheerily says to him, "I expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in the air."
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas, and —Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark, but too thin for a mat;
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost heartstrings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mr. Brown, as one that had been wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods, I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head; he dashed it on the floor,

And that stovepipe, as a stovepipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:
"*Send for that tinsmith's man!*"

THE POOR INDIAN!

I KNOW him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief,—
"*Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum?*"

JENKINS GOES TO A PICNIC.

MARIA ANN recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that picnic excursion; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist.

She *pretended* she was very glad; I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up; I had no idea that the sun began his business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps, with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other, and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot at a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," I said, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "You have made *that* observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-

pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half-full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music-teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself so *much*, after the fashion of picnic-goers.

I thought it would never come dinner-time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the "nice dinner in the woods," you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish-bones. The ice-cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and, of course, that was of no immediate use. The music-teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann's head, and pulled all the frizzles out trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of raspberry-pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn't want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to everyday life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

BY J. M. BAILEY.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately, for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for a leeway. He says to himself,—"Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile, he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

(Often recited by DeWolf Hopper, the comic opera singer, between the acts.)

THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirling thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

THERE'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
Where softest of echoes are straying;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where memory dwells with her pure golden hue
And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again, as of old.

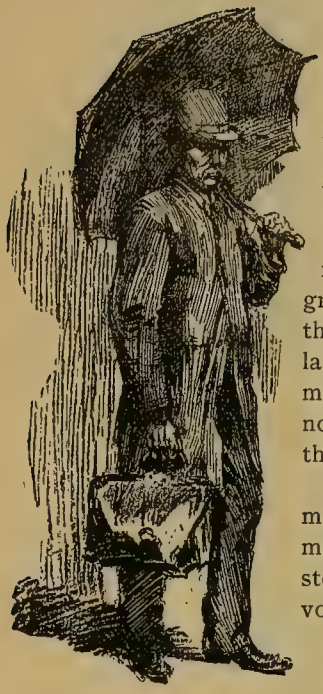
In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning there,
And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista exceedingly bright:
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

STRAY BITS OF CHARACTER

By Will Carleton.

With original illustrations by Victor Perard.

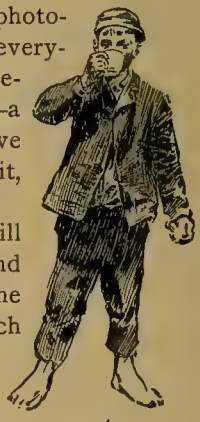


THE TOURIST.

In art, as well as literature, there should be a vast variety of methods, for a good many kinds of people wait to be instructed and pleased. Besides, there is frequently a great diversity of moods in the same person—all of which must be ministered to, at one time and another.

Some people, and perhaps all, when in certain states of mind, are fond of pictures brought out with photographic accuracy; every detail attended to; everything provided for; every incident faithfully related. Others prefer only the salient points—a mere suggestion of items is sufficient. They have no time for anything more—they want the spirit, the soul, of the scene and situation.

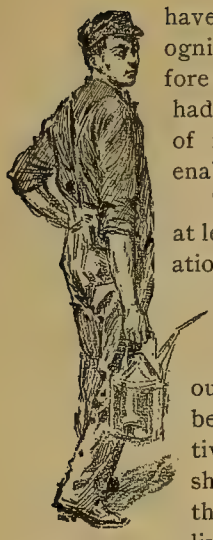
Victor Perard's work upon these pages will minister most to the latter class of people and moods. As one orator can give in ten words the story that another one has struggled with much voice and many gestures for an hour to make plain, so this silent story-teller dashes his pencil across the paper a few times, and behold! you see just what you already may



AT THE LUNCH STAND.



THE STREET TO THE SEA.



THE OILER.

have noticed again and again, but never before recognized in all its possibilities. You now have before you for a steady gaze, that of which you have had only a glimpse, a sketch that supplies the place of memory, shakes hands with imagination, and enables you to enjoy the scene at leisure.

These are pictures that explain themselves, or at least permit the gazer to furnish his own explanation—and that is the most complimentary of all imaginative work, and produces a species of gratitude in the minds of the audience.

Victor Perard is one of the younger artists of our country. His name would indicate him to be of French descent; but he is, I believe, a native of the Greater America, which has thus far shown such a cheerful willingness to assimilate the best brain of the world. He has, however, lived in Paris, and contributed to some of the leading French illustrated journals. He is now living a quiet domestic life in our American metropolis, and has done much good work for its periodicals.

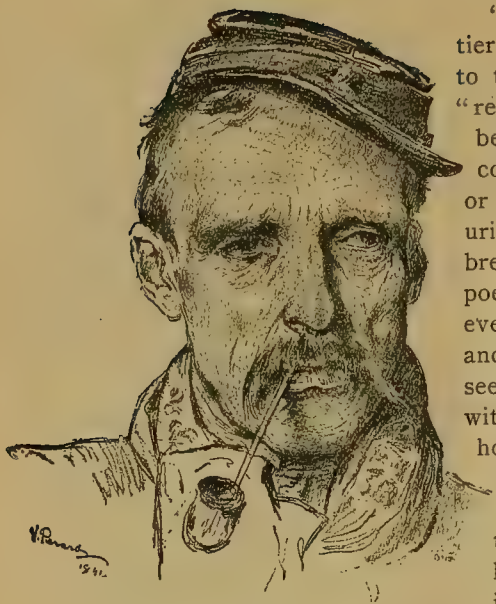
In "The Tourist," one notices with every line of the solemn-looking individual an intense desire to get over the ground promptly and see everything possible on the way. There is something in the painful though unstudied diligence with which he keeps his carpet bag close to his person, that may enable a lively imagination to peep through its sides and detect notes for a forthcoming book.



IN WAIT.

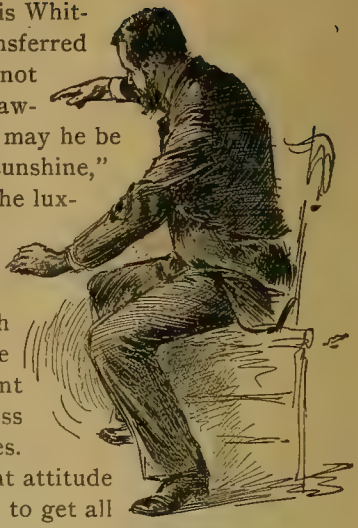


EXPECTING A CALLER.



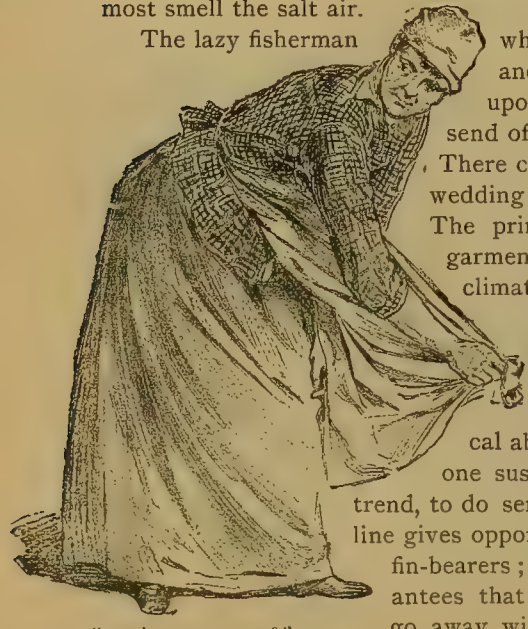
A VETERAN OF THE RANKS.

"At the Lunch Stand" is Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," transferred to the city. His lips are not "redder still, kissed by strawberries on the hill;" nor may he be coated with "outward sunshine," or full of "inner joy." The luxurious bowl of milk and bread which our Quaker poet describes, is not his, even with the wooden dish and pewter spoon; but he seems happy for the moment with the cup of more or less hot coffee which he imbibes. His jaunty, independent attitude shows that he is bound to get all the good of his powerful and perhaps palatable beverage; that he earned it, and is entitled to it.



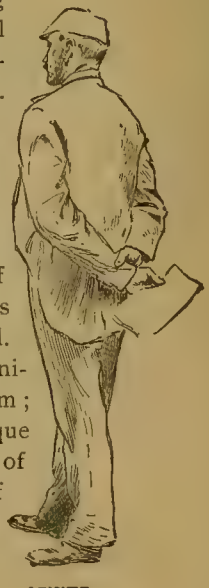
A WIDE-REACHING AFFAIR.

"The Street to the Sea" is in fact a picture of the sea, although the same is hardly in sight. Everything shows that we are approaching the great Country of the Waters. The villas in view; the wheel-harrowed road, admirably foreshortened; the deep shadows upon each side of the way; human figures looming faintly in the distance; everything, in fact, is somehow telling us a tale of the ocean, and we do not need our too sparse glimpse of the "solemn main" to tell what majestic voice will soon bring us to a halt; we almost smell the salt air.

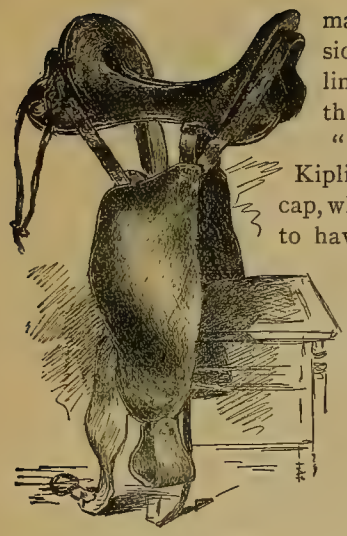


"WHO'S THAT COMING?"

The lazy fisherman who has hung out his latch-string and is waiting for a dinner to call upon him, is Perard with a god-send of material—of the kind he likes. There could scarcely be found a better wedding of shiftlessness and ingenuity. The primitive character of the man's garments is apparently not due to the climate alone; he takes no thought of the morrow, and not much of the current day, so far as its temporal affairs are concerned. But the crude marks of mechanical ability are all over and around him; one suspender is induced, by its oblique trend, to do service for two; an elaborate coil of line gives opportunity of play for the largest of fin-bearers; the stick in the sand guarantees that his expected caller shall not go away without experiencing the fisher-



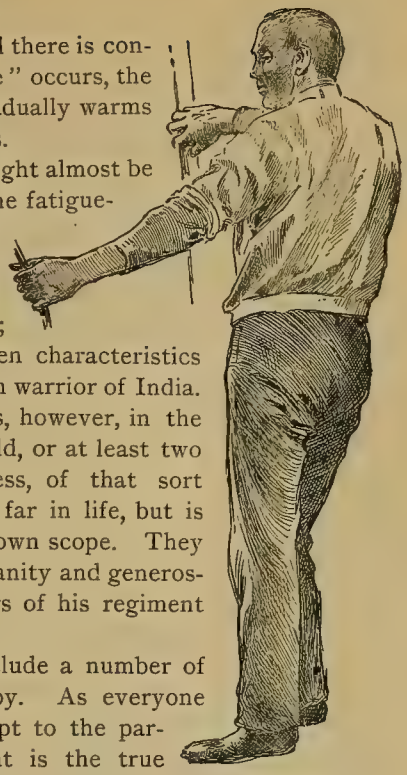
LEISURE.



MCCLELLAN SADDLE.

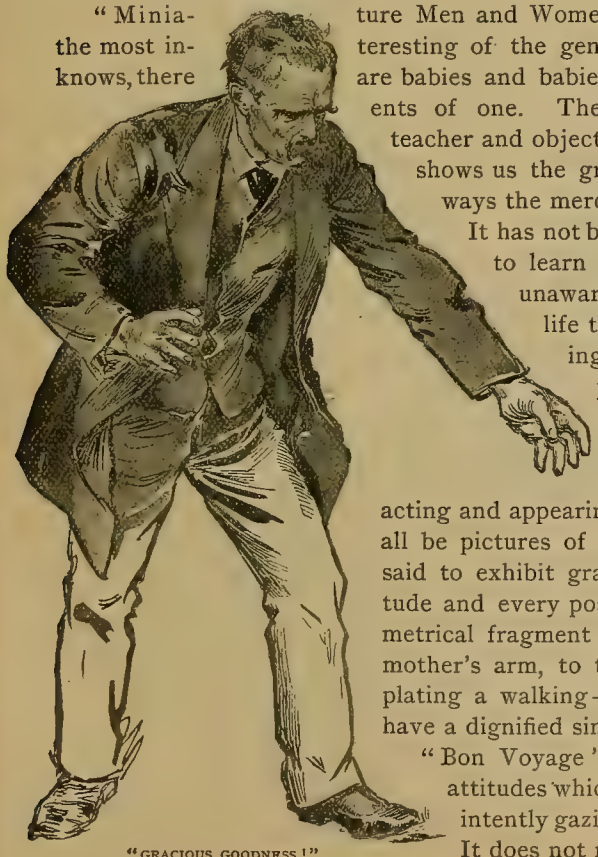
man's peculiar hospitality; and there is considerable chance that if a "bite" occurs, the line will waken him, as it gradually warms the interstice between his toes.

"A Veteran of the Ranks" might almost be Kipling's Mulvaney himself. The fatigue-cap, which in its jaunty pose seems to have vegetated and grown there; the drooping mustache; the capacious pipe; are all what might have been characteristics of that renowned Hibernian warrior of India. The picture finally centres, however, in the eyes; which contain a world, or at least two hemispheres, of shrewdness, of that sort which only gets about so far in life, but is terribly correct within its own scope. They also possess a certain humanity and generosity, which would be likely to act as winsome daughters of his regiment of martial qualities, even upon the battle-field.



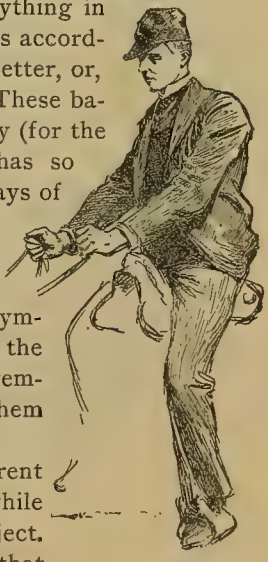
SHOOTING THE STEAM ARROW.

"Miniature Men and Women" include a number of the most interesting of the genus Baby. As everyone knows, there are babies and babies, except to the parents of one. The infant is the true teacher and object-lesson combined; it shows us the grace, although not always the mercy and peace, of unconscious action. It has not been away from Heaven long enough to learn the deceit of this crooked world, is unaware that there is anything in life to conceal, and acts accordingly, until taught better, or, perhaps, worse. These babies, or this baby (for the same infant has so many different ways of acting and appearing, that these may all be pictures of the same) can be said to exhibit grace in every attitude and every position, from the symmetrical fragment of humanity on the mother's arm, to the tot just contemplating a walking-lesson. All of them have a dignified simplicity.



"GRACIOUS GOODNESS!"

"Bon Voyage" shows the different attitudes which men will take while intently gazing at the same object. It does not necessarily follow that



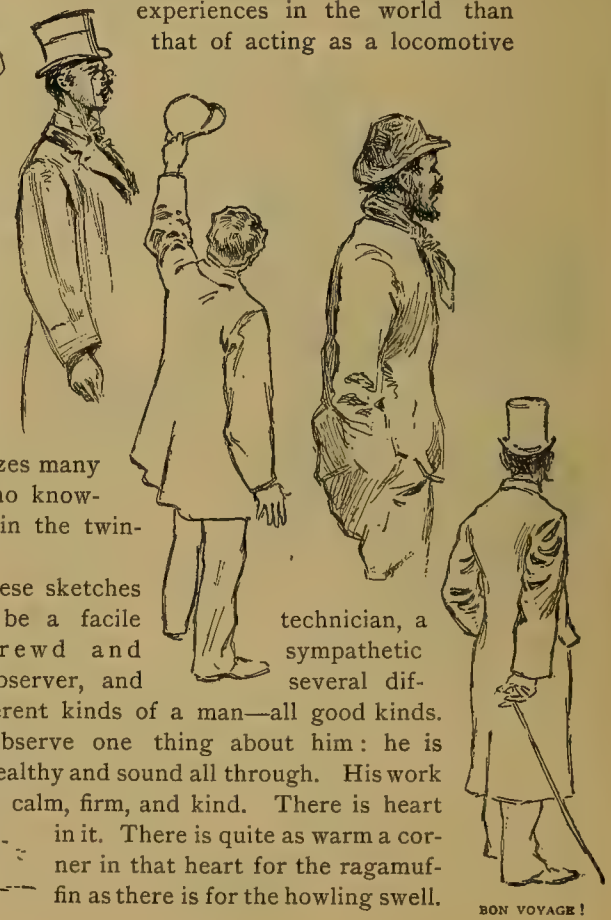
ON WINGS OF HOOFS.



MINIATURE MEN AND WOMEN.

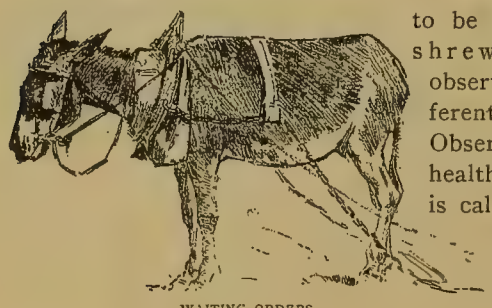
the "she" referred to is a lady; it may be and probably is, a ship, upon which all of our captured gazers have friends. Each one takes his own peculiar posture of observation; and their characters can be read from them.

"Waiting for Orders" is a faithful and almost pathetic presentation of that patient, long-suffering, but unreliable beast, whose lack of pride and hope have passed into a proverb. One is curious, seeing him standing there, how life can ever manage to wheedle him into the idea that it is worth living; but the same curiosity arises in regard to some men. We often find that these have stowed away upon their persons certain grains of comfort, concerning which we at first failed to take note. Our utterly opaque friend here has pleasanter experiences in the world than that of acting as a locomotive to a cart. The dashes of the breeze, the transports of the sun-bath, the pull at the water-bucket, the nourishment in the manger, all yield him tribute in a certain amount of pleasure; he has no responsibility upon his mind, excepting that he is to pull when told to; and although occasionally suffering maltreatment from the superior race in which he recognizes many of his own characteristics, there is no knowing how soon he may revenge it all, in the twinkling of a pair of heels.

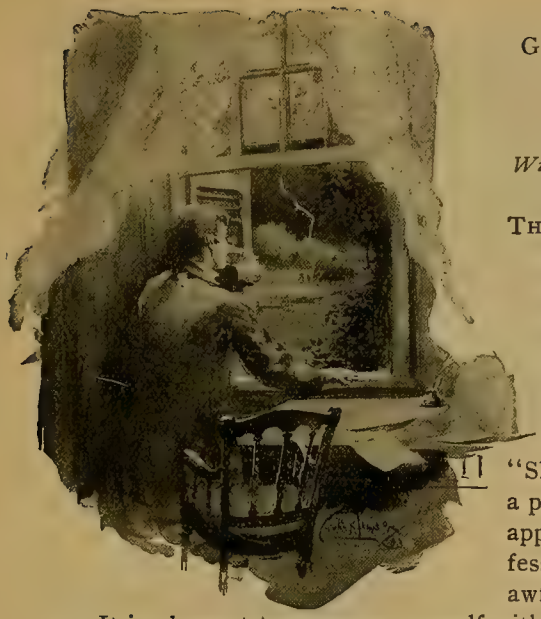


BON VOYAGE!

Mr. Perard discovers himself in these sketches to be a facile technician, a shrewd and sympathetic observer, and several different kinds of a man—all good kinds. Observe one thing about him: he is healthy and sound all through. His work is calm, firm, and kind. There is heart in it. There is quite as warm a corner in that heart for the ragamuffin as there is for the howling swell.



WAITING ORDERS.



GLIMPSES OF "DREAM-LIFE"

Part Second

By Ik Marvel

With original illustrations by Corwin K. Linson.

The scene now changes to the cloister of a college. Your room is scantily furnished, and even the books are few—a couple of grammars, a Euclid, a Xenophon, a Homer and a Livy. Besides these classics there are scattered about here and there a thumb-worn copy of British ballads, an odd volume of the "Sketch Book," a clumsy Shakespeare, and a pocket edition of the Bible. With such appliances, added to the half-score of professors and tutors who preside over the awful precincts, you are to work your way up. It is pleasant to measure yourself with men; and your chum, a hard-faced fel-



"A COSY SIT-DOWN OVER OYSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE"



"'MADGE,' SHE SAYS, 'IS SITTING BY ME WITH HER WORK'"

low of ten or more years than you — digging sturdily at his tasks, seems by that very community of work to dignify your labor.

You have a classmate—I will call him Dalton—who is very intimate with a dashing Senior, and it is a proud thing to happen at their rooms occasionally, and to match yourself for an hour or two (with the windows darkened) against a Senior at "old sledge." Sometimes you go to have a cozy sit-down over oysters and champagne;—to which the Senior lends himself, with the pleasantest condescension in the world. You are not altogether used to hard drinking; but this, you conceal—as most spirited young fellows do—by drinking a great deal. You have a dim recollection of certain circumstances—very unimportant, yet very vividly impressed on your mind—which occurred on one of these occasions.

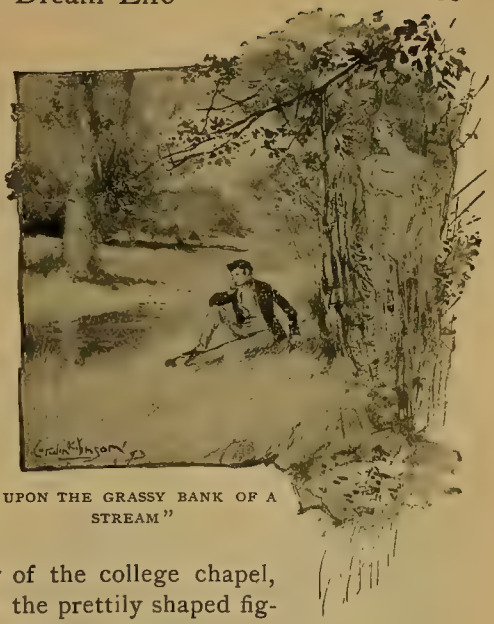
The oysters were exceedingly fine, and the champagne—exquisite. You have a recollection of something being said, toward the end of the first bottle, of Xenophon, and of the Senior's saying in his playful way—"Oh, d—n Xenophon!"

You remember that Dalton broke out into a song, and that for a time you joined in the chorus; you think the Senior called you to order for repeating the chorus in the wrong place. You think the lights burned with remarkable brilliancy; and there is a recollection of an uncommon dizziness afterward—as if your body was very quiet, and your head gyrating with strange velocity, and a kind of centrifugal action, all about the room, and the college, and indeed the whole town.

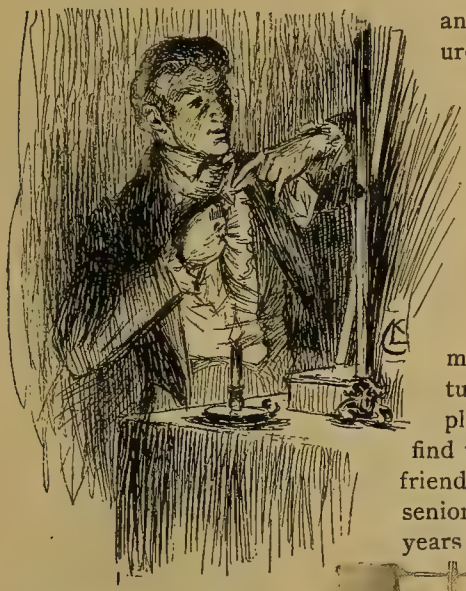


"DIGGING STURDILY AT HIS TASKS"

In following the mental vagaries of youth, I must not forget the curvetings and wiltings of the heart. The black-eyed Jenny has long been forgotten. As for Madge, the memory of her has been more wakeful, but less violent. Nelly's letters not unfrequently drop a careless half-sentence, that keeps her strangely in mind. "Madge," she says, "is sitting by me with her work;" or, "you ought to see the little silk purse that Madge is knitting." All this will keep Madge in mind in those odd half-hours that come stealing over one at twilight. A new romantic admiration is started by those lady-faces which light up, on a Sunday, the gallery of the college chapel, and the prettily shaped figures that go floating along the thoroughfares of the old town.



"UPON THE GRASSY BANK OF A STREAM"



But this cannot last. As the years drop off a certain pair of eyes beams one day upon you, that seems to have been taken out of a page of Greek poetry. The figure, too, might easily be that of Helen, or of Andromache. You gaze—ashamed to gaze; and it is no young girl, who is thus testing you; there is too much pride for that. A ripeness and maturity rest upon her look and figure that completely fill up that ideal. After a time you find that she is the accomplished sister of your friend Dalton; she is at least ten years Dalton's senior; and by even more years your own!

Very few individuals in the world possess that happy consciousness of their own prowess, which belongs to the newly graduated collegian. He has no idea of defeat; he proposes to take the world by storm; he is half sur-



"HE WEARS HIS HONOR AT THE PUBLIC TABLES"

prised that quiet people are not startled by his presence. He brushes with an air of importance about the halls of country hotels; he wears his honor at the public tables; he fancies that the inattentive guests can have little idea that the young gentleman, who so recently delighted the public ear with his dissertation on the "General Tendency of Opinion," is actually among them, and quietly eating from the same dish of beef.

Your mother half fears your alienation from the affections of home. Her letters all run over with a tenderness that makes you sigh, and that makes you feel a deep reproach and consciousness of neglect at heart.

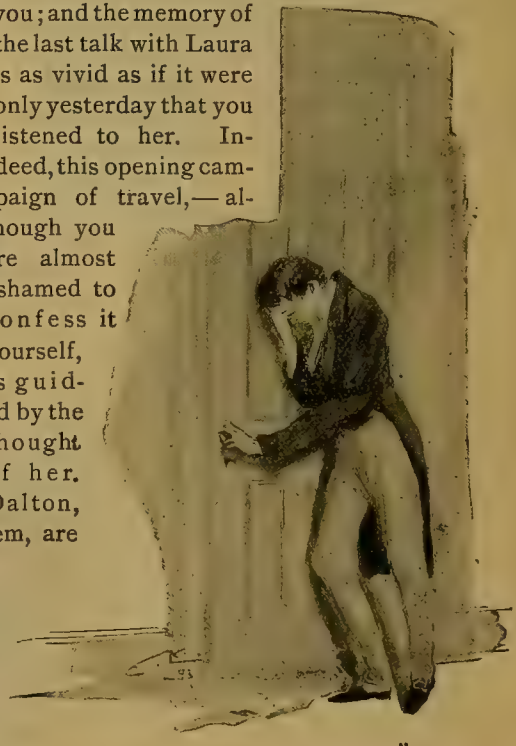


"WE ARE QUITE ALONE, NOW, MY BOY"



"THE MOONLIT WALKS UPON THE HILLS"

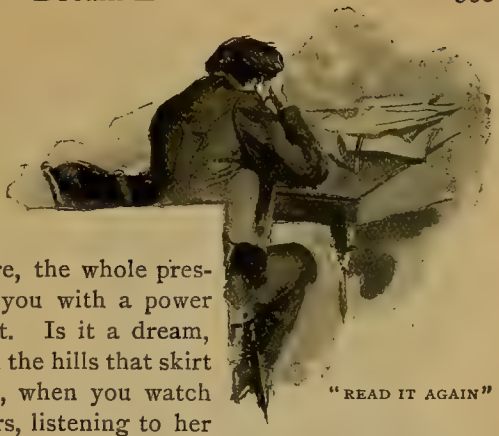
But an experience is approaching Clarence, that will drive his heart home for shelter like a wounded bird! The vision of your last college-year is not gone. That figure whose elegance your eyes then feasted on, still floats before you; and the memory of the last talk with Laura is as vivid as if it were only yesterday that you listened to her. Indeed, this opening campaign of travel,— although you are almost ashamed to confess it yourself, is guided by the thought of her. Dalton, and a party of friends, his sister among them, are journeying to the north. A hope of meeting them, scarcely acknowledged, spurs you on. Your thought bounds away from the beauty of sky and lake, and fastens upon the ideal which your dreamy humors cherish. The very glow of pursuit heightens your fervor: — a fervor that dims sadly the newly



"DEATH—IT IS A TERRIBLE WORD"

awakened memories of home and your mother and Nelly.

Dalton returns and meets you with that happy, careless way of his. Miss Dalton is the same elegant being that entranced you first. They urge you to join their party. But there is no need of urgence; those eyes, that figure, the whole presence, indeed, of Miss Dalton, attracts you with a power which you can neither explain nor resist. Is it a dream, or is it earnest, those moonlit walks upon the hills that skirt the city, when you watch the stars, listening to her voice, and feel the pressure of that jeweled hand upon your arm? Poor Clarence! it is his first look at Life!



"READ IT AGAIN"

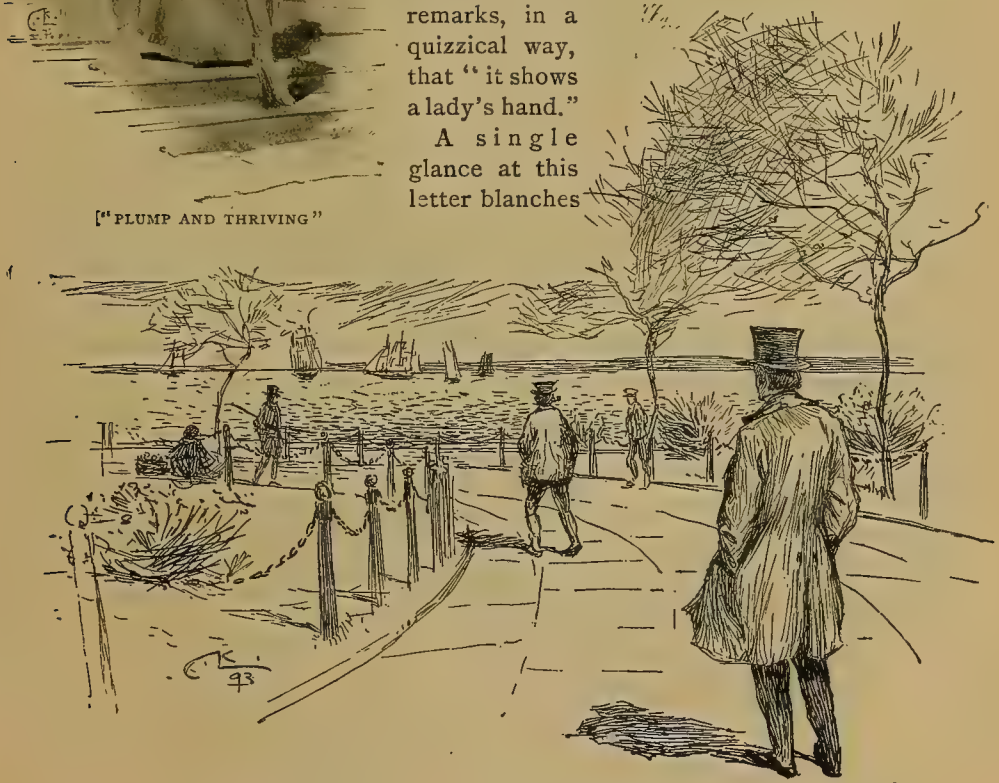
With such attendance you draw toward the sound of Niagara; and its distant, vague roar, coming through great aisles of gloomy forest, bears up your spirit, like a child's, into the Highest Presence.

The morning after, you are standing with your party upon the steps of the hotel. A letter is handed to you. Dalton remarks, in a quizzical way, that "it shows a lady's hand."

A single glance at this letter blanches



["PLUMP AND THRIVING"



"YOU PUT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS AND LOOK OUT UPON THE TOSSING SEA"



"BLUE-EYED MADGE"

your cheeks. Your heart throbs — throbs harder—throbs tumultuously. You bite your lip; for there are lookers-on. But it will not do. You hurry away; you find your chamber and burst into a flood of tears.

It is Nelly's own fair hand, yet sadly blotted;—blotted with her tears, and blotted with yours.

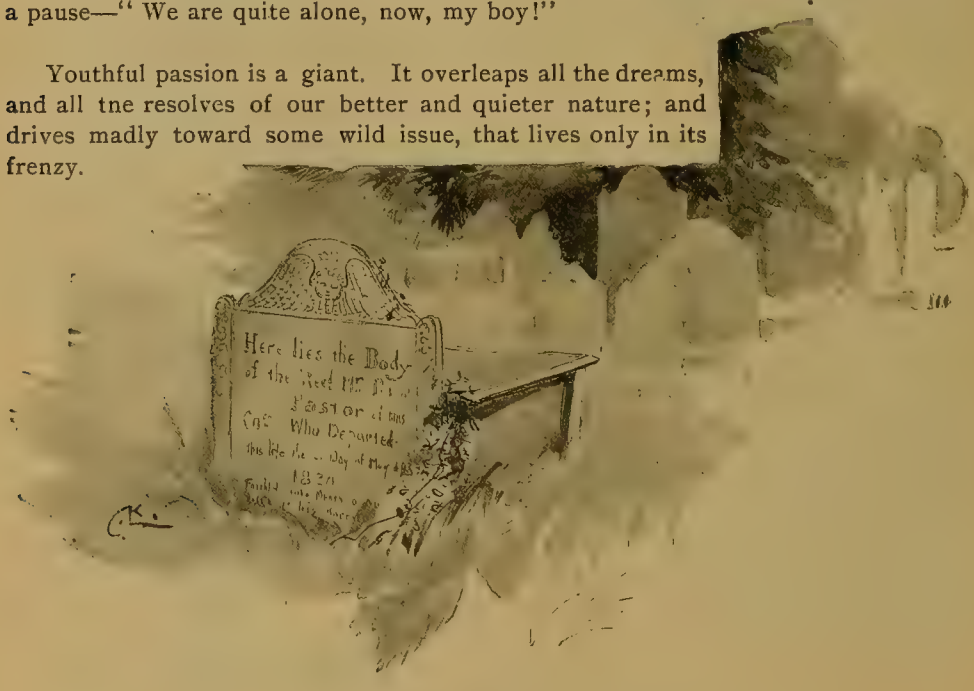
"It is all over, dear, dear Clarence!" she writes. "I can hardly now believe that our poor mother is indeed dead."

Dead!—It is a terrible word.

For a long time you remain with only that letter and your thought for company. You pace up and down your chamber; again you seat yourself, and lean your head upon the table, enfeebled by the very grief that you cherish still. The whole day passes thus; you excuse yourself from all companionship; you have not the heart to tell the story of your troubles to Dalton—least of all, to Miss Dalton. Ten days after, you are walking toward the old homestead, with feelings such as it never called up before. Nelly is waiting for you, and your father is seated in his accustomed chair.

You approach, and your father takes your hand again, with a firm grasp—looks at you thoughtfully—drops his eyes upon the fire, and for a moment there is a pause—"We are quite alone, now, my boy!"

Youthful passion is a giant. It overleaps all the dreams, and all the resolves of our better and quieter nature; and drives madly toward some wild issue, that lives only in its frenzy.



"THE OLD CLERGYMAN SLEEPS BENEATH A BROWN-STONE SLAB"

The last scene of summer changes now to the cobwebbed ceiling of an attorney's office. Books of law, scattered ingloriously at your elbow, speak dully to the flush of your vanities. You are seated at your small side-desk, where you have wrought at those heavy mechanic labors of drafting, which go before a knowledge of your craft. A letter is by you, which you regard with strange feelings; it is yet unopened. It comes from Laura. It is in reply to one which has cost you very much of exquisite elaboration. You have made your avowal of feeling as much like a poem as your education would admit. Indeed, it was a pretty letter, in which vanity of intellect had taken a very entertaining part, and in which your judgment was too cool to appear at all. We will look only at a closing passage:

——"My friend Clarence will, I trust, believe me, when I say that his letter was a surprise to me. To say that it was very grateful, would be what my womanly vanity could not fail to claim. I only wish that I was equal to the flattering portrait which he has drawn. I even half fancy that he is joking me, and can hardly believe that my matronly air should have quite won his youthful heart. At least I shall try not to believe it; and when I welcome him one day, the husband of some fairy, who is worthy of his love, we will smile together at the old lady who once played the Circe to his senses. Seriously, my friend Clarence, I know your impulse of heart has carried you away; and that in a year's time you will smile with me, at your old penchant for one so much your senior, and so ill-suited to your years, as your true friend.—LAURA."

Magnificent Miss Dalton! Read it again. Stick your knife in the desk—tut!—



"YOU LOVE THOSE FLOWERS"



"AND YOU HAVE WORN THIS, MAGGIE?"

you will break the blade! Fold up the letter carefully, and toss it upon your pile of papers. Open Chitty again;—pleasant reading is Chitty! Lean upon your hand—your two hands;—so that no one will catch sight of your face. Chitty is very interesting; how sparkling and imaginative—what a depth and flow of passion in Chitty!

It would be well not to betray your eagerness to go. You can brush your hat a round or two, and take a peep into the broken bit of looking-glass over the wash-stand. You lengthen your walk, as you sometimes do, by a stroll upon the Battery—though rarely, upon such a blustering November day. You put your hands in your pockets, and look out upon the tossing sea. It is a fine sight—very fine. There are few finer bays in the world than New York bay; either to look at, or—for that matter—to sleep in. You try sadly to be cheerful; you smile oddly; your pride comes strongly to your help, but yet helps you very little. It is not so much a broken heart, that you have to mourn over, as a broken dream.

It is not long, to be sure, since the summer of life ended with that broken hope; but the few years that lie between have given long steps upward. There have been changes in the home-life. Nelly is a wife and the husband yonder, as you may have dreamed, is your old friend Frank. As for Jenny—your first fond flame!—she is now the plump and thriving wife of the apothecary of the town! She sweeps out every morning, at seven, the little entry of the apothecary's house; she wears a sky-blue calico gown, and dresses her hair in three little flat quirls on either side of her head.

The heats of the city drive you away and you are at home again—at Frank's house. You ramble over the hills that once bounded your boyish vision, and in



A FATHER!

the view of those sweet scenes which belonged to early days, when neither strength, confidence, nor wealth were yours, days never to come again—a shade of melancholy broods upon your spirit, and covers with its veil all that fierce pride which your worldly wisdom has wrought. The boys whom you astounded with your stories of books are gone, building up now with steady industry the queen cities of our new western land. The old clergyman—he sleeps beneath a brown-stone slab in the churchyard. The stout deacon is dead; his wig and his wickedness rest together. The tall chorister sings yet; but they have now a bass-viol, handled by a new schoolmaster, in place of his tuning-fork; and the years have sown feeble quavers in his voice.

Once more you meet, at the home of Nelly, the blue-eyed Madge. The sixpence is all forgotten; you cannot tell where your half of it is gone. Yet she is beautiful—just budding into the full ripeness of womanhood. Her eyes have a quiet still joy and hope beaming in them, like angel's looks. Her motions have a native grace and freedom, that no culture can bestow. She is dignified and calm and sweet. Her words have a gentle earnestness and honesty, that could never nurture guile.

Strange feelings come over you;—feelings like half-forgotten memories — musical — dreamy — doubtful. You have seen a hundred faces more brilliant than that of Madge; you have pressed a hundred jeweled hands that



YOUR COUNTRY HOME

have returned a half-pressure to yours. You do not exactly admire; to love, you have forgotten; you only—linger!



"THE TIME OF POWER IS PAST"

You have returned to your noisy ambitious office-life, but after a time sickness has overcome you, and as soon as you have gained strength once more you go back to Nelly's home. Again your eye rests upon that figure of Madge, and upon her face, wearing an even gentler expression, as she sees you sitting pale and feeble by the old hearthstone. She brings flowers — for Nelly: you beg Nelly to place them upon the little table at your side. It is the only taste of the country that you are enabled, as yet, to enjoy. You love those flowers.

It is strange—this feeling in you. It is not the feeling you had for Laura Dalton. It does not even remind you of that. That was an impulse; but this is growth. That was strong; but this is—strength. If it were not too late!

A year passes and summer comes again. You have been walking over the hills of home with Madge and Nelly. Nelly has found some excuse to leave you, glancing at you most teasingly as she hurries away. You are left sitting with Madge, upon a bank tufted with blue violets. You have been talking of the days of childhood, and some word has called up the old chain of boyish feeling, and joined it to your new hope. What you would say crowds too fast for utterance; and you abandon it. But you take from your pocket that little old broken bit of sixpence—which you have found after long search—and without a word, but with a look that tells your inmost thought, you lay it in the half-opened hand of Madge. She looks at you, with a slight suffusion of color—seems to hesitate a moment—raises her other hand, and draws from her bosom, by a bit of blue ribbon, a little locket. She touches a spring, and there falls beside your relic—another that had once belonged to it.



"'MADGE, MADGE, MUST IT BE?' AND A PLEASANT SMILE LIGHTS HER EYE; AND HER GRASP IS WARMER; AND HER LOOK IS—UPWARD"

Hope glows now, like the sun!

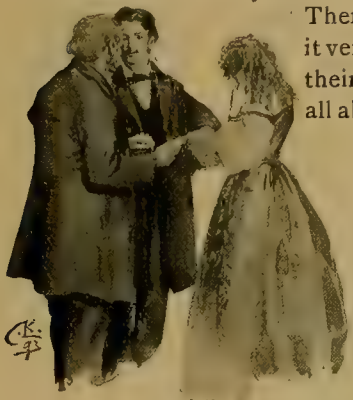
——"And you have worn this, Maggie?"

——"Always."



"THAT IS IT, MAGGIE, THE OLD HOME"

What a joy to be a father! What new emotions crowd the eye with tears, and make the hand tremble! What a benevolence radiates from you toward the nurse, toward the physician — toward everybody! What a holiness, and sanctity of love grows upon your old devotion to that wife of your bosom — the mother of your child! There was a time when you thought it very absurd for fathers to talk about their children; but it does not seem at all absurd now. You think, on the contrary, that your old friends, who used to sup with you at the club, would be delighted to know how your baby is getting on, and how much he measures around the calf of the leg! If they pay you a visit, you are quite sure they are in an agony to see Frank; and you hold the little squirming fellow in your arms, half conscience-smitten for provoking them to such envy as they must be suffering.



A NEW BETROTHAL

The strength and pride of manhood are gone; the time of power is now past; your manliness has told its tale; henceforth your career is down; — hitherto, you have journeyed up. You look back upon a decade, as you once looked upon a half-score of months; a year has become to your slackened memory, and to your dull perceptions, like a week of childhood. Suddenly and swiftly come past you great whirls of gone-by thought, and wrecks of vain labor, eddying to the grave.



"IT IS GETTING DARK, MAGGIE"

The same old man is in his chamber; he cannot leave his chair now. The sun is shining brightly: still, the old man cannot see.

"It is getting dark, Maggie."

Madge looks at Nelly—wistfully—sadly. The old man murmurs something; and Madge stoops.

"Coming," he says. "Coming."

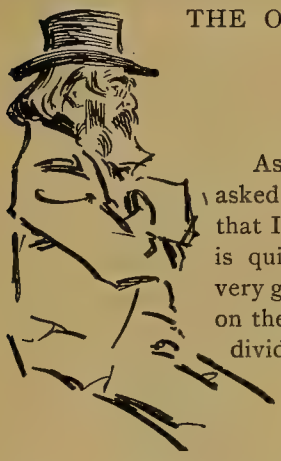




Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

EUGENIE.

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth."



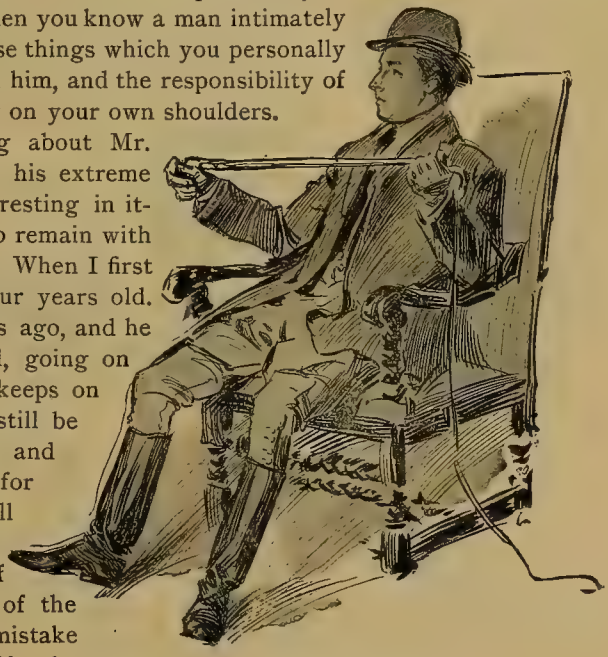
THE ORIGIN OF A TYPE OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

By Richard Harding Davis.

With original illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

As I know nothing of art, I must suppose that when I was asked to tell something of Charles Dana Gibson, it was as a man that I was expected to write of him, and not as an artist. As he is quite as much of a man as he is an artist, which is saying a very great deal, I cannot complain of lack of subject-matter. But on the other hand, it is always much easier to write about an individual one knows only by reputation than of a man one knows as a friend, because in the former place one goes to the celebrity for the facts, and he supplies them himself, and so has to take the responsibility of all that is said of him. But when you know a man intimately and as a friend, you tell of those things which you personally have found most interesting in him, and the responsibility of the point of view rests entirely on your own shoulders.

The most important thing about Mr. Gibson, outside of his art, is his extreme youth. This is not only interesting in itself, but because it promises to remain with him for such a very long time. When I first met Gibson he was twenty-four years old. That was in London, five years ago, and he is now "twenty-five years old, going on twenty-four," so that if he keeps on growing at that rate, he will still be the youngest successful black and white artist in this country for twenty years to come, as he will even then, in 1914, have only reached his thirtieth year. Of course this may be an error of the newspaper paragraphers, or a mistake on the part of Gibson himself, who



A FOLLOWER OF THE HOUNDS.



CONFIDENCES.

having been called the Boy Artist for so long dislikes to give up his crimson sash and knickerbockers. But in any event, it is most demoralizing to his friends, as it has kept several of them to my certain knowledge at the age of twenty-eight for the last five years, none of them caring to grow older until Gibson was ready to make the first move.

It is always interesting to tell of the early struggles of great men, but Gibson's difficulties were not very severe, and were soon overcome. When he recounts them now, to show that he as well as others has had to toil for recognition, he leaves the impression with you that what troubled his spirit most in those days was not that his drawings were rejected, but that he had to climb so many flights of stairs to get them back. His work then was in the line of illustrated advertisements which no one wanted, and it was not until he knocked at the door of the office of *Life* that he met with a welcome and with encouragement. In return for this early recognition, Mr. Gibson has lately erected and presented to that periodical a very fine eleven-story

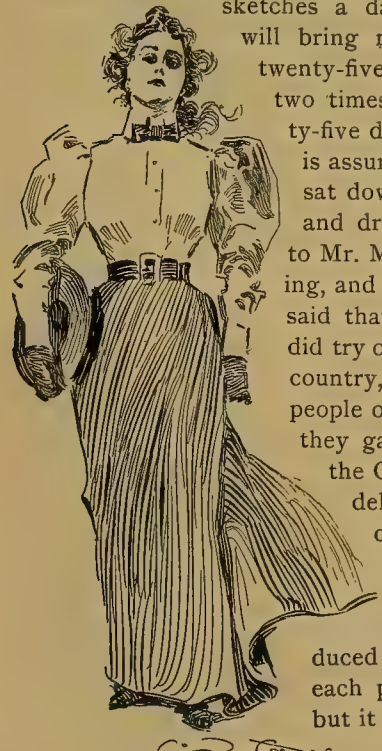


A TÊTE À TÊTE.

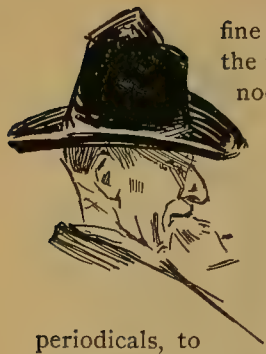
building, on the top floor of which he occupies a large and magnificent studio. He ascends to this in a gilded elevator, scorning the stairs on which he climbed to success. His first contribution to *Life* was a sketch of a dog barking at the moon, which was drawn during the run of the "Mikado" in New York, and the picture was labelled after a very popular song in that opera, called "The Moon and I." Mr. Mitchell looked at the picture of the absurd little fox-terrier barking at the round genial moon, and wrote out a check for four dollars for Mr. Gibson, while that young man sat anxiously outside in the hall with his hat between his knees. He then gave the check to Mr. Gibson, who resisted the temptation to look and see for how large an amount it might be, and asked him to let them have "something else." Mr. Gibson went down the stairs several steps at a time, without complaining of their number, and as he journeyed back to his home in Flushing he argued it out in this way: "If I can get four dollars for a silly little picture of a dog," he said, "how much more will I not receive for really humorous sketches of men and women. I can make six drawings as good as that in an evening, six times four is twenty-five dollars, and six sketches a day, not counting Sunday, will bring me in one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Fifty-two times one hundred and twenty-five dollars is about seven thousand a year. My income is assured!" And in pursuance of this idea he actually sat down that night, under the lamp on the centre table, and drew six sketches, and the next morning took them to Mr. Mitchell, of *Life*, with a proud and confident bearing, and Mr. Mitchell sent them all out to him again, and said that perhaps he had better try once more. That he did try once more, is very well known to everybody in this country, and, since he exhibited in Paris last spring, to people on the other side of the water as well. Over there they gave him a whole wall to himself in the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and the French art critics were delighted and extravagant in their written "appreciations." But long before that exhibition of his work, the queer running signature of C. D. Gibson, with the little round circle over the i, had become significant and familiar. He had introduced us in those last few years to many types, and each possessed its own peculiar and particular virtue, but it was his type of the American girl which made an entire continent of American girls profoundly grateful. Gibson has always shown her as a



ARGUMENT.

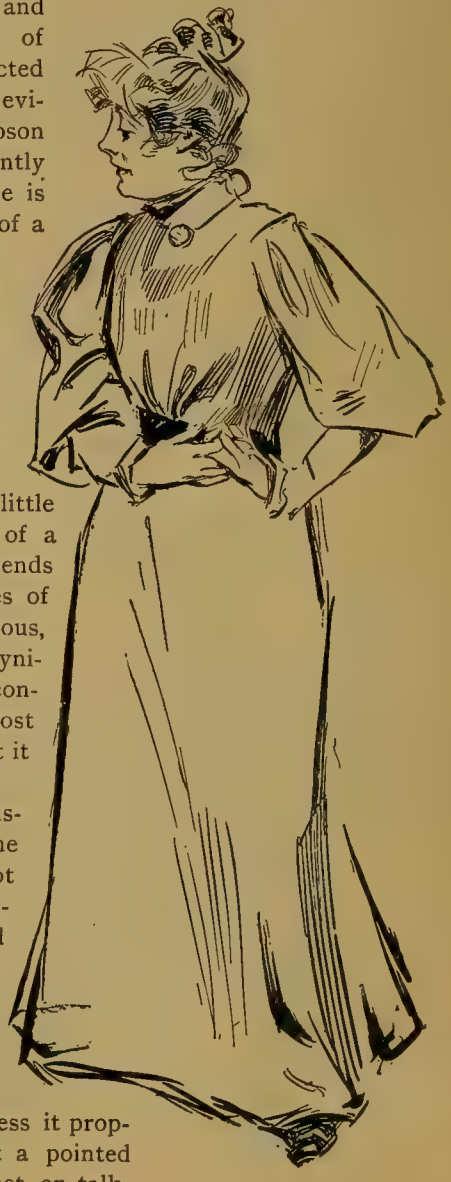


AN AMERICAN GIRL.



fine and tall young person, with a beautiful face and figure, and with the fearlessness on her brow and in her eyes that comes from innocence and from confidence in the innocence of others toward her. And countless young women, from New York and Boston to Grand Rapids and Sioux City, have emulated her erect carriage and have held their head as she does, and have discarded bangs in order to look like her, and fashioned their gowns after hers. It is as though Gibson had set up a standard of feminine beauty and sent it broadcast through the land by means of the magazines and periodicals, to show his countrywomen of what they were capable, and of what was expected of them in consequence. But with all of this evident admiration for the American woman Gibson is somewhat inconsistent. For he is constantly placing her in positions that make us fear she is a cynical and worldly-wise young person, and of a fickleness of heart that belies her looks. And the artist's friends are constantly asked why he takes such a depressing view of matrimony, and why he thinks American girls are always ready to sell themselves for titles, and if he is not a disappointed lover himself, and in consequence a little morbid and a good deal of a cynic. To Mr. Gibson's friends these questions are as amusing as his pictures of ruined lives and unhappy marriages are curious, for it is only in his pictures that he shows cynicism, and neither in his conversation nor his conduct does he ever exhibit anything but a most healthy and boyish regard for life and all that it gives.





LE NEZ PARISIEN.

It is quite safe to say that Gibson is not a disappointed lover, or if he is, he has concealed the fact very well, and it cannot be said that his conduct toward the rest of womankind shows the least touch of resentment. As an artist, however, he is frequently disappointing to strangers, because he does not live up to the part, or even trouble to dress it properly. He does not affect a pointed beard or wear a velvet jacket, or talk





PROBLEMS

of art, either of his own art or of that of someone else, and in this I think he shows himself much older than his years. People who talk to him of subjects which they suppose are in his line of work, are met by a polite look of inquiry, and their observations are received with a look of the most earnest attention.



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But he lets the subject drop when they cease talking. Like all great men, Gibson apparently thinks much more of the things he does indifferently well than of the one thing for which he is best known. He is, for instance, very much better pleased when he is asked to sing "Tommy Atkins," than when editors of magazines humbly supplicate for the entire output of his studio; and if anyone *should* be so brave as to ask him to sing a sentimental song, his joy would know no bounds. His reputation as a sailor is another thing that he guards most jealously, and all of this last summer art editors telegraphed him for promised work until the wires burned, while the artist was racing in a small canoe around the rock-bound coast of Buzzards Bay. It is certainly a very healthy sign when a young man of "twenty-five, going on twenty

four," can return after a nine months' residence in Paris, and contentedly spend his first month at home seated on the tilting edge of a canoe in a wet bathing suit, for ten hours a day. It is also a good sign, and one that goes to show that Gibson is far from being spoiled; that after having Sybil Sanderson sing and Loie Fuller dance in his Paris studio, before a polite circle of ambassadors and numerous pretenders to the throne of France, he can find equal entertainment in the lazy quiet of a Massachusetts fishing village, and in drawing posters to advertise the local church fair. Now that he has given up his flannels and sweater, and returned to his work in New York, Mr. Gibson has developed a desire to pose as a Bohemian, which his friends who live in hall-bedrooms resent, as they consider a Bohemian with a grand piano, and tapestries four hundred years old, something of a curiosity and a fraud.





IN THE PARK.

At present Gibson is full of a plan to bring out a selected number of drawings in book form, that they may not be lost in the covers of the magazines, and his interest in this book is as great as though he did not know that his pictures are already preserved in the memories of many thousands, and actually in scrap-books and on the walls of offices and cabins and drawing-rooms. I have seen them myself pinned up in as far distant and various places as the dressing-room of a theatre in Fort Worth, Tex., and in a students' club at Oxford. But it will be a great book, and it will be dedicated to "A Little American Girl," and only Mr. Gibson's friends will know that the picture of this sweet and innocent little maiden which will appear on the fly-leaf of the book is of his little sister.

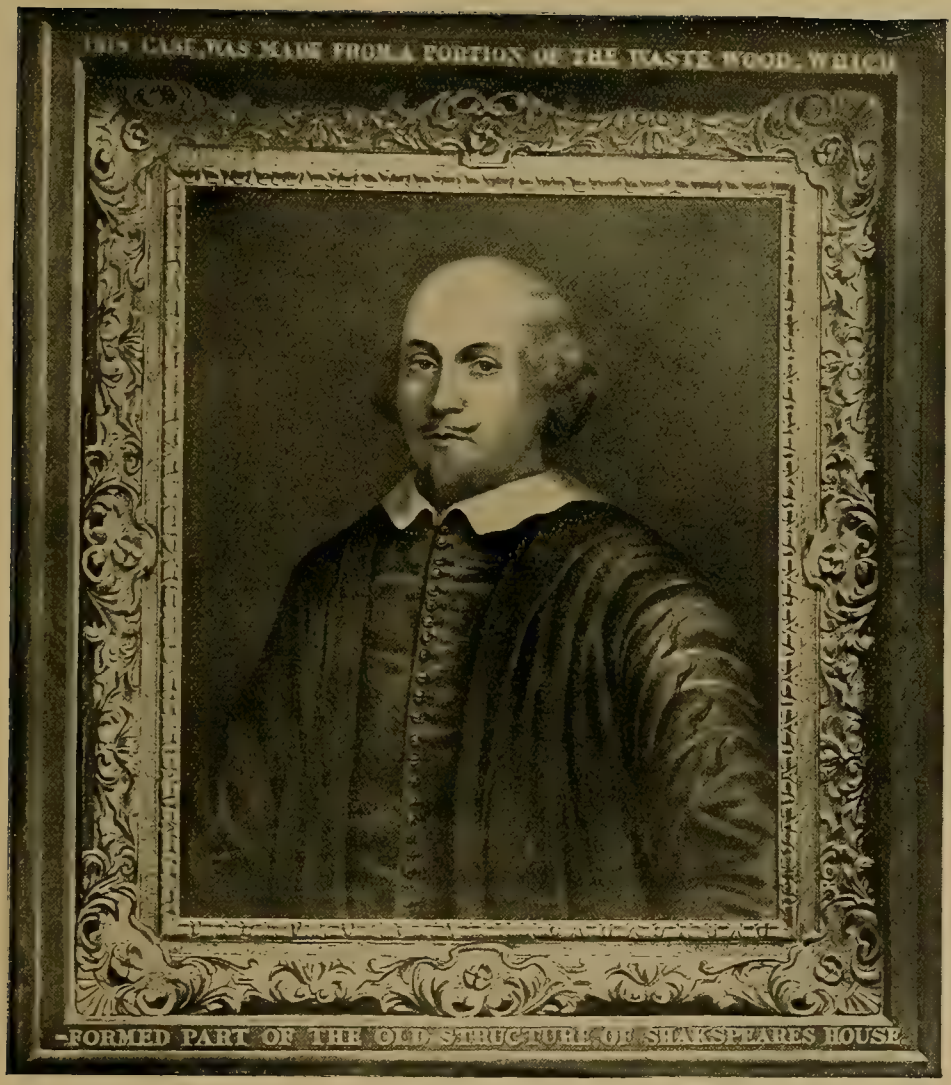




I fear this article does not give a very clear idea of its hero, and it would be certainly incomplete if I did not add that among Gibson's other wicked habits, is the serious one of never keeping engagements, and his friends are now trying to cure him by never asking him anywhere. When he is older he may overcome even this, and in the meanwhile, I will ask those who have read this not to judge Mr. Gibson by what I have said so ineffectually of him, but by his work, and they will understand that the artist that is capable of producing it, must be a pretty good sort of a man himself.



A WORLD'S FAIR GROUP.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



OUR FAVORITE ENGLISH AUTHORS.

William Shakespeare, the Greatest English Poet.
John Milton, the Immortal Author of "Paradise Lost."
Thomas Gray, Author of the Immortal Elegy.
Robert Burns, Best Loved of Scottish Poets.
George Gordon Byron, Poet of Scorn, Misanthropy and Despair.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Poet, Philosopher, Critic and Theologian.
Thomas Hood, Humorist and Poet.
William Wordsworth, the Founder of the Lake School of Poetry.
Alfred Tennyson, the First of Modern Poets.
Dr. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren," Author of "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush."
Sir Walter Scott, Poet, Novelist and Historian.
Charles Dickens, the Greatest English Novelist.
William Makepeace Thackeray, the Greatest Humorist and Novelist.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Most Melodious of Poets among Women.
Thomas Babington Macaulay, the Most Versatile Writer of the Century.
George Eliot, the Greatest Woman Novelist of England.
William Ewart Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" of English Politics.



THE GREATEST ENGLISH POET.

"He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there."—*Dryden.*

WE know almost nothing of the details of the life of William Shakespeare. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, perhaps on April 23, 1564. The precise day of his birth is not fixed with certainty, but as he was baptized on April 26, the date traditionally assigned is at least approximately correct. The authenticated facts in the life of Shakespeare may be very briefly told. His father was an apparently well-to-do tradesman—a wool-comber or glover—but there is evidence that he fell into reduced circumstances while his son was yet a boy. William Shakespeare, the eldest son who survived childhood, was sent to the grammar school at Stratford, where, according to Ben Jonson, he acquired "small Latin and less Greek." There is no evidence that he was ever able to read easily or to speak any language except his own. Tradition says that he was for a time an assistant in his father's shop. But of the youth and early manhood of Shakespeare nothing is known, except that six months before he had entered upon his nineteenth year he was hastily married to Anne Hathaway, a woman some seven years his senior, whose home was at Shottery, a village near-by Stratford; and that within eighteen months, first a daughter, and then a boy and a girl, twins, were born to them.

When about twenty-three Shakespeare left Stratford for London. Tradition says that this departure was somehow connected with his having been arrested for deerstealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy. He soon became connected with the Metropolitan theater. One tradition has it that he got his living for a while by

holding the horses of gentlemen at the door of the theater; another has it that he was for a while stage-prompter. There is good reason to believe that these stories are entire fabrications; for within less than half-a-dozen years we find incidental mention made of him, showing that he was already known as a man of parts, and of good social repute. His connection with the London theater could hardly have been a merely accidental one. The London players were wont to visit Stratford: Thomas Green, one of the best of them, was a native of the town; and Richard Burbage, afterward the friend of Shakespeare, was from the same part of the country. We can not doubt that Shakespeare had become favorably known to them, and that he went up to London upon no uncertain adventure. At all events, it was not long before he was regularly installed as "playwright" to the company. A part of his duty was undoubtedly that of "touching up" the works of others;



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.

but it was not long before he began to produce original dramas. He also bore a part in the representation of his own plays; the part of "the ghost" in *Hamlet* being especially mentioned as one of those which were enacted by him. That he throve in a pecuniary point of view is clear. As early as 1597, when he was thirty-three, we find him with money which he could afford to invest in landed property in his native place, and he retained, besides, large interests in the London theaters, from which he received a very ample income—estimated as equivalent to about five thousand dollars of our money now. Though he lived in familiar intercourse with the nobles, the wits, and the poets of his day, he looked forward to the time when he should retire to his native town, and with this view he purchased New Place, the principal house in Stratford, with more than a hundred acres of ground attached. "The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement

to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. Four years were spent by Shakespeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition."

He was evidently a shrewd man of business, farming his own lands, disposing of their product, and looking to it that the purchasers paid what they owed; for in 1604 we find him bringing action against one Philip Rogers for about forty-five dollars for "malt sold and delivered to him."

He died somewhat suddenly, in 1616, of a fever, and was buried in the parish church, where a contemporary bust of him still exists, which must be regarded as the best-authenticated likeness of the poet. His wife survived him seven years. His only son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve; his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both married, and one of them had three sons, but they all died without issue, so that a quarter of a century after his death there was no living descendant of Shakespeare.



ACTOR AND AUTHOR.
DAVID GARRICK AND THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare must early have won a high place in the esteem of the most accomplished noblemen of Queen Elizabeth's court, for as early as 1594 he dedicated his poem, the "Rape of Lucrece," to the Earl of Southampton, in terms which demonstrate the existence of mutual respect of a high degree between the author and his patron. It is said that Southampton once presented Shakespeare with a sum of money equivalent to twenty-five thousand dollars in our day, but of this

there is no conclusive evidence. It is certain, however, that the noble earl was glad to serve the popular writer and player, and that he was the means of procuring for "William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne," an invitation to present before the Court "twoe severall comedies or enterludes," for which they received twenty pounds.

That Shakespeare had written more or less before he went up to London is altogether probable; that "Venus and Adonis" was "the first fruits of his invention" in any other sense than that of being the first to be printed, is not probable. That he was certainly employed as playwright or adapter of dramas for the stage before this time is unquestionable, and it is most likely that as a poet he had attracted the notice of the author of the "Faerie Queene," who was his senior by eleven years.



FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER ERECTED BY GEO. W. CHILDS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The productive literary life of Shakespeare, as far as we can date it, covers the twenty years preceding 1612, when at the age of forty-eight he retired to his native Stratford-on-Avon, after which we have no proof that he wrote anything.

Shakespeare's dramas, according to the all but universally accepted canon, number thirty-seven. There is no good reason to suppose that any of his plays have been lost, or that he had any considerable share in the composition of any others. He undoubtedly availed himself somewhat of the works of earlier playwrights, and in his historical plays made large use of the chroniclers, from whom he took not merely the historical outlines, but page after page of their very words, only throwing into dramatic form the continuous narrative of his authorities. Scene after scene in "Macbeth" is to be found in the "Chronicles" of Holinshed, themselves a translation from the Latin of Hector Boece, which had been published only a few years; and some of the most dramatic scenes in "Richard III." are reproductions from "The Union of the Two Noble and Illustr Families of Lancastre and Yorke," by Edward Hall.

The dates of the production of the dramas are mainly conjectural; although it is pretty well settled that "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," was one of the earliest, and "The Tempest" one of the latest; that "Romeo and Juliet" was an early play and "Cymbeline" a late one. Twelve plays at least, and doubtless several more, had been produced before Shakespeare reached his thirty-fourth year. His

greatest works are of later date. "Hamlet" was certainly produced as early as 1604, and "Macbeth" previous to 1610.

About a dozen of the plays of Shakespeare seem to have been printed during his lifetime, probably not by his procurement. The entire plays were first put forth in a folio volume in 1623, seven years after his death. It has a preface and dedication by his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, and was undoubtedly printed from the stage copies, which could hardly have failed to have been sanctioned by Shakespeare.

Aside from his dramas, Shakespeare would rank with Spenser and Milton as an imaginative poet. His one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, some of which were probably among his earliest productions, are sometimes imagined to express his deepest personal feelings, and to reveal, in great measure, the story of his life; but as Shakespeare wrote to please his reader, and with very little apparent thought of himself, such conclusions must be accepted with great caution. The wonderful dramas so far surpass his other poems that the latter are now but little read.

Shakespeare's actual observation of the world was probably limited to the territory within a distance of fifty miles from the highway, itself a hundred miles in length, which leads from Stratford to London; but by some marvel of endowment he was enabled to touch the mind and heart of men of every land and every generation, and it has been well said that no poet has ever written on any topic but it can be found better done in Shakespeare.

MERCY.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," *Act IV, Scene 2.*

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SONNET XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnéd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE," *Act II, Scene 2.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

. . . . . .

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarléd oak
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE WITCHES.

"MACBETH," *Act IV, Scene 1.*

A dark cave. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat has mewed.
2d Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
3d Witch. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1st Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

DEATH OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

"HENRY VIII," *Act IV, Scene 4.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blessed him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honor; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," *Act V, Scene 1.*

I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

THE FAIRY TO PUCK.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," *Act II, Scene 1.*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
As I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



"In a Cowslip's Bell I Lie."

ARIEL'S SONG.

"The Tempest," *Act V, Scene 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

OBERON'S VISION.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," *Act II, Scene 2.*

Obe. My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"HENRY VIII," *Act III, Scene 2.*

Cardinal Wolsey, after his fall from the favor of Henry VIII, thus soliloquizes, and afterward confers with his servant Cromwell:

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amazed at my misfortunes; can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome.
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,
And,——Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.



"Come Apace, Good Audrey: I Will Fetch Up Your Goats, Audrey."

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

"As You Like It," *Act III, Scene 3.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

When a man's verses can not be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

THE SEVEN AGES.

"As You Like It," *Act II, Scene 7.*

The banished duke, with Jaques and other lords, are in the forest of Arden, sitting at their plain repast. Orlando, who has been wandering in the forest in quest of food for an old servant, Adam, who can "go no further," suddenly comes upon the party, and with his sword drawn, exclaims:

Orlando. Forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answer'd.
Jaques. An you will not
Be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Sen. True it is that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.
Orla. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort. [*Exit.*]
Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side:
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.



"THERE IS A WILLOW GROWS ASLANT A BROOK."

OPHELIA.

"HAMLET," *Act IV, Scene 7.*

THERE is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

MACBETH'S IRRESOLUTION BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

"MACBETH," *Act I, Scene 7.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.


MILTON
CHAUCER
BEN JONSON
POPE
SPENSER
THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND

ANTONY'S ORATION AT CÆSAR'S FUNERAL.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," *Act III, Scene 2.*

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

. . . . . .

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:

. . . . . .

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

. . . . . .

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

. . . . . .

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," *Act I, Scene 3.*

Antonio, to oblige his friend Bassanio, becomes his surety for repayment of a loan.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.
Shylock (*aside*). How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.
Antonio. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.
Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go too, then; you come to me and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
Say this: "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in such condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not sign to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this?
If he should break his day, what should I gain?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me henceforth at the notary's;
Give him directions for this money bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*]
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

"HAMLET," *Act III, Scene 1.*

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

"HAMLET," *Act I, Scene 4.*

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell.
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removéd ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. It wafts me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, Hamlet, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.



"I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

OTHELLO'S WOOING.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signeurs,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider or more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And importance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

JOHN MILTON.

THE IMMORTAL AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."

FAR above all the poets of his own age, and, in learning, invention, and sublimity, without an equal in the whole range of English literature, stands John Milton. He was born in London, December 9, 1608. His father, who was a scrivener, or, as we would say, conveyancer, and who had suffered much for conscience' sake, doubtless infused into his son those principles of religious freedom which made him, in subsequent years, the bulwark of that holy cause in England. He was also early instructed in music, to which may doubtless be attributed that richness and harmony of versification which distinguished him as much as his learning and imagination. His early education was conducted with great care. At sixteen he entered the University of Cambridge. After leaving the university, where he was distinguished for his scholarship, he retired to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and had purchased a small property at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, devoting his time most assiduously to classic literature, making the well-known remark that he "cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit." While in the university he had written his grand "Hymn on the Nativity," any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry; and there, at his father's, he wrote his "Comus" and "Lycidas," his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and his "Arcades."

In 1638 he went to Italy, the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classic shores. Here his society was courted by "the choicest Italian wits," and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition. On his return home, he opened a school in London, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the business of instruction. In the meantime he entered into the religious disputes of the day, engaging in the controversy single-handed against all the royalists and prelates; and, though numbering among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher, proving himself equal to them all. In 1643 he married the daughter of Richard Powell, a high royalist; but the connection did not prove a happy one, his wife being utterly incapable of appreciating the loftiness and purity of the poet's character. In 1649 he was appointed foreign secretary under Cromwell, which office he held until the death of Cromwell, 1658.

For ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his "Defensio Populi" (Defense of the People of England), and by the close of the year 1652 he was totally blind: "Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon." At the Restoration he was obliged to conceal himself until the publication of the act of oblivion released him from danger. He then devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the composition of "Paradise Lost." The idea of this unequaled poem was probably conceived as early as 1642. It was published in 1667. For the first and second editions the blind poet received but the sum of five pounds each! In 1671 he produced his "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." A long sufferer from gout, his life was now drawing to a close. His mind was calm and bright to the last, and he died without a struggle on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674.

Milton has left to us a description of himself as he had been in early manhood and as he was later. He says:

"My stature certainly is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the broadsword as long as it comported with my habit and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself quite a match for any one, though much stronger than myself. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes. Yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. Though I am more than forty-five years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I really am."

Milton was a Puritan, but not of that narrow-minded, ascetic variety whose peculiarities we usually connect with the name. When Charles II came to the throne it was to be expected that Milton would be one of those for whom there would be no mercy. He had been accessory, both before and after the fact, to the execution of Charles I, and had filled an important post under Cromwell. His name, however, was not on the long list of those excluded from the benefits of the Bill of Indemnity, and when it was published, in August, 1660, he emerged from the hiding-place in which he had been for some time concealed.

His prose writings pertained to the political and theological questions of his time, and are now no longer read. His beautiful odes to mirth and melancholy, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"; the "Masque of Comus," prepared for what we would call an amateur theatrical entertainment; his "Samson Agonistes"; his "Hymn to the Nativity," and, above all, the "Paradise Lost," continue to be studied by every lover of noble literature.

We should not, however, allow our admiration for Milton's poetry to cause us to forget his services to the cause of civil and religious liberty. It is not to be expected that many people will ever read his tracts against the pretensions of the Church, justifying the execution of the king, or even the powerful argument by which he attempted to prevent the recall of the Stuarts and to perpetuate the Commonwealth after Cromwell's death. Their phraseology seems to us stilted and the style antiquated and verbose, but if we will remember the changes which two cen-

turies and a half have caused in our manner of expression, we shall be able to appreciate the grace and force of the language, the vast learning and high purpose of the author, and we will understand their great influence on the thought of Milton's time. In 1644 he addressed to Parliament the most masterly of his prose writings, the "Arèopagitica; a Speech for the Libêrty of Unlicensed Printing." It is, perhaps, the most able argument ever produced upon the subject, and not only for this reason, but because of its noble statement of the value of good books, deserves to be read and reread by every thinking person.

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION.

PARADISE LOST, *IV.*

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd.
Bending to look on me: I started back.
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou, following, criedst aloud, "Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half." With that, thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

PARADISE LOST, *III.*

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam.
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

FROM L'ALLEGRO.



"From betwixt two aged oaks
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met."—*L'Allegro.*

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honordue,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free.
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before.

. . . . . .

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydicé.
These delights if thou cans't give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

A BOOK NOT A DEAD THING.

"AREOPAGITICA."

I DENY not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed—sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life.

FROM THE HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they, than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasures loathe to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No mighty trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But see, the Virgin bless'd
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE DEPARTURE FROM EDEN.

"PARADISE LOST." *Book XII.*

SO spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorus, as the evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime. Whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THOMAS GRAY.

AUTHOR OF THE IMMORTAL ELEGY.

A SINGLE noble masterpiece, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is the foundation of the fame of Thomas Gray. He won distinction at Cambridge, and traveled abroad with Horace Walpole, who complained that Gray "was too serious a companion for me; he was for antiquities, etc., while I was for balls and plays. The fault was mine."

Returning to England after the death of his father, Gray spent the rest of his life at Cambridge. He was offered the post of poet laureate in 1757, but declined it. He became Professor of History at Cambridge, but was unfit for the office and delivered no lectures.

The "Elegy" was printed in 1750. Few poems were ever so popular. It ran through eleven editions, and has ever since been one of those few favorite pieces that every one has by heart. His other poems contain a great number of famous lines, but are themselves little known. He died in 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Gray was small and delicate in person, handsome and refined, fond of fashionable dress, and preferred to be known as a "gentleman" rather than as a poet. Lowell says that the "Elegy" won its popularity, not through any originality of thought, but far more through originality of sound. Its simple language and the depth and sincerity of emotion which it expresses have given it a prominent place among the finest monuments of our literature.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

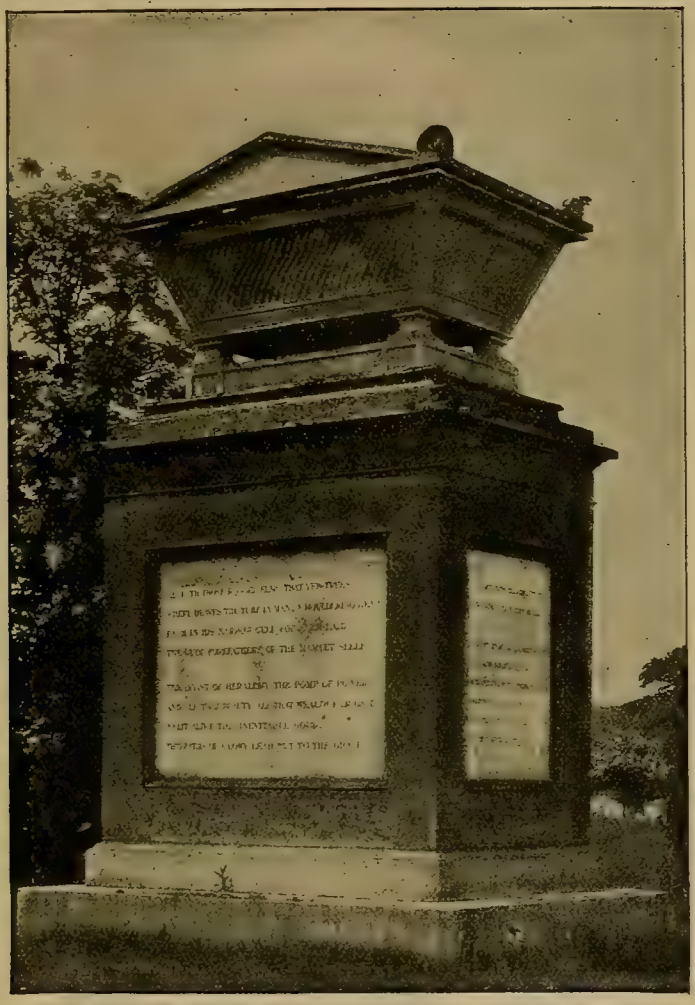
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;



GRAY'S MONUMENT IN THE CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGIS.

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove:
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

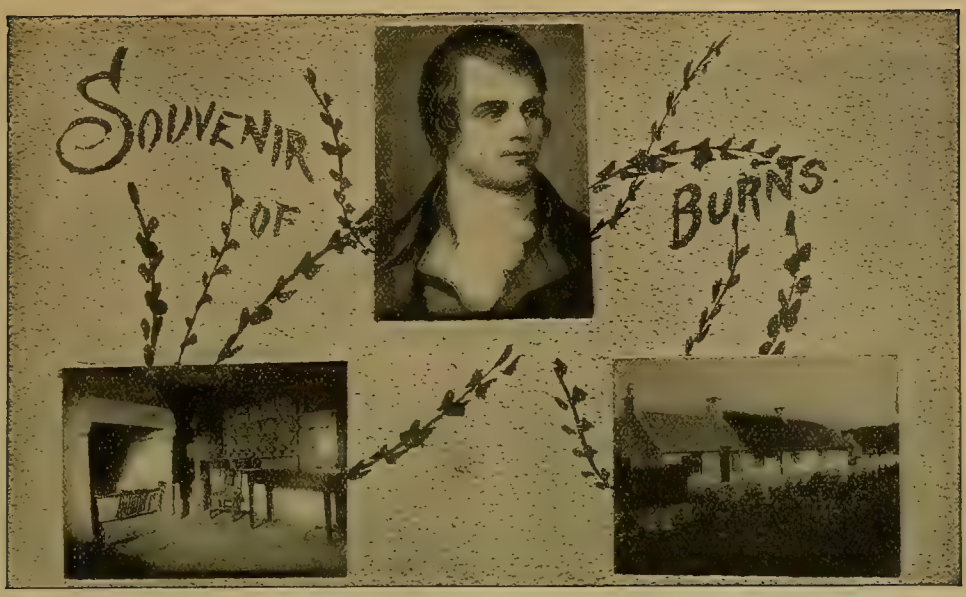
HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



ROBERT BURNS.



BEST LOVED OF SCOTTISH POETS.

THE life of Robert Burns was not a model one. In some ways, and those the most important, its story is more useful for the warnings it conveys than for the example it affords. But we shall not be able to understand his poems if we do not know the story of his life, and not to know and love the poetry of Robert Burns is to miss the rarest, most touching, most thoroughly human note in English verse.

The son of a hard-working, unsuccessful peasant farmer, his early years were spent in the monotonous toil of a laborer on a sterile Scottish farm. He had little education except that which he acquired from his father, who, as is often the case among Scotch peasants, was a man of serious mind, somewhat cultivated, and of noble character.

Burns early began to rhyme and to make love, two occupations which seem to have gone on together all through his life. His poems were handed around in manuscript, and he acquired in this way considerable fame. The death of his father, in 1784, laid upon the young man of twenty-five the cares of the head of the family, a burden which he bravely assumed, but which was somehow always too heavy for him. Removing to a farm at Mossgiel, he fell in love with Jean Armour, the daughter of a mason. His difficulties on the farm, and the unpopularity into which his relations with Jean Armour brought him, thoroughly discouraged him. He determined to emigrate to the West Indies, and to procure the necessary funds, published, by subscription, a volume of his poems. This attracted the attention of literary people in Edinburgh, and on their invitation he gave up his proposed emigration and visited that city. His reception was most cordial. He, the uncultured peasant, captivated at once the refined and intelligent people among whom he was thrown. No poet was ever so quickly recognized. He published a new and enlarged edition of his poems, which yielded him nearly five hundred

pounds; his new celebrity enabled him to secure the post of exciseman in Dumfriesshire, where he took a farm, having advanced nearly half of his returns from the poems to ease the burdens of his mother and brother, whom he left at Mossgiel.

He was married to Jean Armour, and built, largely with his own hands, the cottage in which they were to live at Ellisland, in Dumfries. Here, "to make a happy fireside chime to weans and wife," he labored with an energy which promised better things, and all the circumstances seemed to indicate that a happy and prosperous life lay before the young poet.



The De'il cam fiddlin thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman,
And ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahaun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man."

As poet, farmer, and exciseman, he led a busy life, but he was not a successful farmer, and his office of exciseman favored his indulgence in drink. He gave up the farm and removed to Dumfries; his infirmities grew upon him, and he became unpopular; his health failed, and he died in 1796, not yet thirty-eight years old.

His poetry is not English, but Scottish. Its rollicking fun, as in "Tam O'Shanter's Ride," its touching sentiment, as in "On Turning up a Mouse's Nest

with the Plough," the truth and beauty of its descriptions of homely life, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," have rarely been equaled in the poems of any language.

Burns wrote for the people. He knew all their life, their every emotion; he stirred their patriotism by such poems as "Scots Wha ha wi' Wallace Bled," or their affection for Scotland by "Ye Banks and Braes," and moralized in "The Twa Dogs," and many others, upon the circumstances of their life, and well deserves to be called "the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people and lived and died in an humble condition."

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests with wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



"Wilt thou be my dearie?"

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my false lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary'd, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
(Began the reverend sage;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might:
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,

Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!



"The Smith and Thee Gat Roaring Fou."

TAM O'SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
And market days are wearing late,
An' folks begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee well thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld hunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames; it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lenghten'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS wha hae wi Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes:
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flicterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears:
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

. . . . . .

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake;

O, happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

. . . . . .



"The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride."

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en:
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye:
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says, wi' solemn air.
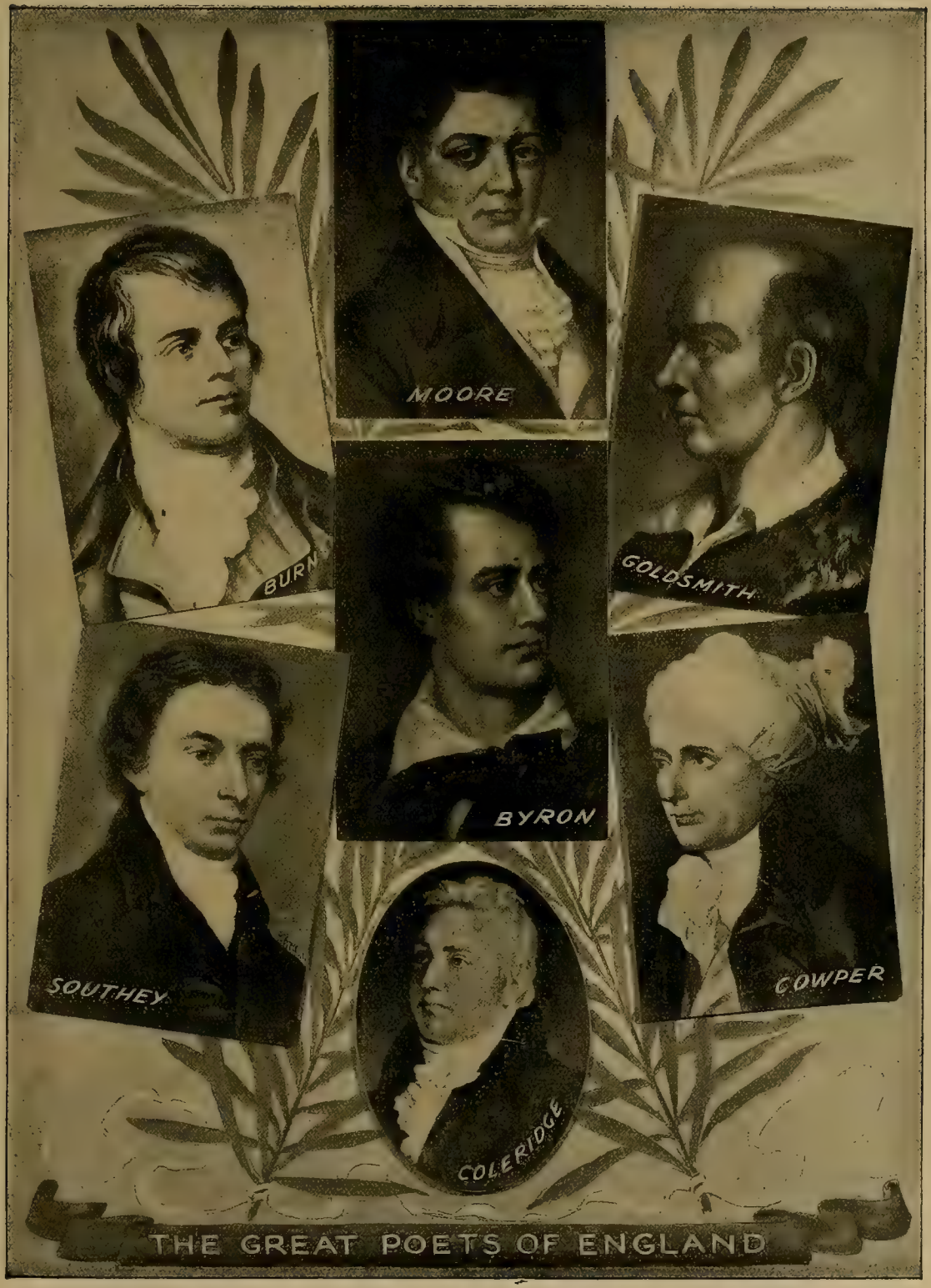
GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

THE POET OF SCORN, MISANTHROPY, AND DESPAIR.

NO writer of English has aroused more controversy, possessed more devoted friends and admirers, nor encountered more hostile criticism and deserved censure, than has Lord Byron. His descriptive poetry is probably unequaled, and he sometimes embodies noble thought in such beautiful form as to make the reader ready to forget the too generally vicious tone of his writings, his contempt for virtue, and the miserable vice in which he lived.

He was an over-sensitive, wayward child, alternately indulged to excess and violently abused by his foolish mother. His father was a worthless spendthrift, who abandoned his wife and child when the latter was two years old.

One of Byron's feet was somewhat twisted, and the deformity seems to have been a great cause of disgust and offense to his mother, and a constant humiliation to him. His early life was passed in Scotland, in comparative poverty; but in his eleventh year the death of a grand-uncle put him in possession of a considerable estate, and made him, when he should come of age, a member of the House of Lords. He spent two years at Cambridge, and published a volume of poems, entitled "Hours of Idleness," as the principal result of his university life. These poems are chiefly remembered because of the harsh criticism with which they were greeted by the *Edinburgh Review*, and the vigorous, over-caustic reply which Byron published in the poetical satire called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Although he was, some years later, in a certain way, very popular, he was never again really on good terms with his fellows. He traveled abroad, and on his return to England published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." It is difficult now to understand the fact, but the poem immediately achieved an unheard-of degree of popularity. Byron tells the whole story in a note in his diary: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." In the four following years he wrote a number of poems, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." His marriage to Miss Milbank resulted in a separation after a single year, and when his wife's family discarded him he was no longer received in English society, and almost immediately went abroad. He lived, an embittered man, in Switzerland and in different Italian cities, a life of vice and profligacy too disgusting to relate.


MOORE
BURN
GOLDSMITH
BYRON
SOUTHEY
COWPER
COLERIDGE
THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND

In 1823 he took up the cause of the Greeks, then rebelling against their Turkish masters. It is usually thought of as a generous effort on behalf of human freedom, which should to some extent atone for the selfish wickedness of his life. There is reason, however, to believe that he hoped to reap a reward in being made king of the Greeks, and thus enabled to exult over his enemies and critics in England. He was seized with a fever, and died, in April, 1824, in his thirty-seventh year. His best known works, besides those mentioned, are "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Mazeppa," "Sardanapalus," "Cain," and the unfinished long poem, "Don Juan," in which he embodied his spirit of revolt against all the laws of social morality and religion.

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

FROM "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?—
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the Land of the Sun:
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

The battle of Quatre Bras is here referred to, not that of Waterloo, which took place two days after. On the night previous to the action, a ball was given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

. . . . . .

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

. . . . . .

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

POET, PHILOSOPHER, CRITIC, AND THEOLOGIAN.

COLERIDGE was one of the strangest men who have made their mark in literature. Carlyle has described him in these words: "Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute; his deep eyes of light hazel were as full of sorrow as inspiration; the whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, heavy laden, highly aspired, and full of much suffering and meaning."

Coleridge could read the Bible at three years; at six he delighted in "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights." He was entered as a charity pupil at Christ's Hospital, London, and his later education was obtained at Cambridge. Finding himself slightly in debt, he left the University and enlisted in the dragoons under an assumed name; but after a few months' service his friends obtained his discharge. With Southey he planned an ideal republic, to be located on the Susquehanna, and to be called "The Pantisocracy"; but as not one of the directors had money sufficient to transport him to America, they abandoned their Utopian project.

He married a Miss Fricker, a sister to Mrs. Southey, and for a time lived in the neighborhood of Wordsworth, near Grasmere. Here he wrote most of his best poetry, including "The Ode to the Departing Year," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel." Coleridge was at this time a Unitarian in religion, and used to preach without compensation for the congregations of that faith. Receiving an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds from wealthy admirers, he was enabled to travel in Germany. On his return he issued a periodical called *The Friend*, which, however, endured for less than a year. Some years before he had begun the use of opium to allay his sufferings from neuralgia, and he had now come completely under the dominion of the drug, so that when he tried to lecture in Bristol he was unable to keep his engagement. So complete was his failure that



586 He Can Not Chuse but Hear.

he at last placed himself under the care of a physician in a suburb of London, where he passed in retirement the remaining nineteen years of his life. He had some years before abandoned his wife and three children to the care of Southey.

The opium habit appears to have been overcome, and in his later years he wrote much prose, including the "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Reflection." The house of Dr. Gillman became a great resort of cultivated people, who delighted in the brilliant talk of Coleridge. He was always so delightful a talker that in his youthful days, Lamb tells us, his landlord was ready to give him free entertainment because his conversation attracted so many customers. His manner was always animated and sometimes violent; as Wordsworth says:

> "His limbs would toss about him with delight
> Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy."

The literary character of Coleridge has been said to resemble some vast unfinished palace. His mind was dreamy. No man probably ever thought more or more intensely; but few of his works are really worthy of his genius.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IT IS an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky!

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;



Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.

THE ADIEU OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghostly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there,
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,



THE MARINER . . . IS GONE.

While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

A CALM ON THE EQUATOR.

From "The Ancient Mariner."

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot—O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

THOMAS HOOD.

HUMORIST AND POET.

ALTHOUGH Thomas Hood is chiefly remembered by his three poems, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Eugene Aram," he was one of the most copious writers of his time. He was apprenticed in his youth to a wood-engraver, and had some success as a comic draughtsman. He began very early to write verses for periodicals, and, in 1822, became assistant editor of *The London Magazine* He was now thrown into the company of a most brilliant circle of literary men, including DeQuincey, Hazlitt, and Lamb. He married in 1824, and, with the aid of his brother-in-law, published a small volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People." A short time afterward he wrote a series of magazine articles called "Whims and Oddities," illustrated by himself, and soon became a very popular writer. In 1830 Hood began the publication of the *Comic Annual*, which continued for eleven years. The failure of a business house with which he was connected involved him in great financial difficulty, and, refusing to take advantage of legal bankruptcy, he resolved, in order to live with greater economy, to remove to Coblenz in Germany, and, like Sir Walter Scott, pay his indebtedness by the work of his pen. He resided abroad for five years, returning to London in 1840, where he was editor of the *New Monthly* for two or three years. A pension was granted him in 1844, but he lived to enjoy it only until the following year. Hood has been regarded too exclusively as a humorist. In his best poems the element of humor is entirely wanting, but in most of his work there is a wonderful blending of humor and pathos. "He tempts men to laugh, and then leads them to pity and relieve." Though his wit was caustic, it was never coarse, and no single suggestion of impurity can be found in any of his writings.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!



"Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags:
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light:
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd! Drown'd!"—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

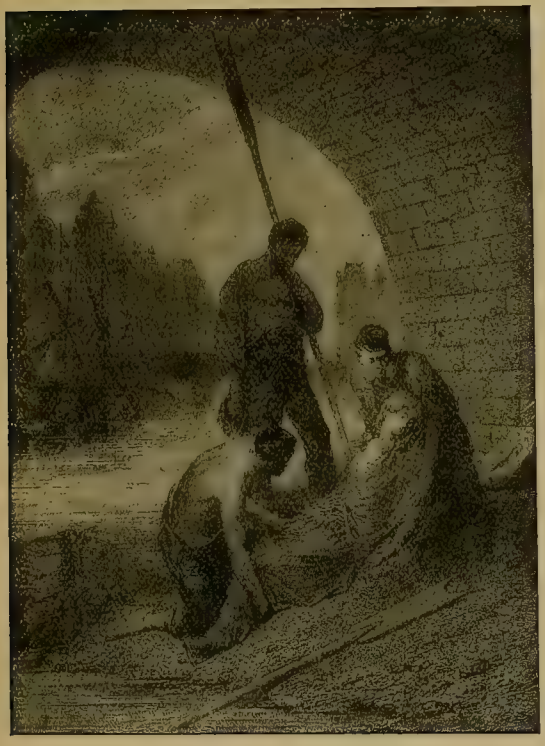
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,



"Take her up tenderly;
Lift her with care."

Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it.
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
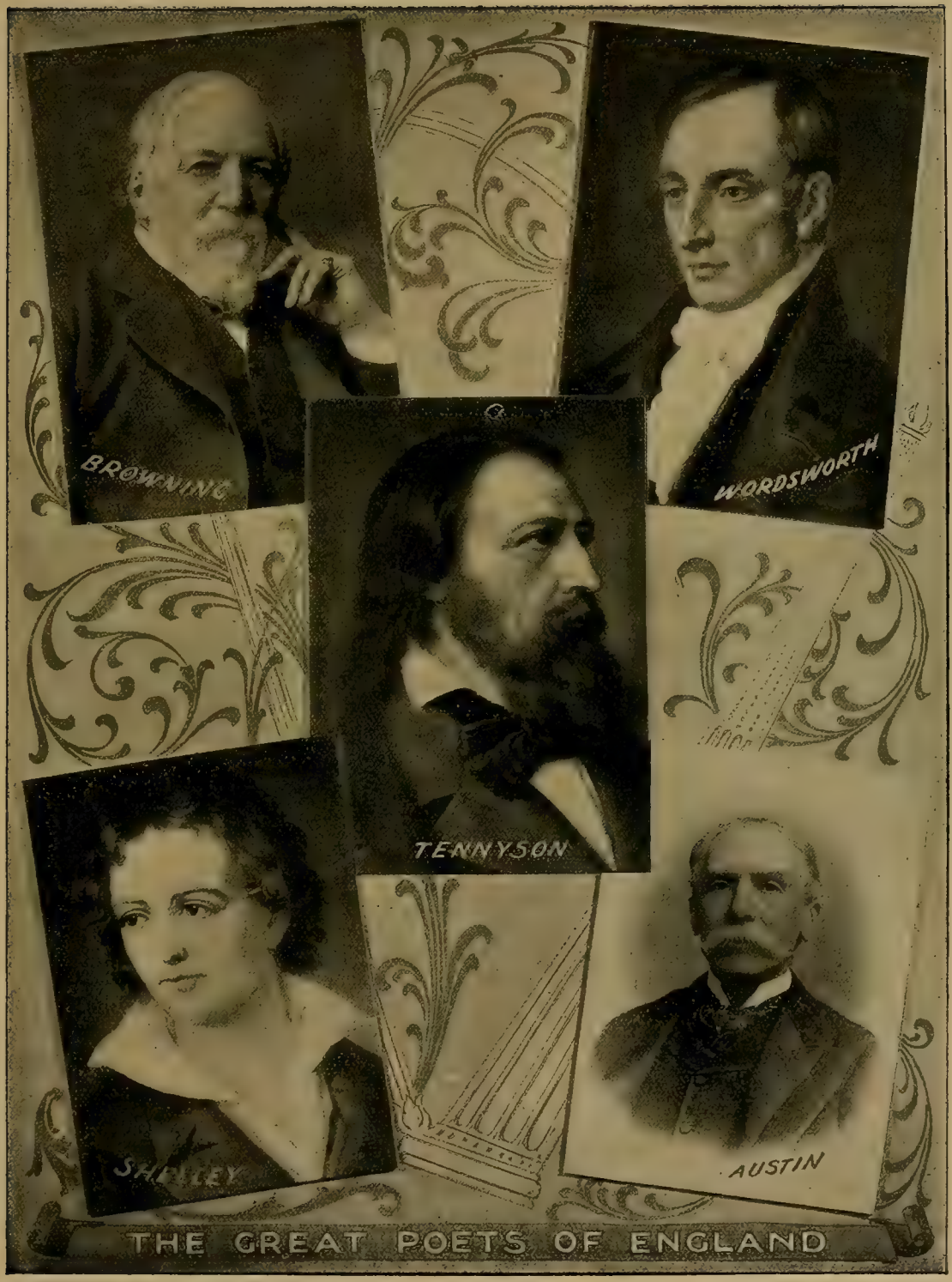
THE FOUNDER OF THE LAKE SCHOOL OF POETRY.

IT was the mission of Wordsworth to bring back the art of poetry to nature. He contended that the ordinary affairs of daily life are fit subjects for poetry, and that the language of the poet should be that really used by men. He thus violated all the established rules of poetic diction, encountered the most hostile criticism, and drew upon himself and those with whom he was associated showers of ridicule. It was only after fifty years that he was recognized as the first poet of his age. There can be no doubt that he erred upon the side of simplicity, descending at times even to triviality, and so justified the ridicule with which the first critics of his age received his poems. On the other hand, there are golden veins of real poetry running throughout everything he has written, and in some places, as in his "Ode on Immortality," he rises to the perfection of human utterance.

His parents were of the middle class, and he was intended for the church, but as he came near the time when he should have definitely prepared himself for the ministry, he found himself more and more inclined to devote his life to poetry. In this resolution he persevered, and the measure of his devotion may be judged from the fact that for the sake of his chosen vocation he resolutely faced a life of poverty, and contrived to live with his sister for about eight years upon the income of a legacy of nine hundred pounds left him by a friend of his youth. A debt of some three thousand pounds due his father being finally paid, the poet was placed beyond pecuniary difficulty.

In 1798 Wordsworth and his sister made a tour of Germany in company with Coleridge. Returning, he took up his residence at Grasmere, in the Lake region, and afterward at Rydal Mount, which was his home during the remainder of his uneventful life. Coleridge and Southey also made their home in the Lake region, and thus the three came to be known, somewhat in derision, as the "Lake Poets."

Wordsworth's most extensive work, "The Excursion," appeared in 1814. It was intended to be only a part of an extended poem to be entitled "The Recluse," having for its principal subject "The Sensations and Opinions of a Poet Living in Retirement." It was to be composed of three parts: "The Prelude," not published until 1850, "The Excursion," and a third which was never written. "The Excur-


BROWNING
WORDSWORTH
TENNYSON
SHELLEY
AUSTIN
THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND

sion" was received by the critics with the greatest hostility. "This will never do,' wrote Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, "it is longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other selections, with less boldness of originality and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily in the 'Lyrical Ballads' between silliness and pathos." But others have not agreed with Jeffrey, and he himself was led in later years to modify his views.

Wordsworth filled for many years the office of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, and in 1843 succeeded Southey as poet laureate. His domestic life was unclouded and happy. He had received a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and, resigning his office of stamp distributor to his son, he lived in the quiet seclusion of the beautiful region in which he had fixed his home until his death in 1850.

His best-known poems are "The Excursion," "Hart-leap Well," the "Ode on Immortality," "She Was a Phantom of Delight," and "We are Seven." Those which have been most ridiculed are "Peter Bell," "The Idiot Boy," "Alice Fell," and "The Blind Highland Boy."



THE TOMB OF WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth brought back into popularity the sonnet, which since Milton's day had fallen out of English poetry. His fame seems to grow with the lapse of time, and his place among famous poets is a high one.

OUR IMMORTALITY.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains doth thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loath
To be such a Traveler as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if Thine eye
Be on them—who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do Thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face;
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call Thee: I myself commend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour:
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth Thy bondman let me live!

TO HIS WIFE.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shade, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FIRST OF MODERN POETS.

OTHER poets have written for particular classes; Browning for the philosophers, Wordsworth for those whose intense love of nature can see beauty and needed truth in the commonest and simplest objects and events. But Tennyson has written for every one who loves the beautiful in nature or the noble in action, or whose heart can be moved by the story of great deeds set to the stirring music of perfect verse. Tennyson was the son of an English clergyman, and was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. The father was distinguished by a love of learning, and by his devotion to music, painting, and literature. These qualities, as well as his fondness for out-door living, were inherited by his children, and two of Alfred's brothers wrote poetry; indeed, at one time his brother Charles gave greater promise of excelling than did he. Tennyson was educated in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his poem, "Timbuctoo," gained the Chancellor's medal. He did not complete his college course, and very little is known of the details of his life. He always exhibited an intense dislike for publicity in any form, which effectually kept people away. He once wrote to a friend that he "thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakespeare but his writings, and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen, and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare or of Jane Austen."

Tennyson's earliest published volume was a little book, the joint work of his brother Charles and himself, entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." In 1830 appeared another volume, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," which contained the promise of much of his best work.

The first reference to the legends of King Arthur, which furnished the subject of so much of his later work, occurs in the volume published in 1832. Among these poems were "The Lady of Shalott," and "The Miller's Daughter," the chief beauty of which lay in the songs included in it, one of which, the most charming, is:

Love that hath us in a net,
Can he pass and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vain regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget;
Ah, no! no!

Tennyson's two volumes, "English Idyls and Other Poems," appeared in 1842, and made him famous. He treated the question of the position of woman in society in "The Princess: A Medley," a poem containing many noble passages, but which has been chiefly valued for the songs it contains. His best known work, "In Memoriam," is an elaborate elegy for his early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of marked literary ability, who was betrothed to Tennyson's sister, and who died in 1833. The book is composed of one hundred and twenty-nine short poems, some of which are of surpassing beauty. It appeared in 1850, and seven years later it was followed by "Maud, and Other Poems," which, while admired by many, and containing much very noble verse, was, for some reason, a disappointment to the lovers of Tennyson. In 1859 he published the first of the "Idyls of the King," which were followed later by a number of others, all relating to the Arthurian myth. From this time every year or two added something to his list of poems which, while of unequal merit, well sustained the reputation of the poet.

In 1850 Tennyson had succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate, and he enjoyed for many years a pension of two hundred pounds a year, granted him when he was comparatively unknown. Mr. Milnes, who was expected to secure this pension, was one day visiting Carlyle, who asked him when it would be done. "My dear Carlyle," replied Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say, if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

"Richard Milnes," answered Carlyle, "on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you did n't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned." Peel was prime minister, and asked advice as to whether he should give such a pension to Tennyson or to Sheridan Knowles, saying, "I do n't know either of them." "What!" said Milnes. "Have you never seen the name of Knowles on a play-bill?" "No." "And never read one poem of Tennyson's?" "No." Milnes sent him "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," and advised him to give the pension to Knowles, if it were charity, but if it were for the promotion of English literature, to give it to Tennyson.

Carlyle wrote to Emerson in 1844 that Tennyson was: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face—most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free, and easy—smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical-metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet in these last decads such company over a pipe."

Tennyson lived in and about London until his fortieth year, when he married Emily Sellwood, and took up his residence at Twickenham, until he removed, in the early fifties, to Faringford, in the Isle of Wight, where he lived for many years. About 1869 he purchased a place at Petersfield, Hampshire, and, afterward, Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, where he continued to live until he died from old age, October 6, 1892.

His physician, Sir Andrew Clark, says of his deathbed: "In all my experience I have never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber, and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams of light fell upon the bed and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo of Rembrandt."

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

PRELUDE TO "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life, man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they,

We have but faith: we can not know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee, when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain world to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

"IN MEMORIAM."

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes.
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the world and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camolet;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot;



" Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side."

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no royal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A redcross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

. . . . . .

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
" The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer:
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights of Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SWEET AND LOW.

A Lullaby.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

"In Memoriam."

YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife?
That Nature tends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

"English Idyls."

AND answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh: 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere



"An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake."

Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words.
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.
But as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die!"
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge
Clothed with his breath and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

. . . . . .

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream. By these
Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars;
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There these three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves, and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The Holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

BUGLE SONG.

"The Princess."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear; how thin, how clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



"The splendor falls on castle walls."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

GARDEN SONG.

"MAUD."

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night hath the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancer's dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

. . . . . .

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

"THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild as all regret;
O death in Life! the days that are no more.



HENRY DRUMMOND.



REV. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN.)



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.



FREDERICK W. FARRAR.

WRITERS OF RELIGIOUS CLASSICS.

DR. JOHN WATSON.

"IAN MACLAREN."

IT is very rarely indeed that a man nearly forty-three years old, absorbed in the labors of an arduous profession in which he has achieved distinction, comes suddenly into world-wide fame in an entirely different field. The publication of the sketches grouped together under the title "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" brought to Dr. Watson the fame of a master of literary art. His skill as a delineator of character, his wonderful power of penetrating the interior of the shell with which men surround their inner selves, the delicacy of his intuitions, no less than the inherent interest of his subjects and his skill in selecting them, have given Dr. Watson a place in the affections of his readers probably not possessed by any other living author.

John Watson was the only child of Scottish parents, being born in England during their temporary residence in that country. His mother's maiden name, Maclaren, and the gaelic form of his name, John, give us his pen name, "Ian Maclaren." His boyhood home was in the Scottish town of Perth. His school and college vacations were largely spent at farm-houses in Scotland, among his maternal relatives, and in those summer weeks of unfettered country life he gathered wonderful knowledge of Scottish peasants, of "roups" and "tacks," of "horses, pleughs, and kye." His parents removed to Stirling, and later made their last home in Edinburgh, where John was in the university. Among his fellow-students were Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry Drummond, and of the three Watson seems to have been the closest and most faithful student. In 1870 he entered upon the study of theology at Edinburgh, and spent one or two of his long vacations at Würtemberg. Even in these days Mr. Watson excelled in the social accomplishment of story-telling, and no one could equal him in the power of producing humorous caricatures of his classmates, or even of his professors. At the close of his student career, and after serving for a few months as assistant in a large and influential congregation in Edinburgh, he surprised his friends by accepting a call to be minister of the Free Church of Logiealmond in Perthshire. In this secluded place, where, for a population of less than six hundred, there were three Presbyterian churches, representing the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian, he devoted himself to the service of his congregation, which numbered less than one hundred communicants. They were humble people, laboring-men, just as he has described them in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," and he

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was quickly in touch with all their life. His knowledge of crops and cattle and markets won their sympathy and respect even before his learning and power as a preacher and his devotion to the work of a pastor secured their affections. Here he labored until 1877, when he became the colleague of Doctor Samuel Miller in St. Matthew's Church in Glasgow. The religious atmosphere in this old Scotch city was not, however, congenial to Mr. Watson. Its thought was too narrow, its sympathies too contracted, and it was, therefore, a relief, both to himself and his friends, when he was called to the leading Presbyterian church in Liverpool, where he soon built up a reputation as a preacher of unusual power, and where he has since remained.

It was in 1893 that Dr. Robertson Nicholl induced him to send a sketch or two to the *British Weekly*. The "Lad of Pairts" convinced everybody that either J. M. Barrie was writing in a new vein or that Ian Maclaren was another Scotch writer of equal gifts. The sketches were promptly gathered together into the volume "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" soon followed. "The Mind of the Master" is his best-known book of sermons, and he has written one novel, entitled "Kate Carnegie," which well maintained his reputation.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Watson by the University of St. Andrews in 1896, and in the autumn of that year he paid a visit to America (to deliver a course of lectures in one of the theological seminaries), and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. He delivered lectures and read from his books in the principal eastern cities, and frequently occupied the pulpits in Presbyterian and other churches, receiving more than one flattering invitation to take up a permanent residence in America. His return to the Sefton Park Church in Liverpool was greeted with a display of affection which must have touched his heart, and he announced to his congregation his intention to remain with them. Soon after his return a charge of heresy was brought against him; but it is pleasant to know that it was dismissed almost without consideration by the church authorities.

IN MARGET'S GARDEN.

From "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

THE cart track to Whinnie Knowe was commanded by a gable window, and Whinnie boasted that Marget had never been taken unawares. Tramps, finding every door locked, and no sign of life anywhere, used to express their minds in the "close," and return by the way they came, while ladies from Kildrummie, fearful lest they should put Mrs. Howe out, were met at the garden gate by Marget in her Sabbath dress, and brought in to a set tea as if they had been invited weeks before.

Whinnie gloried most in the discomfiture of the Tory agent, who had vainly hoped to coerce him in the stackyard without Marget's presence, as her intellectual contempt for the Conservative party knew no bounds.

"Sall, she saw him slip aff the road afore the last stile, and wheep roond the fit o' the gairden wa' like a tod (fox) aifter the chickens.

"'It's a het day, Maister Anderson,' says Marget frae the gairden, lookin' doon on him as calm as ye like. 'Yir surely nae gaein' to pass oor hoose without a gless o' milk?'

"Wud ye believe it, he wes that upset he left withoot sayin' 'vote,' and Drumsheugh telt me next market that his langidge aifterwards cudna be printed."

When George came home for the last time, Marget went back and forward all afternoon from his bedroom to the window, and hid herself beneath the laburnum to see his face as the cart stood before the stile. It told her plain what she had feared, and Marget passed through her Gethsemane with the gold blossoms falling on her face. When their eyes met, and before she helped him down, mother and son understood.

"Ye mind what I told ye o' the Greek mothers the day I left? Weel, I wud hae liked to have carried my shield, but it wasna to be, so I've come home on it." As they went slowly up the garden walk: "I've got my degree, a double first, mathematics and classics."

"Ye've been a gude soldier, George, and faithfu'."

"Unto death, a'm dootin', mother."

"Na," said Marget, "unto life."

Drumtochty was not a heartening place in sickness, and Marget, who did not think our thoughts, endured much consolation at her neighbors' hands. It is said that in cities visitors congratulate a patient on his good looks, and deluge his family with instances of recovery. This would have seemed to us shallow and unfeeling, besides being a "temptin' o' Providence," which might not have intended to go to extremities, but on a challenge of this kind had no alternative. Sickness was regarded as a distinction tempered with judgment, and favored people found it difficult to be humble. I always thought more of Peter McIntosh when the mysterious "tribble" that needed the Perth doctor made no difference in his manner, and he passed his snuff-box across the seat before the long prayer as usual; but in this indifference to privileges Peter was exceptional.

You could never meet Kirsty Stewart on equal terms, although she was quite affable to any one who knew his place.

"Ay," she said, on my respectful allusion to her experience, "a've seen mair than most. It doesna become me to boast, but tho' I say it as sudna, I hae buried a' my ain fouk."

Kirsty had a "way" in sick visiting, consisting in a certain cadence of the voice and arrangement of the face, which was felt to be soothing and complimentary.

"Yir aboot again, a'm glad to see," to me after my accident, "but yir no dune wi' that leg; na, na. Jeems, that was ma second man, scrapit his shin aince, tho' no so bad as ye've dune, a'm hearing (for I had denied Kirsty the courtesy of an inspection). It's sax year syne noo, and he got up and wes traivellin' fell hearty like yersel'. But he begoon to dwam (sicken) in the end of the year, and soughed awa' in the spring. Ay, ay, when tribble comes ye never ken hoo it'll end. A' thoucht I wud come up and speir for ye. A body needs comfort gin he's sober (ill)."

When I found George wrapped in his plaid beside the brier bush, whose roses were no whiter than his cheeks, Kirsty was already installed as comforter in the parlor, and her drone came through the open window.

"Ay, ay, Marget, sae it's come to this. Weel, we daurna complain, ye ken. Be thankfu' ye haena lost your man and five sons besides twa sisters and a brither, no to mention cousins. That wud be something to speak aboot, and Losh keep 's, there's nae saying but he micht hang on a whilie. Ay, ay, it's a sair blow aifter a' that wes in the papers. I wes feared when I heard o' the papers; 'Lat weel alane,' says I to the dominie; 'ye 'ill bring a judgment on the laddie wi' yir blawing.' But ye micht as weel hae spoken to the hills. Domsie's a thraun body at the best, and he was clean infatuat' wi' George. Ay, ay, it's an awfu' lesson, Marget, no to mak' idols o' our bairns, for that's naethin' else than provokin' the Almichty."

It was at this point that Marget gave way and

scandalized Drumtochty, which held that obtrusive prosperity was an irresistible provocation to the higher powers, and that a skilful depreciation of our children was a policy of safety.

"Did ye say the Almichty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for your God, Kirsty. What wud ye think o' a faither that brocht hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and when the puir bairn wes pleased wi' it tore it oot o' his hand and flung it into the fire? Eh, wumman, he wud be a meeserable, cankered, jealous body. Kirsty, wumman, when the Almichty sees a mither bound up in her laddie, I tell ye He is sair pleased in His heaven, for mind ye hoo He loved His ain Son. Besides, a'm judgin' that nane o' us can love anither withoot lovin' Him, or hurt anither withoot hurtin' Him.

"Oh, I ken weel that George is gaein' to leave us; but it's no because the Almichty is jealous o' him or me, no likely. It cam' to me last nicht that He needs my laddie for some grand wark in the ither world, and that's hoo George has his bukes brocht oot tae the garden and studies a' the day. He wants to be ready for his kingdom, just as he trachled in the bit schule o' Drumtochty for Edinboro'. I hoped he wud hae been a minister o' Christ's Gospel here, but he 'ill be judge over many cities yonder. A'm no denyin', Kirsty, that it's a trial, but I hae licht on it, and naethin' but gude thochts o' the Almichty."

Drumtochty understood that Kirsty had dealt faithfully with Marget for pride and presumption; but all we heard was, "Losh keep us a'."

When Marget came out and sat down beside her son, her face was shining. Then she saw the open window.

"I didna ken."

"Never mind, mither, there's nae secrets atween us, and it gar'd my heart leap to hear ye speak up like yon for God. Div ye mind the nicht I called for ye, mother, and ye gave me the Gospel aboot God?"

Marget slipped her hand into George's, and he let his head rest on her shoulder. The likeness flashed upon me in that moment, the earnest, deep-set gray eyes, the clean-cut, firm jaw, and the tender, mobile lips, that blend of apparent austerity and underlying romance that make the pathos of a Scottish face.

"There had been a revival man here," George explained to me, "and he was preaching on hell. As it grew dark a candle was lighted, and I can still see his face as in a picture, a hard-visaged man. He looked down at us laddies in the front and asked us if we knew what-like hell was. By this time we were that terrified none of us could speak, but I whispered 'No.'

"Then he rolled up a piece of paper and held it in the flame, and we saw it burn and glow and shrivel up and fall in black dust.

"'Think,' said he, and he leaned over the desk, and spoke in a gruesome whisper which made the cold run down our backs, 'that yon taper was your finger, one finger only of your hand, and it burned like that forever and ever, and think of your hand and your arm and your whole body all on fire, never to go out.' We shuddered that you might have heard the form creak. 'That is hell, and that is where ony laddie will go who does not repent and believe.'

"It was like Dante's Inferno, and I dared not take my eyes off his face. He blew out the candle, and we crept to the door trembling, not able to say one word.

"That night I could not sleep, for I thought I might be in the fire before morning. It was harvest time, and the moon was filling the room with cold clear light. From my bed I could see the stooks standing in rows upon the field, and it seemed like the judgment day.

"I was only a wee laddie, and I did what we all do in trouble, I cried for my mother.

"Ye hae no forgotten, mither, the fricht that was on me that nicht?"

"Never," said Marget, "and never can; it's hard wark for me to keep frae hating that man, dead or alive. Geordie gripped me wi' baith his wee airms round my neck, and he cries over and over and over again, 'Is yon God?'

"Ay, and ye kissed me, mither, and ye said (it's like yesterday), 'Yir safe with me,' and ye telt me that God micht punish me to mak me better if I was bad, but that He wud never torture

ony puir soul, for that cud dae nae guid, and was the devil's wark. Ye asked me:

"'Am I a guid mother tae ye?' and when I could dae naethin' but hold, ye said, 'Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.'

"The truth came to me as with a flicker, and I cuddled down into my bed, and fell asleep in His love, as in my mother's arms.

"Mither," and George lifted up his head, "that was my conversion, and, mither dear, I hae longed a' thro' the college studies for the day when ma mooth wud be opened wi' this evangel."

Marget's was an old-fashioned garden, with pinks and daisies and forget-me-nots, with sweet-scented wall-flower and thyme and moss roses, where nature had her way, and gracious thoughts could visit one without any jarring note. As George's voice softened to the close, I caught her saying: "His servants shall see His face," and the peace of Paradise fell upon us in the shadow of death.

The night before the end George was carried out to his corner, and Domsie, whose heart was nigh unto the breaking, sat with him the afternoon. They used to fight the college battles over again, with their favorite classics beside them, but this time none of them spoke of books. Marget was moving about the garden, and she told me that George looked at Domsie wistfully, as if he had something to say and knew not how to do it.

After awhile he took a book from below his pillow, and began, like one thinking over his words:

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a gude freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and faither. Wull ye tak this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation,' dominie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan sanct. Noo here is my sanct, and div ye ken I've often thocht Virgil saw his day afar off, and was glad. Wull ye read it, dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye'll come to see—" and George could not find words for more.

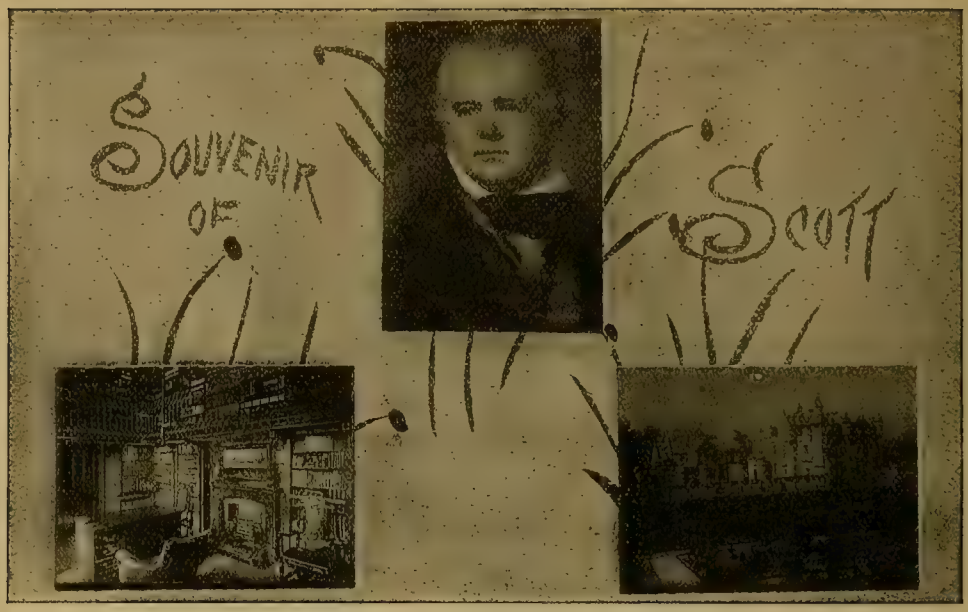
But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onythin' on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does na ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and ma heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my Bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the veesion o' Him has come to me in this gairden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Wull ye mak a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we pairt?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it.

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

Twice Domsie said Amen, and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said Marget did not wish to hear.

When he passed out at the garden gate, the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child.



POET, NOVELIST, AND HISTORIAN.

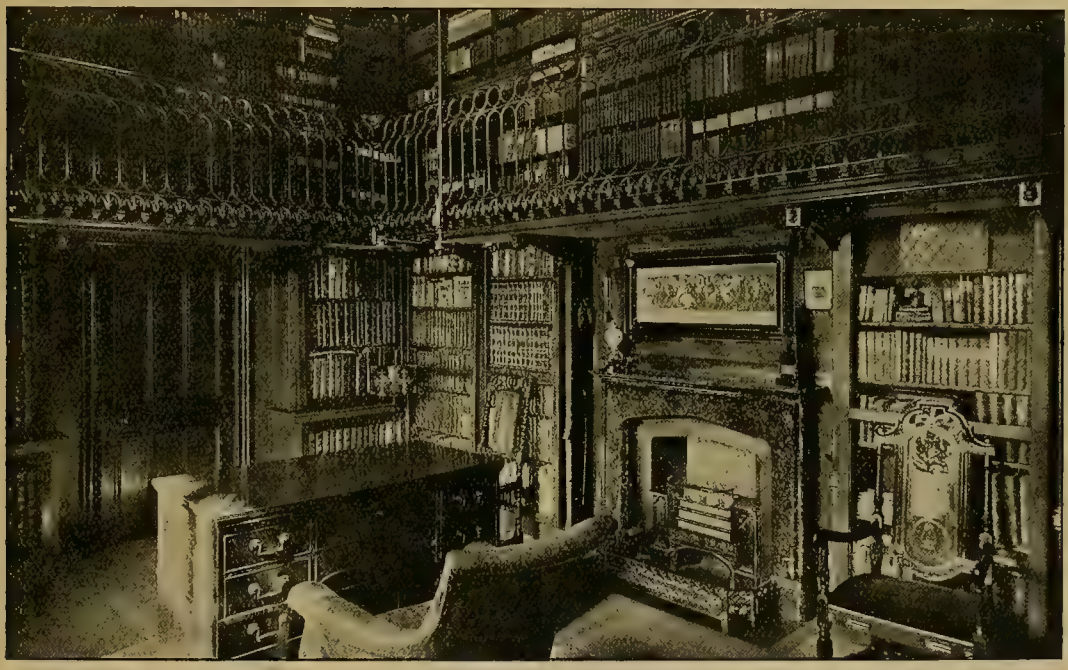
WALTER SCOTT was a born teller of stories. It mattered very little whether he was talking to his delighted mates in the Edinburgh High School, or writing "The Lady of the Lake," or "Waverly," or "The Life of Napoleon," still he was simply telling stories for the pleasure of audiences which went on increasing more and more, until he became the writer of English most universally read, a distinction which he now probably shares only with Dickens. Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. His father was a man of standing as an attorney, and after studying at the High School the son entered the father's office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. He was a sturdy boy, of great strength and endurance, particularly as a pedestrian, although an accident had made him lame from childhood. When he was eighteen years old he became sheriff of Selkirkshire, which office yielded him an income of £300 a year.

He was married in 1797 to Miss Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French refugee, and the story of their early married life in their cottage at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, is a delightful picture of domestic happiness. In 1802 he published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which gave him considerable reputation as a historical poet. In 1803 he came to the final resolution of quitting his profession, observing, "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." In 1805 he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was composed at the rate of a canto a week, and for which he obtained £600. In 1808 appeared his "Marmion," which he sold for £1000, the extraordinary success of which induced him, he says, for the first and last time of his life, to feel something approaching to vanity. This was succeeded by an edition of Dryden's works, in eighteen volumes, with notes historical and explanatory, and a life of the author. In 1810 he composed his "Lady of the Lake," which was a great success, and which has


WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
CHARLES DICKENS.
EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON
Famous English Novelists.

been characterized by some as the finest specimen of his poetical genius. Within four years after this appeared his "Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles."

The fame of Byron now seemed likely to overshadow Scott, and his last poems failed, perhaps deservedly, to win the popularity of his earlier ones. He therefore began writing in prose, and published his story of "Waverly" without attaching his name. The novel was instantly successful, and for some years he continued to write anonymously, and the question of the identity of the "Great Unknown" was eagerly discussed in every literary circle. Following "Waverly," came in rapid succession "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Heart of Midlothian," etc., about thirty novels in all. They are



SCOTT'S STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD.

mainly historical, and give a very correct picture of the times they represent. "The Monastery" and "The Abbot" are concerning Mary Queen of Scots; "Kenilworth" gives a fair picture of Elizabeth's times; "The Fortunes of Nigel" gives the reign of James I; "Woodstock," the Civil War and the Commonwealth; "Peveril of the Peak," the reign of Charles II; "Waverly," the period of the Pretender's attempt to secure the throne in 1745; while "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and "Count Robert of Paris," are concerning the Crusaders.

Scott was now able to gratify his ambition by the purchase of a large landed property. So, on the banks of his favorite Tweed, near the ruins of Melrose Abbey, he purchased his estate, and gave it the name of Abbotsford. Here his happy family sprang up around him, and here in 1820 he received from George IV the coveted

title of baronet. No greater instance of pecuniary success was ever recorded than that of Scott, and no greater instance of pecuniary failure. The great publishing firm of Ballantyne & Co., in which Scott had a heavy interest, failed, involving Scott to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds. He retired immediately to Edinburgh and set courageously to work to pay off the immense debt by his pen. With so much success did he labor that in four years he had reduced the debt by one-half. He wrote the "Life of Napoleon," "Tales of a Grandfather," "Letters on Demonology," "Woodstock," and several other works, but now, in 1830, he began to break down: a stroke of paralysis foretold the end. He spent a year abroad in the attempt to recover his health, but turned homeward to die. He was brought, almost unconscious, to Abbotsford, where he passed away September 21, 1832. His two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren survived him. His son-in-law, Lockhart, received his parting words: "Be a good man; be virtuous, be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here."

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

"MARMION."

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her State,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall!
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder; ho!

Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.—
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.



Melrose Abbey.

MELROSE ABBEY.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

IF THOU wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

"The Antiquary."

MR. Oldbuck soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets at the door. A few of the neighbors—some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected—stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

Inside the cottage the body was laid within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten, countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that stony feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without any possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolutely mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next was to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. "Ye 'll be a braw fellow an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye 'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed his coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there was na the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. They say folks maun submit; I will try." And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer necessary questions.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which she had flung over it, sat the mother,—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitations of her bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unwonted display of wheaten bread and wine which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to his guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle, then to look toward her bosom for the distaff, although

both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck at the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. There she sat among the funeral assembly like a link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner received the mute and melancholy salutation of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was as yet incapable of receiving either. He nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions; but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply. The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he was afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered, at each pause in his speech—

"Yes, sir, yes! Ye're very gude—ye're very



KENILWORTH CASTLE, SCENE OF SCOTT'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

gude! Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear! My poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely; and a help to his family and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there? and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whispered, and the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. . . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relations of the family made a sign to the carpenter—who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker—to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. . .

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only awaited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment the friends, who considered this an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, landlord and master to the deceased, would "carry his head to the grave." . . . . . .

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by beadles or saulies, with their batons, miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of the grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile distant, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. The body was consigned to its parent earth; and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

THE NECESSITY AND DIGNITY OF LABOR.

From a Letter to His Son.

SURELY upon it that you are now working hard in the classical mine, getting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I can not too much impress upon your mind that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life,—there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From "Kenilworth."

THEY were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,—"the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide."

"And this is all thou think'st, all thou carest, all thou deem'st the use of the king of elements and the king of rivers,—to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself and me and Tracy upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith!" replied Blount; "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. And by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for, see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard—the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce—guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace-gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good!" said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion thus untimously. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not at that moment have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged, in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount. "Do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and what would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the

person of his sovereign; and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently and let his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder,—a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir coxbomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a footcloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-bure, which despises all colors."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long; if you learn not a little more economy, we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount; "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind,—Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation,—"Who the good jere would have thought this?"—and, shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect,—a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length, one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed wit

graceful agility at the forepart of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence,—the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mudded cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord!" said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose"——

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—— It shall be gold, if thou wilt; but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen; "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam,—if it is not asking too high an honor,—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your majesty's foot touched it, it became a mantle fit for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

From "Ivanhoe."

AND I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That can not endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. —They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint Joan of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the out-work is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men,—if indeed ye be men,—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."



THE GREATEST ENGLISH NOVELIST.

"HE HAS not only pleased us—he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the hearts of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America to-day fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote."

It may be questioned whether the benefit here described is greater to the poor or to those whose hearts have been taught to open to the call of suffering and distress; but surely the man who has wrought this change, not by formal preaching, or lecturing, or scolding, but by the most delightful books ever written in any language,—certainly he may be counted one of the great forces in human progress.

Charles Dickens was the son of a clerk in the English navy pay-office, a man of little ability and no means, whose family suffered by his improvidence, and whose portrait his son has drawn as Mr. Micawber. The father was finally confined for debt in the Marshalsea prison, and his family experienced the hardships of extreme poverty. Charles was employed between the ages of nine and eleven in pasting labels on blacking boxes, at which irksome occupation he earned six shillings a week. He began thus early to practise the art of composition, in so far, at least, as that name can be given to the making-up and telling of imaginative stories to his companions in the warehouse. A small legacy somewhat relieved the family, and Charles was sent to school. He was later engaged as a lawyer's clerk, and afterward acquired shorthand and became a reporter; first in the law courts, then of parliamentary debates, and finally for the newspaper press.

In 1834 appeared Dickens's first published sketch, "Mrs. Porter, Over the Way." This was succeeded by others, with the signature of "Boz," the short-

ened form of a name given in sport to a younger brother, in allusion to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield: first "Moses," it became "Boses," and then "Boz." The sketches were well received, and at the end of the year the editor of the *Chronicle* engaged him to continue them in that paper, where they attracted much attention. In 1836 they were published collectively in two volumes, illustrated by Cruikshank.



Birthplace of Dickens, Portsmouth, England.

About this time, at the invitation of Chapman and Hall, Dickens began writing "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

The first numbers were not successful, but the appearance of Sam Weller gained many readers, and the author was soon the most popular writer of the day. Before the completion of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist" was begun in *Bentley's Magazine*. "Pickwick" appeared in book form in 1837, "Oliver Twist" in 1838, and "Nicholas Nickleby" in 1839. Under the general title of "Master Humphrey's Clock," "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were published in monthly numbers in 1840 and 1841.

For forty-three years from the appearance of "Pickwick" there was no cessation in the literary activity of Dickens. His visit to America in 1843 was followed by the publication of his "American Notes," which held up to ridicule the manners and customs of the Americans in such a way as to alienate many of his admirers in this country. "Martin Chuzzlewit," published a year later, contains more of the same criticism. In 1843 appeared the "Christmas Carol," the first of the series of delightful stories adapted to that time of peace and good-will, the remaining ones being "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Haunted Man," written at intervals up to 1848.

In 1845 the *Daily News* was started under the editorial auspices of Dickens, and to its columns he contributed the sketches called "Pictures of Italy." But the position was not congenial to his tastes, and he soon withdrew from it and returned to his own loved walk. "Dombey and Son," the story of a purse-proud merchant, appeared in 1847; "David Copperfield," depicting the career of a young literary man struggling up to fame, in 1849; "Bleak House," founded on the miseries of a suit in Chancery, in 1853; "Little Dorritt," the story of a young girl's devotion to a father in prison for debt, in 1856; "A Tale of Two Cities," in 1859; "Great Expectations," in 1861; and "Our Mutual Friend," in 1865. In 1850 he started *Household Words*, a weekly periodical, which was enriched by the contributions of some of the ablest writers of the day, and which was brought to a con-



GADSHILL, THE HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS.

clusion in 1859. The next year succeeded *All the Year Round*, similar in plan and form. A number of Christmas stories were written in collaboration with others, and "Our Mutual Friend" was printed in 1865. He had begun "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which was being published in serial form, when he died at his home, Gadshill Place, in 1870.

Besides the more important works which have been mentioned, Dickens contributed to the magazines a great number of stories and sketches. About twelve years before his death he began to give public readings in London. They gave such great satisfaction to the immense audiences by which they were greeted, and were a source of so great profit to him, that they were continued in all the leading cities of England, and during a visit to America in 1868.

No man has ever ministered more to the delighted pleasure of his friends than did Charles Dickens. He delighted in entertaining his intimates at Gadshill, and the stories of the unconventional, happy times that there transpired are both numerous and enjoyable. He has rarely been equaled as an after-dinner speaker, and he took the greatest pleasure in acting upon the amateur stage, in plays of his own composition. Probably no other author, except Shakespeare, has created so large a number of characters universally known, and symbolizing some definite human frailty or human virtue. Pickwick, Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Peggoty, Little Nell, Uriah Heep, Mr. Dick, Barkis, Little Em'ly, Paul Dombey—how much we would miss were these and the others who live in the pages of Dickens to drop out of our life. It is this large place filled by the children of his genius in the thought and feeling of the world that justifies the title we have given him,—the Greatest English Novelist.

BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS."

SERJEANT BUZFUZ now rose with more importance than he had ever exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated, "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and, placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life; but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right, too, Samevil,—quite right. Put it down a we, my lord; put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher did n't find the person, he did n't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said, "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythe suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I do n't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service of that 'ere gen'l'm'n, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"O, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it 's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'ler new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury," said Sam; "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes,—wery careful indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes; but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet—"do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam; "and that 's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double-million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'r'aps I might be able so see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see my wision's limited."



"Mr. Pickwick was the personification of kindness and humanity."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish.

After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned toward Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," said Sam, with the utmost good humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?"

"O, yes, wery well."

"O, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial,—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"O, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg,—them two gen'l'm'n as is settin' near you now." This of course drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec. and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'm'n like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking around most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

THROUGH THE STORM.

From "David Copperfield."

IN the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long, curling

hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not



CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
"Had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateer's-man, or all three perhaps; and was a very salt looking man indeed."

to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!" . . .

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the ragged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving in shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and—no one prevented me now—I remained near him, busy; while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour—no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight! They brought a hand-bier, and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on toward the house. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of the tumult; and took him to the cottage where Death was already. But when they set the bier down on the threshold, they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. I know why. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

From "The Old Curiosity Shop."

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born,—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.



Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop."

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast,—the garden she had tended,—the eyes she had gladdened,—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour,—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday,—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had never murmured or complained, but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered,—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them,—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton; and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it



MR. MICAWBER.
"With a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel."

seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear

his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old,—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now,—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it,—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

From "Pickwick Papers."

SAM had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent. "Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Vell, my Proosian Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen.

"But wot's that you're a-doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I did n't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I did n't think you'd ha' done it!"

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I a'n't a-goin' to get married, do n't fret yourself about that. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: "'Lovely'"——

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"Ta'n't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: "'Lovely creetur i feel myself a damned——'"

"That a'n't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it a'n't 'damned,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"



SAM WELLER.
"We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish wen ve can get beef."

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir——' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why do n't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a *c* and a *i* and a *d*."

"'Circumwented,' p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it a'n't that," said Sam; "'circumscribed'; that's it."

"That a'n't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But do n't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is that there a'n't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection of fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: "'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there a'n't nobody like you though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up. Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed. "'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my h'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it do n't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point—"'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, a'n't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE GREAT HUMORIST AND NOVELIST.

IT is long since England lost such a son," wrote a distinguished critic, soon after the death of Thackeray. "It will be long before she has such another to lose. He was indeed emphatically English,—English as distinct from Scotch, no less than English as distinct from Continental. The highest purely English novelist since Fielding, he combined Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant; Horace Walpole's lynx eye for the mean and the ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind, as a whole, of Goldsmith. He will be remembered in his due succession with these men for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi."

Thackeray's father was a wealthy officer in the Indian service, and the great novelist was born in Calcutta in 1811. He was early sent to England, to be educated at the school of the Charter House, which he describes under the name of Greyfriars in his stories. He entered Cambridge, but coming into his property on the death of his father, he left college, and spent some time in Italy and Germany in the study of art, intending to become a painter. He never acquired any great degree of skill, but he was very apt in outline drawing, and made frequent use of this ability in illustrating his later work, especially his contributions to *Punch*. He invested most of his means in setting up a daily newspaper, *The Constitutional*, which lived a year and then disappeared, and with it all of Thackeray's wealth. He probably counted this event a grave misfortune, but to it the world owes a great number of delightful sketches, and at least five of the most famous novels in the English language. He began to write for *Fraser's Magazine* under the names of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "George Fitz-Boodle, Esq.," and for *Punch* under the title "Fat Contributor." To the latter he contributed the inimitable "Jeames's Diary" and "The Snob Papers." "If satire could do aught to check the pride of the vulgar upstart, or shame social hypocrisy into truth and simplicity, these writings would accomplish the end."

Thackeray's name now became known and his writings sought after. In 1846 appeared his first, and perhaps greatest, novel, "Vanity Fair," which gave him rank at once as one of the greatest living writers of fiction. Nowhere is Thack-

eray's peculiar power more concentrated than in this novel, and the heroine—the cool "woman of the world" Becky Sharp, an unprincipled governess, elbowing her way into fashionable life—will long remain the type of feminine intellect without virtue. In 1849 appeared "Pendennis," the hero of which is an accomplished, gentleman-like "man of the world," without much moral principle to guide him.



Major Pendennis.

In 1851 Thackeray delivered at "Willis's Rooms" a course of six lectures on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," commencing the course with Swift and ending with Goldsmith. All that was most brilliant in the capital was assembled to hear him. Amidst a throng of nobles and beauties and men of fashion were Carlyle and Macaulay, Hallam with his venerable head, and Charlotte Bronté, whose own fame was just at its height, and who saw in the lecturer her ideal of an elevated and high-minded master of literary art. The lectures were thoroughly appreciated. Everybody was delighted to see the great masters of English of a past age brought to life again in their habits as they lived, and endowed with the warm human reality of the lecturer's Dobbins, and Warringtons, and Pendennises.

Toward the close of 1852 appeared "Esmond," who introduces us to the society of Addison and Steele; and after that Thackeray came over to our country

and delivered his lectures upon "The Four Georges." He was everywhere received with great enthusiasm, and his lectures were numerously attended, and elicited the warmest commendations. On his return, "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians" appeared, and a new set of lectures on "The Four Georges." In 1860 he became the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which rapidly attained a degree of success without example in English magazine literature. "Lovel the Widower" and "The Adventures of Philip" appeared in its pages; but they are not to be compared with his previous novels. The last of his published works was "Roundabout Papers," consisting of twenty papers which appeared from time to time in the *Cornhill*, and in which are seen much of the irony, humor, and shrewdness of the author. Several of Thackeray's best novels were published as serials, and he continued his connection with the magazines until within a short time of his death, which occurred in 1863; but he broke off his connection with *Punch* in 1854, apparently because he thought the tone of that humorous paper not what it should be.

A dark shadow had early fallen upon his domestic life. His young wife, after giving birth to two daughters, was stricken with a mental malady, from which she never recovered. His daughters, who grew up to be the joy of his life, were placed with his mother at Paris, while he lived a lonely life in London lodgings. It was under these circumstances that "Vanity Fair" was begun early in 1847. It is the most widely known of all his works, although "The Newcomes" is regarded as the best of his novels.

The other works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to *Fraser* and the *Cornhill*, several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever "Ballads." Among these works are: "The Book of Snobs," "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," "The Paris Sketch Book," "The Irish Sketch Book," "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," "Cox's Diary," "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "A Legend of the Rhine," "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "Our Street," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and "The Rose and the Ring." In 1887 was published a "Collection of the Letters of Thackeray," written between 1847 and 1855 to his close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These present our best picture of the noble and lovable character of the man.

Thackeray was a keen critic, and held up to ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of mankind with a satire severe but mellowed with kindliness. It was for the arrogant and deceitful in fashionable society that he reserved his keenest shafts, and no man was ever more charitable to weakness when not concealed by deception. It has been said that in Dickens's characters we see our neighbor's faults reflected; in Thackeray's we recognize our own. However this may be, certain it is that few of the famous writers have contributed more to the opening of the eyes of society to its own failings. He plied the lash unmercifully, but in a way that held the victim in spite of himself. He has not written solely to please, but his novels will continue to delight until men cease to enjoy the lifelike portraiture of the society in which their fathers moved.

THE FOTHERINGAY OFF THE STAGE.

FROM "PENDENNIS."

AS Pen followed his companion up the creaking old stairs his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room—her room. He saw something black before him, and waving as if making a courtesy; and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his habitual magniloquence, expressed to "me child" his wish to make her known to "his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Authur Pindinnis, a young gentleman of property in the neighborhood, a person of refoined moind and amiable manners, a sincere lover of poethry; and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart."

"It is very fine weather," Miss Fotheringay said, with an Irish accent, and a deep, rich, melancholy voice.

"Very," said Mr. Pendennis.

"And very warm," continued this Empress and Queen of Sheba. . . .

The conversation thus begun rolled on. She asked Costigan whether he had had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employed during the morning.

"Bows came," said she, "at ten, and we studied Ophaylia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, Sir, we shall have the honor of seeing ye."

"Indeed you will," Mr. Pendennis cried; wondering she should say "Ophaylia," and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

"I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear," said the Captain, tapping his waistcoat pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen, with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

"Mr. ——, the gentleman's very obleeging," said she.

"My name is Pendennis," said Pen, blushing. "I—I—hope you'll—you'll remember it." His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

"Pendennis," she answered slowly, and looking him full in the eyes with a glance so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word transfixed him with pleasure.

"I never knew the name was so pretty before," Pen said.

"'Tis a very pretty name," Ophelia said. "Pentweazle's not a pretty name. Remember, papa, when we were on the Norwich Circuit, young Pentweazle, who used to play second old man, and married Miss Raney, the Columbine? They're both engaged in London now, at the Queen's, and get five pounds a week. Pentweazle was n't his real name. 'Twas Jedkin gave it to him—I do n't know why. His name was Harrington; that is, his real name was Potts; fawther a clergyman, very respectable. Harrington was in London, and got into debt. Ye remember, he came out in Falkland, to Mrs. Bunce's Julia."

"And a pretty Julia she was," the Captain interposed; "a woman of fifty, and a mother of ten children. 'Tis you who ought to have been Julia, or my name's not Jack Costigan."

"I did n't take the leading business then," Miss Fotheringay said modestly. "I was n't fit for 't till Bows taught me."

"True for you, my dear," said the Captain; and bending to Pendennis, he added: "Rejuced in circumstances, sir, I was for some time a fencing-master in Dublin;—there's only three men in the empire could touch me with the foil once, but Jack Costigan's getting old and stiff now, sir—and my daughter had an engagement at the thayater there; and 'twas there that my friend, Mr. Bows, gave her lessons, and made her what ye see. What have ye done since Bows went, Emily?"

"Sure, I've made a pie," Emily said, with perfect simplicity. She pronounced it *Poy*.

"If ye'll try it at four o'clock, sir, say the word," said Costigan, gallantly. "That girl, sir, makes the best veal-and-ham pie in England; and I think I can promise ye a glass of punch of the right flavor."

Pen had promised to be home at dinner at six o'clock; but the rascal thought he could accommodate pleasure and duty in this point, and was only too eager to accept this invitation. He looked on with wonder and delight whilst Ophelia busied herself about the room, and prepared for the dinner. She arranged the glasses, and laid and smoothed the little cloth, all which duties she performed with a quiet grace and good humor which enchanted her guest more and more. The "Poy" arrived from the baker's at the proper hour, and at four o'clock Pen found himself at dinner—actually at dinner with the handsomest woman in creation—with his first and only love, whom he had adored ever since, when?—ever since yesterday, ever since forever. He ate a crust of her making; he poured her out a glass of beer; he saw her drink a glass of punch—just one wineglassful out of the tumbler which she mixed for her papa. She was perfectly good-natured, and offered to mix one for Pendennis, too. It was prodigiously strong; Pen had never in his life drunk so much spirits-and-water. Was it the punch or the punch-maker who intoxicated him?

Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manuger of a Bingley!" She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained that it was not her of whom he spoke, but of the Ophelia of the play. "Oh, indeed, if no offense was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch!"

Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. "Kotzebue? Who was he?" "The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably?" "She did not know that—the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson," she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity.

. . . . . .

"What was that he was talking about, the madness of Hamlet, and the theory of the great German critic on the subject?" Emily asked of her father.

"'Deed then, I don't know, Milly dear," answered the Captain. "We'll ask Bows when he comes."

"Anyhow, he's a nice, fair-spoken, pretty young man," the lady said. "How many tickets did he take of you?"

"Faith, then, he took six, and gev me two guineas, Milly," the Captain said. "I suppose them young chaps is not too flush of coin."

"He's full of book-learning," Miss Fotheringay continued. "Kotzebue! He, he, what a droll name, indeed, now; and the poor fellow killed by sand, too! Did ye ever hear such a thing? I'll ask Bows about it, papa dear."

"A queer death, sure enough," ejaculated the Captain, and changed the painful theme. "'Tis an elegant mare the young gentleman rides," Costigan went on to say, and a grand breakfast, intirely, that young Mr. Foker gave us."

"He's good for two private boxes, and at least twenty tickets, I should say," cried the daughter.

"I'll go bail of that," answered the papa. And so the conversation continued for a while, until the tumbler of punch was finished; and their hour of departure soon came too; for at half-past six Miss Fotheringay was to appear at the theater again, whither her father always accompanied her; and stood, as we have seen, in the side-scene watching her, and drinking spirits-and-water in the green-room with the company there. . . .

"How beautiful she is," thought Pen, cantering homewards. "How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! By-the-way, she talked about professional matters herself; but then with what fun and humor she told the story of her comrade, Pentweazle, as he was called! There is no humor like Irish humor. Her father is rather tedious, but thoroughly amiable; and how fine of him giving lessons in fencing, after he quitted the army, where he was the pet of the Duke of Kent! Fencing! I should like to continue my fencing, or I shall forget what Angelo taught me. Uncle Arthur always liked

me to fence; he says it is the exercise of a gentleman. Hang it! I'll take some lessons of Captain Costigan. Goalong, Rebecca—up the hill, old lady! Pendennis, Pendennis—, how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect she is!"

MISS REBECCA SHARP.

From "Vanity Fair."

MISS SHARP'S father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion, a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genuis, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile about Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity, and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For the mother being dead, her father finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection; and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarreled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live scot-free, and with a few guineas a year to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance from her eyes which were fired all the way across Chiswick Church, from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea even of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecote caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp but that she was bound to her under a forfeit; and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was

eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage.

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world; so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an *ingénue*, and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours.

How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party; and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarters; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask if Miss Pinkerton was at home. Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at parting, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss Jemmy quite as pitilessly as her sister.



BECKY SHARP.

THOMAS NEWCOME ANSWERS.

From "The Newcomes."

SO, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed and he was a youth again: a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man with a beard as white as snow covering his noble, care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady. Anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it. . . . . .



Colonel Newcome.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by his bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and the Gray Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played

many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and said just now he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him while I am in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

OLD FABLES WITH A NEW PURPOSE.

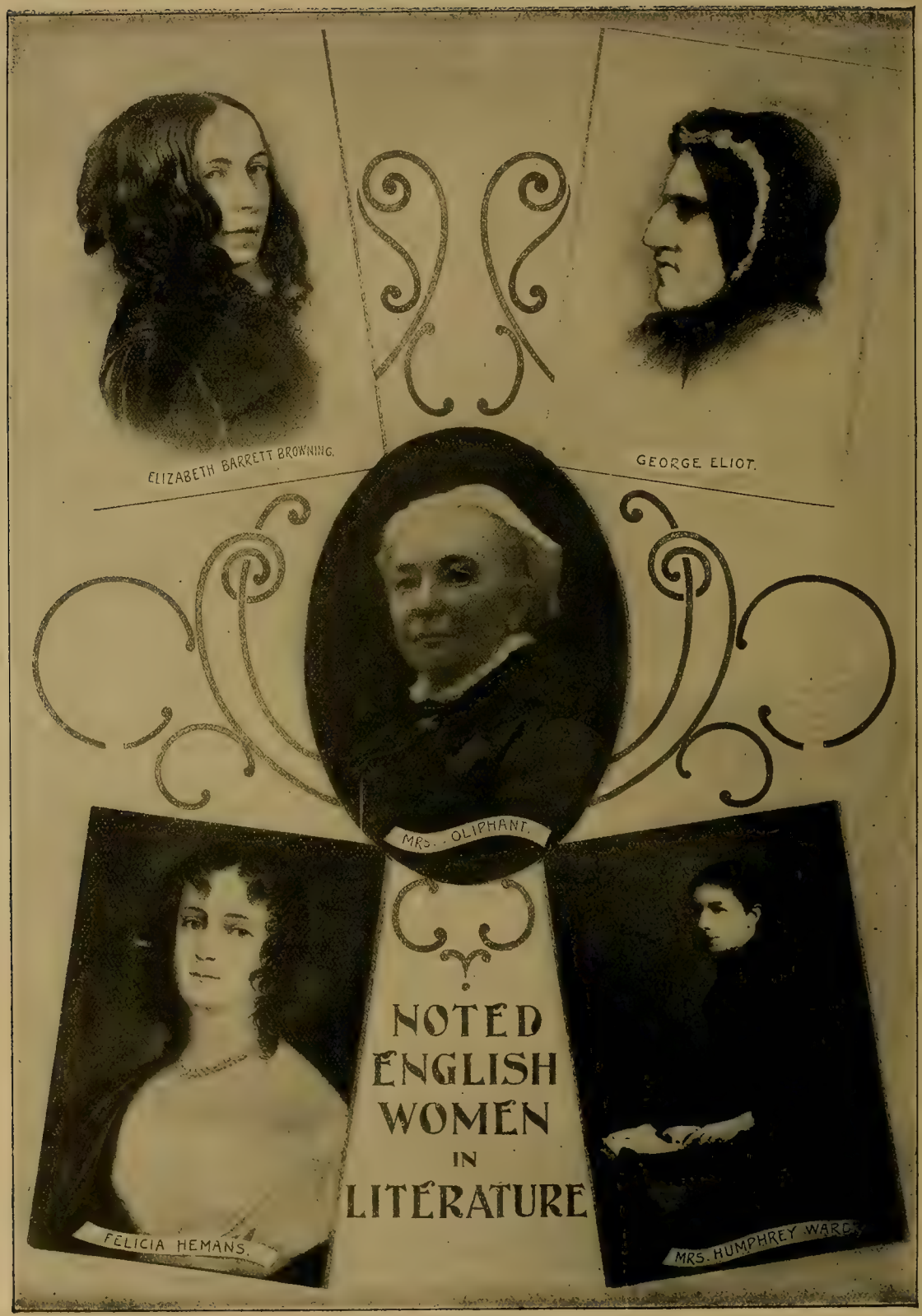
INTRODUCTION TO "THE NEWCOMES."

A CROW, who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window, sat perched on a tree, looking down at a great, big frog in a pool underneath him. The frog's hideous, large eyes were goggling out of his head in a manner which appeared quite ridiculous to the old blackamoor, who watched the splay-footed, slimy wretch with that peculiar grim humor belonging to crows. Not far from the frog a fat ox was browsing; while a few lambs frisked about the meadow, or nibbled the grass and buttercups there.

Who should come into the farther end of the field but a wolf! He was so cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing that the very lambs did not know master wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just eaten, after which he had thrown her skin over his shoulders, ran up innocently toward the devouring monster, mistaking him for mamma.

"He-he!" says a fox, sneaking round the hedge-paling, over which the tree grew whereupon the crow was perched, looking down on the frog who was staring with his goggle eyes fit to burst with envy, and croaking abuse at the ox. "How absurd those lambs are! Yonder silly little knock-kneed baah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled up little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch, and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. He-he!"

An owl, that was hidden in the hollow of the tree, woke up. "O ho, master fox," says she, "I can not see you, but I smell you! If some folks like lambs, other folks like geese," says the owl.


ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
GEORGE ELIOT.
MRS. OLIPHANT.
FELICIA HEMANS.
MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.
NOTED ENGLISH WOMEN IN LITERATURE

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MOST MELODIOUS OF POETS AMONG WOMEN.

THIRTY years ago the poems of Mrs. Browning were everywhere read. The sweetness and beauty of her verse, the wide range as well as the accuracy and completeness of her mental grasp, her devotion to the cause of civil freedom and moral elevation, made her one of the most popular poets of the time. Elizabeth Barrett was born in Durham, England, in 1809, and passed her childhood in her father's country house in Herefordshire. She was very remarkable for the precocity of her mind. It is said that she could read Greek at eight years, and at seventeen she translated the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, and published an "Essay on the Mind." In her day little English girls did not receive the broad and somewhat free education given to their brothers, but Elizabeth Barrett was exempted from the restrictions of her sex and given the education of a boy. Her friend, Miss Mitford, has thus described her:

"She certainly was one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company —in technical language, was *out*."

When she was twenty-eight she ruptured a blood-vessel in her lungs which did not heal, and which made her for nine years a confirmed invalid whose life was constantly despaired of by her friends. In the meantime, however, in her darkened room, she pursued her labors, at study and in composition, and published two small volumes of verse, and later a collection of all her poems which she thought worthy of preservation. This collection contained the following lines, which led to her meeting Robert Browning:

> Or at times a modern volume: Wordsworth's solemn idyll,
> Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie;
> Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

Mr. Browning was a stranger to her, but called to offer thanks for the compliment contained in the last couplet, and by a mistake of the servant was shown into Miss Barrett's room, to which only her most intimate friends were admitted. The acquaintance thus begun resulted in their marriage in 1846. The bride rose from her couch to be married, but her health improved, and during the remainder of her life continued reasonably good, although she was never strong.

The Brownings resided, during almost their entire married life, at Florence. In 1839 Mrs. Browning published "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which, contrary to the apparent meaning of the title, are original poems, and not translations. "Casa Guidi Windows," as the author says, "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, or in proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country. The sincerity with which they are related indicates her own good faith and freedom from partisanship."

In 1856 appeared the longest of her poems, "Aurora Leigh," which she characterized as "the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered." This novel in verse was, at least in part, written in England, whither the Brownings returned for a short time after a residence of eight years in Florence. Returning to Italy, Mrs. Browning put forth, in 1860, a little volume originally entitled "Poems before Congress," afterward published, with additions, under the title, "Napoleon III in Italy, and other Poems." She died in Florence in 1861.

"Can't you imagine," said her husband, in comparing his work with hers, "a clever sort of angel, who plots, and plans, and tries to build up something he wants to make you see as he sees it, shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star,—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine."

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

THERE is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow";
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the winecup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us;
We look into each other's eyes,
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless—
"Till death us part!"—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!

The corpse is calm below our knee—
Its spirit bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we
Without the rest of glory!
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, "He is dying";
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father—
Be pitiful, O God!

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Ps. cxxvii, 2.*

IF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The partriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say,—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,—
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose,
Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
'He giveth His belovèd sleep.'"

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE GREATEST NOVELIST OF THE ANALYTICAL SCHOOL.

AMONG the novelists since Dickens and Thackeray no one can compare with George Eliot in native force and vigor, in ability to read, through the indications of their outward lives and actions, the underlying forces which form the character of men and women. Other writers have put before us the surface of life; George Eliot depicts for her readers the very souls of her characters. It is this ability to go deep into the inner lives of men, to see, and so to picture, the real beings who move within this outer shell we call ourselves, which gave her so strong a hold upon the public and imparted to her books a quality peculiarly their own.

Marian Evans was of Welsh descent, but she was born at South Farm, near Griff, in Warwickshire, England, in 1819. Her father, whose portrait she has drawn in the character of Adam Bede, was a land agent, but had started in life as a carpenter. He was a man of great ability, and was entrusted with the management of the estates of several large landowners in Warwickshire. His family, therefore, occupied a social position equal that of any of the professional people of the vicinity, and the circumstances of his life gave his gifted daughter the opportunity of gaining that wonderfully intimate knowledge of widely different classes of people which is shown in her novels. Mrs. Evans died when Marian had arrived at the age of fifteen, and after the marriage of an elder sister the management of the household fell upon her. She had received a good education, and was proficient in French, German, and music. After her father retired from active work, in 1841, she studied Latin and Greek, and became absorbed in philosophy, particularly in its relation to religion. Her first literary work was the translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and was followed by similar work upon Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and Spinoza's "Ethics." Mr. Evans dying in 1849, his daughter was induced to spend some months with her kind friends, the Brays and the family of the Artist D'Albert, abroad. Returning, she became sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and a member of the most brilliant literary circle of the time, numbering among her intimate friends Herbert Spencer, James and Harriet Martineau, and others of equal fame.

Beside her work as sub-editor, she contributed to the *Review* a number of the most remarkable essays that appeared in its pages. Among these were "Carlyle's

Life of Sterling," "Margaret Fuller," "Women in France," "Evangelical Teaching," and "Worldliness and Otherworldliness."

She continued in this work until 1854, when she assumed the duties of a wife to Mr. George Henry Lewes, and of a mother to his sons. In 1857 she published a volume of short stories entitled "Scenes from Clerical Life," over the name of George Eliot, which she attached to all her later works, and which, until it became famous as that of the leading novelist of the time, effectually concealed her identity. It was at once evident to all who were in the secret that she was a true novelist, and she henceforth put all her energies into the works which will remain as classical specimens of English fiction. Her fame grew with the appearance of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Maruer," "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Middlemarch"; "Daniel Deronda" did not increase her reputation, but well maintained it; "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such" has, however, been less read. After the death of Mr. Lewes she was married to Mr. John W. Cross, who had for many years been a close and faithful friend, but before the end of the year, 1880, she died. Opinion will always be divided as to which is her best book and which her finest character, but the woman who has enriched our literature with the high-souled carpenter, Adam Bede, and the pure unworldliness of Dinah Morris, who has brought us face to face with the doubts and fears, and, better, with the certainties, which filled the soul of Savonarola, may well be described as "an expression of the spirit of the age out of which she grew," or the "exponent of the thought of the third quarter of the nineteenth century." As such she will take her place among the strongest characters and the ablest minds that have given of their best for the benefit of mankind.

FLORENCE IN 1794.

From "Romola."

IN 1493 the rumor spread, and became louder and louder, that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman Empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ears of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies, coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII, was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy—let Florence above all—Florence, beloved of God, since in its ear the warning voice had been especially sent—repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the storm-cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing rain-drops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months

in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines certainly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle everything when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guests were not those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolic of joy, there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by the government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms duly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor of fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, they having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as creditable historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

FROM "ADAM BEDE."

BARTLE MASSEY returned from the fireplace, where he had been smoking his first pipe in quiet, and broke the silence by saying, as he thrust his forefinger into the canister, "Why, Adam, how happened you not to be at church on Sunday? answer me that, you rascal. The anthem went limping without you. Are you going to disgrace your schoolmaster in his old age?"

"No, Mr. Massey," said Adam. "Mr. and Mrs. Poyser can tell you where I was. I was in no bad company."

"She's gone, Adam, gone to Snowfield," said Mr. Poyser, reminded of Dinah for the first time this evening. "I thought you'd ha' persuaded her better. Nought 'ud hold her but she must go yesterday forenoon. The missis has hardly got over it. I thought she'd ha' no sperrit for th' harvest supper."

Mrs. Poyser had thought of Dinah several times since Adam had come in, but she had had "no heart" to mention the bad news.

"What!" said Bartle with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned! Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you've spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women would n't ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest

o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks takes the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as th' horse-fly is to th' horse; she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser, jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you 'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'll think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "*I* like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a further climax, if everyone's attention had not at this moment been called to the other end of the table.

THE POYSER FAMILY GO TO CHURCH.

From "Adam Bede."

"THERE'S father a standing at the yard gate," said Martin Poyser. "I reckon he wants to watch us down the field. It's wonderful what sight he has, and him turned seventy-five."

"Ah! I often think it's wi' th' old folks as it is wi' the babbies," said Mrs. Poyser; "they're satisfied wi' looking, no matter what they're looking at. It's God Almighty's way o' quietening 'em, I reckon, afore they go to sleep."

Old Martin opened the gate as he saw the

family procession approaching, and held it wide open, leaning on his stick—pleased to do this bit of work; for, like all old men whose life has been spent in labor, he liked to feel that he was still useful—that there was a better crop of onions in the garden because he was by at the sowing, and that the cows would be milked the better if he staid at home on a Sunday afternoon to look on. He always went to church on Sacrament Sundays, but not very regularly at other times; on wet Sundays, or whenever he had a touch of rheumatism, he used to read the three first chapters of Genesis instead.

"They'll ha putten Thias Bede i' the ground afore ye get to the churchyard," he said, as his son came up. "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin'; there's no likelihoods of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there, dost see? That's a sure sign of fair weather; there's many as is false, but that's sure."

"Ay, ay," said the son, "I'm in hopes it'll hold up now."

"Mind what the parson says—mind what the parson says, my lads," said grandfather to the black-eyed youngsters in knee-breeches, conscious of a marble or two in their pockets, which they looked forward to handling a little, secretly, during the sermon.

And when they were all gone, the old man leaned on the gate again, watching them across the lane, along the Home Close, and through the far gate, till they disappeared behind a bend in the hedge. For the hedgerows in those days shut out one's view, even on the better-managed farms; and this afternoon the dog-roses were tossing out their pink wreaths, the night-shade was in its yellow and purple glory, the pale honeysuckle grew out of reach, peeping high up out of a holly bush, and, over all, an ash or a sycamore every now and then threw its shadow across the path.

There were acquaintances at other gates who had to move aside and let them pass; at the gate of the Home Close there was half the dairy of cows standing one behind the other, extremely slow to understand that their large bodies might be in the way; at the far gate there was the mare holding her head over the bars, and beside her the liver-colored foal with its head toward its mother's flank, apparently still much embarrassed by its own straddling existence. The way lay entirely through Mr. Poyser's own fields till they reached the main road leading to the village, and he turned a keen eye on the stock and the crops as they went along, while Mrs. Poyser was ready to supply a running commentary on them all. The woman who manages a dairy has a large share in making the rent, so she may well be allowed to have her opinion on stock and their "keep"—an exercise which strengthens her understanding so much that she finds herself able to give her husband advice on most other subjects.

"There's that short-horned Sally," she said, as they entered the Home Close, and she caught sight of the meek beast that lay chewing the cud, and looking at her with a sleepy eye. "I begin to hate the sight o' the cow; and I say now what I said three weeks ago, the sooner we get rid of her th' better, for there's that little yallow cow as does n't give half the milk and yet I've twice as much butter from her."

"Why, thee't not like the women in general," said Mr. Poyser; they like the short-horns, as give such a lot of milk. There's Chowne's wife wants him to buy no other sort."

"What's it sinnify what Chowne's wife likes? a poor, soft thing, wi' no more head-piece nor a sparrow. She'd take a big cullender to strain her lard wi', and then wander as the scratchin's run through. I've seen enough of her to know as I'll niver take a servant from her house again—all huggermugger—and you'd niver know, when you went in, whether it was Monday or Friday, the wash draggin' on to th' end o' the week; and as for her cheese, I know well enough it rose like a loaf in a tin last year. An' then she talks o' the weather bein' i' fault, as there's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault was i' their boots."

"Well, Chowne's been wanting to buy Sally, so we can get rid of her, if thee lik'st," said Mr. Poyser, secretly proud of his wife's superior power of putting two and two together; indeed, on re-

cent market days, he had more than once boasted of her discernment in this very matter of short-horns.

"Ay, them as choose a soft for a wife may's well buy up the short-horns, for, if you get your head stuck in a bog, your legs may's well go after it. Eh! talk o' legs, there's legs for you," Mrs. Poyser continued, as Totty, who had been set down now the road was dry, toddled on in front of her father and mother. "There's shapes! An' she's got such a long foot, she'll be her father's own child."

"Ay, she'll be welly such a one as Hetty i' ten years time, ony she's got thy colored eyes. I niver remember a blue eye i' my family; my mother had eyes as black as sloes, just like Hetty's."

"The child 'ull be none the worse for having summat as is n't like Hetty. An' I'm none for having her so over pretty. Though, for the matter o' that, there's people wi' light hair an' blue eyes as pretty as them wi' black. If Dinah had got a bit o' color in her cheeks, an' did n't stick that Methodist cap on her head, enough to frighten the crows, folks 'ud think her as pretty as Hetty."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Poyser, with rather a contemptuous emphasis, "thee dostna know the pints of a woman. The men 'ud niver run after Dinah as they would after Hetty."

"What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggle-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbin, good for nothing when the color's gone."

"Well, well, thee canstna say but what I know'd how to make a choice when I married thee," said Mr. Poyser, who usually settled little conjugal disputes by a compliment of this sort, "and thee was twice as buxom as Dinah ten years ago."

"I niver said as a woman had need to be ugly to make a good missis of a house. There's Chowne's wife ugly enough to turn the milk an' save the rennet, but she'll niver save nothing any other way. But as for Dinah, poor child, she's niver likely to be buxom as long as she'll make her dinner o' cake and water, for the sake o' giving to them as want. She provoked me past bearing sometimes; and, as I told her, she went clean again' the Scriptur, for that says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself'; but I said, 'if you loved your neighbor no better nor you do yourself, Dinah, it's little enough you'd do for him. You'd be thinking he might do well enough on a half-empty stomach.' Eh, I wonder where she is this blessed Sunday! sitting by that sick woman, I daresay, as she'd set her heart on going to all of a sudden."

"Ah! it was a pity she should take such megrims int' her head, when she might ha' stayed wi' us all summer, and eaten twice as much as she wanted, and it 'd niver ha' been missed. She made no odds in th' house at all, for she sat as still at her sewing as a bird on the nest, and was uncommon nimble at running to fetch anything. If Hetty gets married, thee'dst like to ha' Dinah wi' thee constant."

"It's no use thinkin' o' that," said Mrs. Poyser. "You might as well beckon to the flyin' swallow, as ask Dinah to come an' live here comfortable like other folks. If any thing could turn her I should ha' turned her, for I've talked to her for an hour on end, and scolded her too; for she's my own sister's child, and it behooves me to do what I can for her. But eh, poor thing, as soon as she'd said us 'good-bye,' an' got into the cart, an' looked back at me with her pale face, as is welly like her Aunt Judith come back from heaven, I begun to be frightened to think o' the set downs I'd given her; for it comes over you sometimes as if she'd a way o' knowing the rights o' things more nor other folks have. But I'll niver give in as that's 'cause she's a Methodist, nor more nor a white calf's white 'cause it eats out o' the same bucket wi' a black un."

"Nay," said Mr. Poyser, with as near an approach to a snarl as his good-nature would allow; "I've no opinion o' the Methodists. It's only trades-folks as turn Methodists; you niver knew a farmer bitten wi' them maggots. There's maybe a workman now and then, as is n't over cliver at's work, takes to preachin' an' that, like Seth Bede. But you see Adam, as has got one of the best head-pieces hereabout, knows better; he's a good Churchman, else I'd niver encourage him for a sweetheart for Hetty."

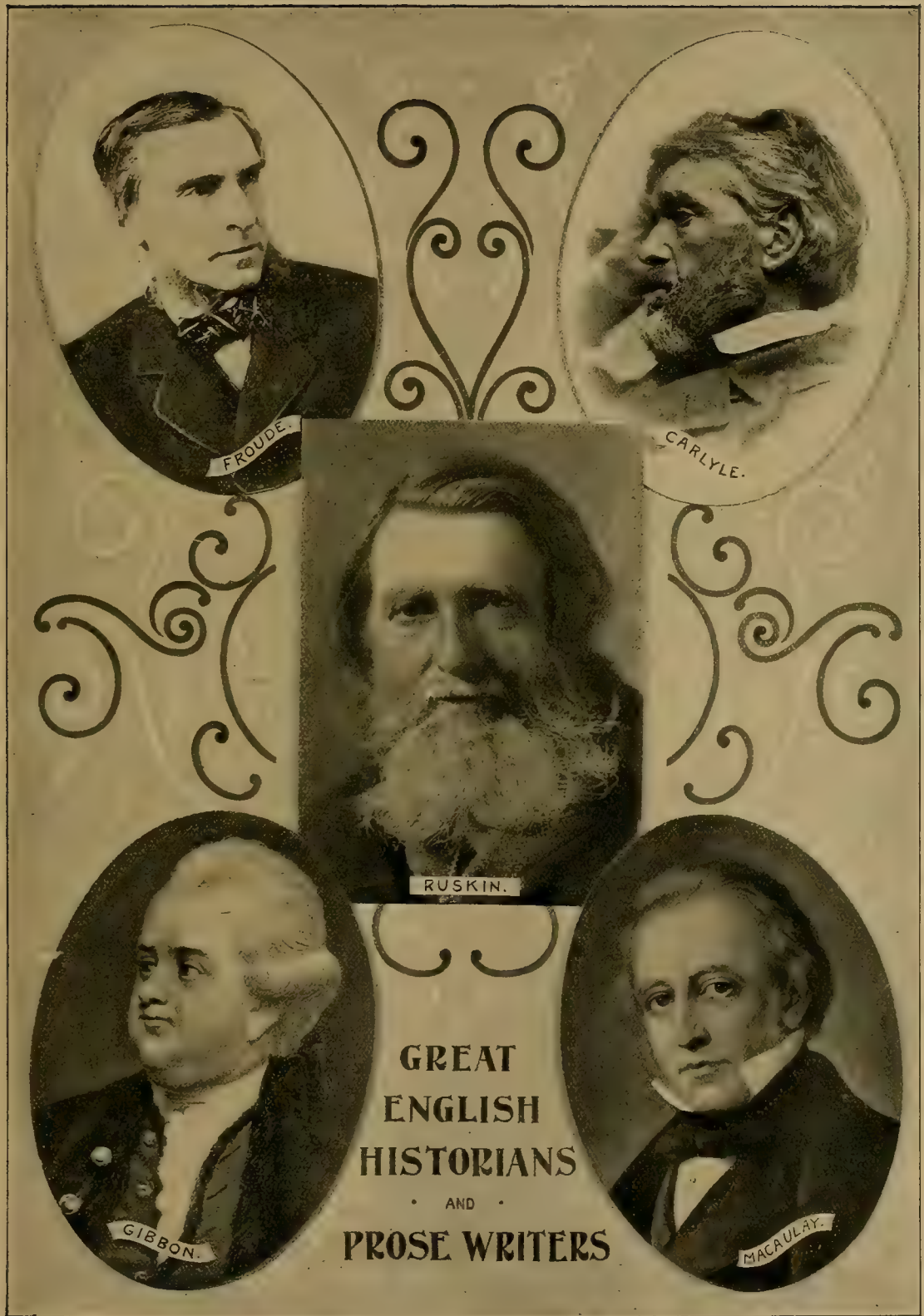
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE MOST VERSATILE WRITER OF THE CENTURY.

ONE of the most delightful books in the world is "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by his nephew, George O. Trevelyan. It is delightful because Macaulay was one of the most wonderful characters that ever lived. As a child he exhibited the most phenomenal ability, reading with the utmost avidity books far beyond the capacity of any ordinary boy, acquiring languages with the greatest ease, and, while his manner exhibited some oddities, due to his familiarity with "grown-up" forms of expression, retaining, nevertheless, his boyish interest in play and all the child-life in the large family of which he was a member. When four or five years old he was at tea, with others of his family, at the house of a friend, when an awkward maid spilled hot coffee over his legs. His compassionate hostess presently inquired if he were better, and he replied, with perfect simplicity, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

Macaulay was the son of a West India merchant who was associated with Wilberforce and others in the battle against slavery. He was born at Rothley, in Leicestershire, in 1800. He won distinction at Cambridge, and, after studying law, was called to the bar in 1826, but never did more than enter upon legal practice. He had already begun to contribute to the magazines, articles both in prose and verse having appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Macaulay began his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, and continued to write for it for nearly twenty years. These essays were collected and edited by himself, and published in three volumes, which contain much of the finest prose in the language.

He wrote a number of articles for the Encyclopædia Brittanica, notable among which were those upon Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt. He entered political life in 1830, when he was elected to Parliament, and took at once an important part in public affairs. His father having become financially embarrassed, Macaulay was from this time burdened with the care of his brother and sisters. He was fortunate in obtaining government posts, and in 1834 was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council, his special charge being to draw up a new Penal Code for India. This work occupied him four years, and from it he returned to England with a fair competence. He was Secretary of War in 1839, and in 1845 was made Paymaster-General. He had, however, incurred great hostility by his favorable treat-


FROUDE.
CARLYLE.
RUSKIN.
GIBBON.
MACAULAY.
GREAT
ENGLISH
HISTORIANS
AND
PROSE WRITERS

ment of the Roman Catholics, and in 1847 he failed to be re-elected to Parliament. He now devoted himself to his "History of England from the Accession of James II," at which he labored until his death. He completed four volumes, bringing the story down to the death of Queen Mary in 1695, and had prepared notes for the fifth, which was afterward published in this incomplete form by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. He was again elected to Parliament, and was raised to the peerage in 1857; but he took no further part in public affairs.

Macaulay's poems, while they were formerly much read, and compare favorably with the work of many famous writers of verse, are so far outshone by his prose that they have dropped out of public attention. No other book of the century was received with enthusiasm equal to that which greeted the "History." Within a generation after its appearance more than a hundred and forty thousand copies of the "History" have been sold in the United Kingdom alone. No history ever had such a sale in America, and it was translated into almost every European language. The author received a hundred thousand dollars as part of his returns for a single year, and certainly it went far to deserve its reception.

It is what a history ought to be,—a history of the people. It is written in a style of great clearness, force, and eloquence; and the scenes he describes he places, by the vividness of his portrayal, directly before your eyes. You see them and feel them too. The third chapter of this great work, wherein he describes the advance of the people, for the last three centuries, from ignorance to knowledge, from barbarism to civilization, from serfdom to freedom, should be read by all,—especially by those elderly gentlemen whose chief delight is to praise the "good old times."

With all its great merits it has its imperfections, of course, as its author was subject to like passions and infirmities with other men. He has been accused of partiality and exaggeration, and of gratifying his passion for epigram at the expense of truth; and it must be acknowledged that his views are sometimes biased (and whose are not?) by personal antipathies: such as his description of Scotland; his account of the massacre of Glencoe; his delineation of the character of the English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters; and especially his portraiture of William Penn.

It must always be a matter of supreme regret that to Macaulay's masterly power of making the scenes of the past spring again into life before the mind of the reader, he did not join that respect for the truth of history that would have cleared him from the accusation that he preferred to sacrifice the facts of the case with which he had to deal rather than to mar the beauty of a rounded period.

In the "Essays" all his excellences appear, while his failures as a historian can not frequently mar his work. His reviews of Hallam's "Constitutional History," and of the memoirs of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Temple, Sir Walter Raleigh, etc., contain a series of brilliant and copious historical retrospects unequaled in our literature. His eloquent papers on Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Horace Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Johnson, Addison's Memoirs, and other philosophical and literary subjects, are also of first-rate excellence. Whatever topic he takes up he fairly exhausts: nothing is left to the imagination, and the most ample curiosity is gratified.

For many years he held a social position which has been enjoyed by very few Englishmen. One can not wonder that he grew to be something of an autocrat; not, perhaps, after the order of Samuel Johnson, but something like it nevertheless. His positive way of expressing his views is well indicated in the remark of a great contemporary: "I wish I could be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

He delighted in liberal giving, and used the great income, which was the fruit of his own genius, in helping everyone who had the shadow of a claim upon him He was particularly munificent in bestowing pecuniary aid upon any needy author, and if he was sometimes imposed upon he was rather amused than chagrined.

In 1859 the great man was laid to rest in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey. The affection of his family and friends amounted almost to idolatry, and few even of the famous men whose earthly remains keep company with his have better deserved a lasting renown.

FALLACIOUS DISTRUST OF LIBERTY.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MILTON."

ARIOSTO tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces—and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he can not bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or to recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

FROM THE *Edinburgh Review*.

HE had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the State—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the human moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess all the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; Hampden alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge; it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

THE PURITANS.

WE would first speak of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. . .

Those who roused the people to resistance—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had even seen; who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive; we regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes

were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged,—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest,—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed; for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of "Hudibras." It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault—the fault of tediousness—pervades the whole of the "Faerie Queen." We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson —all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through—made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of tories. In the wildest parts of

Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulcher; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks,—are all as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where, afterward, the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain. . . .

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain workingmen, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost"; the other, the "Pilgrim's Progress."

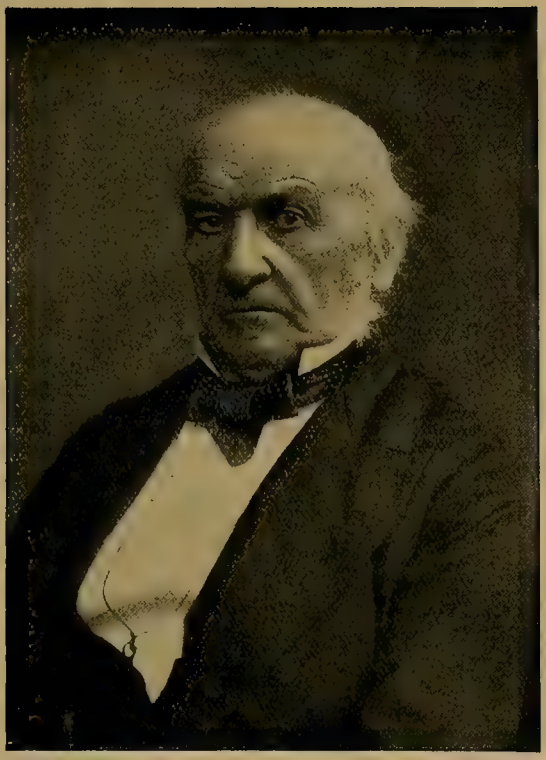
JOHN BRIGHT.

THE QUAKER STATESMAN.

DO true American can fail to be interested in the great Englishman who, by the magic of his eloquence and the power of his name, did so much to retain for us the sympathy of the working-classes of his country during our civil war. John Bright is the English statesman who, more than any other, has demonstrated that in high places in the government, personal honor, absolute integrity, and open candor, are the best rules of conduct. He never made a "deal" to secure office, or found it necessary to sacrifice his individual sense of right to the exigencies of the public service. He was by nature a democrat, and had full faith in popular feeling as opposed to the aristocracy. His public life was devoted to temperance, the cause of peace, the removal of the burdens imposed by the corn-laws upon the English working-classes, and to the extension and protection of popular rights.

Born in 1811, the son of a prosperous manufacturer of Rochdale, he was a member of the Society of Friends, and consistently advocated its principles throughout his life. About 1839 he formed the intimate friendship of Richard Cobden and joined in the anti-corn-law agitation, whose final victory was due to Bright only in a less degree than to Cobden. He entered Parliament in 1843, and continued a member for nearly forty years. He had naturally an ungraceful manner and a bad delivery, but his ready speech and terrible earnestness overcame all obstacles and made him one of the most effective orators of his time. "He is endowed," said a London paper during the Reform Bill agitation of 1866, "with a voice that can discourse most eloquent music, and with a speech that can equally sound the depths of pathos or scale the heights of indignation," and the *Times* declared that "no orator of the century has stirred the heart of the country in so short a time, or so effectually, by his own unaided intellect." The compelling force of his sense of personal honor is well illustrated in his leaving the Gladstone Cabinet in 1882 on account of the bombardment of Alexandria, and Mr. Gladstone, while radically differing from him, has declared this to be the action of all his life most deserving of honor.

Mr. Bright did not follow Gladstone in his advocacy of home rule for Ireland, but believed that policy to be contrary to the interests, not only of England, but of Ireland as well. He died in 1889, and perhaps no more fitting eulogium could be pronounced upon his life and labors than to say of them, as did the *Lon-*



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.



JOHN BRIGHT.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

ENGLISH STATESMEN IN LITERATURE.

don Spectator of his speech on Ireland in 1868, that it "did more to draw the noblest men of all parties nearer to each other than long years of discussion had effected before." Higher praise could no man have than that he was an instrument in bringing together the conflicting opinions of his countrymen; helping right-minded men to see the real truth which so often lies midway between the partial views of shallower thinkers. This is the praise that belongs to the great Quaker Statesman of England.

FROM THE SPEECH ON THE CORN-LAWS.

IT MUST not be supposed, because I wish to represent the interest of the many, that I am hostile to the interest of the few. But is it not perfectly certain that if the foundation of the most magnificent building be destroyed and undermined, the whole fabric itself is in danger? Is it not certain, also, that the vast body of the people who form the foundation of the social fabric, if they are suffering, if they are trampled upon, if they are degraded, if they are discontented, if "their hands are against every man, and every man's hands are against them," if they do not flourish as well, reasonably speaking, as the classes who are above them, because they are richer and more powerful,—then are those classes as much in danger as the working-classes themselves?

There never was a revolution in any country which destroyed the great body of the people. There have been convulsions of a most dire character, which have overturned old-fashioned monarchies and have hurled thrones and scepters to the dust. There have been revolutions which have brought down most powerful aristocracies, and swept them from the face of the earth forever; but never was there a revolution yet which destroyed the people. And whatever may come as the consequence of the state of things in this country, of this we may rest assured: that the common people, that the great bulk of our countrymen, will remain and survive the shock, though it may be that the Crown, and the aristocracy, and the Church may be leveled with the dust, and rise no more. In seeking to represent the working-classes, and in standing up for their rights and liberties, I hold that I am also defending the rights and liberties of the middle and richer classes of society. Doing justice to one class can not inflict injustice on any other class, and "justice and impartiality to all" is what we all have a right to from government. And we have a right to clamor; and so long as I have breath, so long will I clamor against the oppression which I see to exist, and in favor of the rights of the great body of the people.

. . . . . .

I have seen the emblems and symbols of affliction such as I did not expect to see in this city. Ay! and I have seen those little children who at not a distant day will be the men and women of this city of Durham; I have seen their poor little wan faces and anxious looks, as if the furrows of old age were coming upon them before they have escaped from the age of childhood. I have seen all this in this city, and I have seen far more in the neighborhood from which I have come. You have seen, in all probability, people from my neighborhood walking your streets and begging for that bread which the corn-laws would not allow them to earn.

> "Bread-taxed weaver, all can see
> What the tax hath done for thee,
> And thy children, vilely led,
> Singing hymns for shameful bread,
> Till the stones of every street
> Know their little naked feet."

This is what the corn-law does for the weavers of my neighborhood, and for the weavers and artisans of yours.

FROM THE SPEECH ON INCENDIARISM IN IRELAND (1844).

THE great and all-present evil of the rural districts is this: you have too many people for the work to be done. And you, the landed proprietors, are alone responsible for this state of things; and, to speak honestly, I believe many of you know it. I have been charged with saying out-of-doors that this House is a club of landowners legislating for landowners. If I had not said it, the public must long ago have found out that fact. My honorable friend, the member for Stockport, on one occasion proposed that before you passed a law to raise the price of bread, you should consider how far you had the power to raise the rates of wages. What do you say to that? You said that the laborers did not understand political economy, or they would not apply to Parliament to raise wages; that Parliament could not raise wages. And yet the very next thing you did was to pass a law to raise the price of produce of your own land, at the expense of the very class whose wages you confessed your inability to increase.

What is the condition of the county of Suffolk? Is it not notorious that the rents are as high as they were fifty years ago, and probably much higher? But the return for the farmer's capital is much lower, and the condition of the laborer is very much worse. The farmers are subject to the laws of competition, and rents are thereby raised from time to time, so as to keep their profits down to the lowest point, and the laborers, by the competition amongst them, are reduced to the point below which life can not be maintained. Your tenants and laborers are being devoured by this excessive competition, while you, their magnanimous landlords, shelter yourselves from all competition by the corn-law yourselves have passed, and make the competition of all other classes serve still more to swell your rentals. It was for this object the corn-law was passed, and yet in the face of your countrymen you dare call it a law for the protection of native industry.

. . . . . .

Again, a rural police is kept up by the gentry; the farmers say for the sole use of watching game and frightening poachers, for which formerly they had to pay watchers. Is this true, or is it not? I say, then, you care everything for the rights—and for something beyond the rights—of your own property, but you are oblivious to its duties. How many lives have been sacrificed during the year to the childish infatuation of preserving game? The noble lord, the member for North Lancashire, could tell of a gamekeeper killed in an affray on his father's estate in that county. For the offense one man was hanged, and four men are now on their way to penal colonies. Six families are thus deprived of husband and father, that this wretched system of game-preserving may be continued in a country densely peopled as this. The Marquis of Normanby's gamekeeper has been murdered also, and the poacher who shot him only escaped death by the intervention of the Home Secretary. At Godalming, in Surrey, a gamekeeper has been murdered; and at Buckhill, in Buckinghamshire, a person has recently been killed in a poaching affray. This insane system is the cause of a fearful loss of life; it tends to the ruin of your tenantry, and is the fruitful cause of the demoralization of the peasantry. But you are caring for the rights of property; for its most obvious duties you have no concern. With such a policy, what can you expect but that which is now passing before you?

It is the remark of a beautiful writer that "to have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course." Has your agricultural laborer ever known anything but misery? He is born in a miserable hovel, which in mockery is termed a house or a home; he is reared in penury; he passes a life of hopeless and unrequited toil, and the jail or the union house is before him as the only asylum on this side of the pauper's grave. Is this the result of your protection to native industry? Have you cared for the laborer till, from a home of comfort, he has but a hovel for shelter, and have you cherished him into starvation and rags? I tell you what your boasted protection is—it is a protection of native idleness at the expense of the impoverishment of native industry.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

FEW other men have filled so large a place, both in politics and in literature, as the aged man who has for more than half a century been a leading figure in the English House of Commons, and has found time, amidst the absorbing occupations of a Prime Minister, and in the intervals of political campaigns, to write learned books upon theology and critical essays on Homeric literature. Few men have so well deserved the title "Statesman in Literature"; perhaps no other great statesman has chosen the same literary field.

Gladstone is the fourth son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, and was born in that city in 1809. He distinguished himself at Oxford, where he took the highest honors, and where he was the most remarkable graduate of his generation.

From the university Mr. Gladstone carried away two passions—for Greek literature and for Christian theology. He entered Parliament almost immediately after leaving college, and became a member of Sir Robert Peel's government, as Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs, in 1834. The government being defeated the following year, he retired from office, to come in again when Sir Robert formed another government in 1841.

He early distinguished himself by financial skill and knowledge of commercial affairs. He supported Sir Robert Peel in the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846, and opposed with all his strength the Crimean War and the Chinese War of 1857.

Gladstone's gradual change from the Tory to the Liberal party, his fierce advocacy of the union of Church and State in his early career, and his later support of the bill which disestablished the Irish Church, and the change of front which made him in his last years a supporter of home rule for Ireland, have successively astonished the world. In each case he was accused of inconstancy, if not of treachery. He is one of the few great men who have been able and willing, with the progress of the times, to change their minds and to reverse their positions.

Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister in 1868, and was one of the most popular and influential that ever ruled over the English people. For more than thirty years he was at the head of the Liberals, while Disraeli led the Conservatives; and the contests under these two masters of parliamentary tactics were sometimes amongst the most important and exciting in the history of government by assemblies.

The government of Ireland, the extension of the elective franchise, and the multitude of questions arising out of the complicated colonial and foreign relations of England, furnished the bones of contention for the two parties, causing the two great leaders to succeed each other as Prime Minister at almost regular intervals.

Mr. Gladstone has now retired from official life, but his interest in public affairs has not abated, and upon every question of State policy which involves the national honor the voice of the old man is still heard, speaking with no uncertain sound, arousing the consciences of his countrymen as no other voice can do.

Mr. Gladstone's principal books are: "The State, in its Relations with the Church," his "Chapter of Autobiography," "Church Principles Considered in Their Results," "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," "The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age," and "Homeric Synchronisms." Part of his numerous reviews and contributions to periodicals have been collected in seven volumes, under the title "Gleanings of Past Years." Gladstone's fame, however, will rest, not on his theology nor his scholarship, but upon his power as a leader of men.

He is considered the greatest of British financiers, and as an orator in the House of Commons had no equal except John Bright. Of his speech on the Budget of 1860, the *London Quarterly Review* declares: "We find ourselves in the enchanted region of pure Gladstonism—that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination. We soar into the empyrean of finance. Everything is on a colossal scale of grandeur—all-embracing free trade, abysses of deficit, and mountains of income tax."

Mr. Gladstone's home at Hawarden Castle is visited by great numbers of tourists, and the public interest in his life, in his favorite exercise of chopping down trees in his forest, and in everything concerning him or his family, extends not only throughout England, but to every corner of the civilized world.

ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

From "Church Principles Considered in Their Results."

AND here I close this interview of the religious position of the Church of England under the circumstances of the day [1840]: of course not venturing to assume that these pages can effect in any degree the purpose with which they are written, of contributing to her security and peace; but yet full of the most cheerful anticipations of her destiny, and without the remotest fear either of schism among her children, or of any permanent oppression from the State, whatever may befall the State herself. She has endured for ten years, not only without essential injury, but with a decided and progressive growth in her general influence as well as in her individual vigor, the ordeal of public discussion, and the brunt of many hostile attacks, in a time of great agitation and disquietude, and of immense political changes. There was a period when her children felt no serious alarms for her safety: and then she was in serious peril. Of late their apprehensions have been violently and constantly excited; but her dangers have diminished: so poor a thing, at best, is human solicitude. Yes, if we may put any trust in the signs that are within her and upon her—if we may at all rely upon the results of the patient and deliberate thought of many minds, upon the consenting testimony of foes and friends—the hand of her

Lord is over her for good, to make her more and more a temple of His spirit and an organ of His will. Surely He will breathe into her anew, and more and more, the breath of life, and will raise up in her abundantly power in the midst of weakness, and the sense of power in the midst of the sense of weakness—of weakness in so far as she is an earthen vessel; of power inasmuch as He is a heavenly treasure abiding therein. The might that none can withstand, the wisdom that none can pierce, the love that none can fathom, the revelation of truth whose light faileth not, the promise that never can be broken—those are the pillars of her strength whereon she rests, we may trust, not more conspicuous by their height than secure upon their deep foundations.



GLADSTONE'S STUDY.

SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS.

FROM "A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

I BELIEVE that the foregoing passages describe fairly, if succinctly, the main propositions of "The State in its Relations with the Church," so far as the book bears upon the present controversy. They bound me hand and foot; they hemmed me in on every side. My opinion of the Established Church of Ireland is now the direct opposite of what it was then. I then thought it reconcilable with civil and national justice; I now think the maintenance of it grossly unjust. I then thought its action was favorable to the interests of the religion which it teaches; I now believe it to be opposed to them.

. . . . . .

An establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more; an establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people; an establishment that can command the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past; an establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of

the people and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole; whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries—if she have them—are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinion—such an establishment should surely be maintained.

But an establishment that neither does nor has the hope of doing work except for a few—and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all; an establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulf, and by a wall of brass; an establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long, unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections; an establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it—such an establishment will do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself as soon as may be of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new career, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears.

AN ESTIMATE OF MACAULAY.

From "Gleanings of Past Years."

THE truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted was liable more than the most of us to be run away with. His merit is that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeplechase; but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such is the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that when he has grown hot upon his work he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation; he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but the truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preterhuman vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away with the ranges of his vision.

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvelous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler: but what Homer did was due to his time; what Macaulay did, to his temperament.

The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not be-

cause it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live; but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art.

Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up, but they will probably attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his net solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain, from his marked and telling points of view, great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary; and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broad-set, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

THE IRISH PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS.

IN the great conflicts in which the government or misgovernment of Ireland has involved every recent British administration, Justin McCarthy has, for twenty years, taken an important part. He had been the champion of his country long before he entered Parliament, and as an editor, and in lectures and speeches both in the United Kingdom and in America, he had distinguished himself not only by his devotion to the cause of Ireland, but by the intelligence, force, and, what was too rare among the Irish leaders, the good judgment which he displayed.

Born in the city of Cork in 1830, the young McCarthy early entered journalism in his native place, but afterward went to Liverpool, and in 1860 was attached as parliamentary reporter to the staff of the London *Morning Star*, of which, from 1864 to 1866, he was editor. He spent a number of years in America, and, returning to his own country, was, in 1879, returned to Parliament from the Irish county of Longford. He became one of the trusted lieutenants of Charles Stewart Parnell, and after the decline from power and the death of that great leader, he occupied a sort of middle position between the two hostile factions into which the Irish party separated, and probably did as much as any one man to bring them together. McCarthy has written a number of novels, among which are "Paul Mesie," "My Enemy's Daughter," "Lady Judith," "Dear Lady Disdain," "Miss Misanthrope," "The Comet of a Season," and "Camiola." He has also published a large number of essays on political and literary subjects, one volume of which bears the title, "Con Amore." It is in his historical writings, however, that he chiefly excels. A number of these essays are included in the volume called "The Epoch of Reform," and he has published a "History of Ireland," but the work upon which his fame seems likely chiefly to rest is his "History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria," which has recently been brought down from 1880 to the present time. This is a most admirable account of the longest reign in English history, and excels in the lively pictures it presents of the marvelous progress which the great British empire has made within the most wonderful sixty years of modern times. There is probably no other book which tells the story so completely or so well, or which better deserves the wide circle of readers it has had. He published his "Life of Gladstone," in 1897.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CABUL.

FROM "A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES."

THE withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain torrent, so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground, the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travelers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp-followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children. . . . . .

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic fight." Men, women, and children; horses, ponies, camels; the wounded, the dying, the dead; all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to the utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes, whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him was utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or com-

mand, that could be obtained, was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children, and the married men whose wives were among this party, were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself, with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad at the near end of the Kyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the conditions set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees, with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphenstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The struggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass, a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.

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